

McCALL'S

APRIL 1927

TEN CENTS

WHEN WE ARE
DEAD—
WHERE
DO WE
GO?

Special
Easter
Number

FAMOUS
AMERICANS
ANSWER
THIS QUESTION
IN THIS
ISSUE



FAMOUS FICTION HEROINES — THE BENNET SISTERS
The Third of a Series Being Painted by Neysa McMein—See Page 47



Bon Ami

for
painted woodwork—
all through
the house

"Mother just couldn't get along without you and her Bon Ami! See how it makes that woodwork gleam! A few rubs and all the dingy grayness, every smudge, every speck of dust vanishes like magic!

"When the mantel's finished, we'll do the stair railing! We'll make every inch of white woodwork in the house sparkle with cleanliness."

You never realize how spotless painted woodwork can be until you use Bon Ami. Unlike coarse, gritty cleansers, Bon Ami cleans without scratching—polishes without effort. It's as kind to the hands as fine toilet soap!

And what a help Bon Ami Powder is all through the house! It makes the bathtub, basin and tiling glisten in no time, puts the shine of newness on fine kitchen utensils, brightens up kitchen floor-coverings—cleans dozens and dozens of things safely, quickly, easily!

Of course, everyone knows that Bon Ami Cake can't be equalled for making windows, mirrors and glassware crystal clear.

Most housewives keep both forms of Bon Ami on hand all the time—the handy Cake and the Powder in its convenient sifter can.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

"Hasn't
Scratched
Yet"



Cake and
Powder

Most
housewives
use both.

A Fairy Tale for the Children!

THE story of the Princess Bon Ami, her gallant Bunny Knights and their journey to the foot of the rainbow! Written in amusing rhyme with many illustrations, this beautifully colored book will bring much fun to the youngsters. Send 4 cents in stamps for your copy. Use this coupon or write us. Address The Bon Ami Company, 17 Battery Place, New York

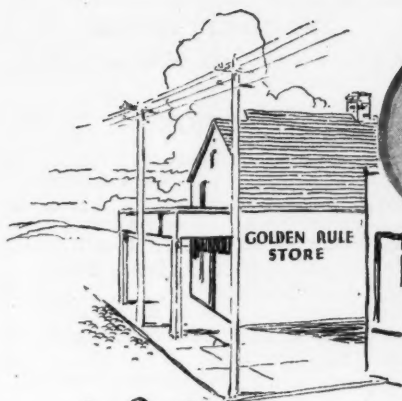
NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____



A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION-
J.C. PENNEY Co.



1902

A small dry goods, shoe and clothing store was opened in a small town in the west, serving a few hundred homes.



1927

The one small store has grown into a Nation-Wide Institution of 773 Department Stores serving millions of homes.

FROM ACORN TO OAK

*After 25 years of growth
now a nation-wide shopping service*

WE are celebrating with pride and thankfulness our Twenty-fifth or Silver Anniversary—with pride for the privilege of serving the American public—with thankfulness for the generous response that has come to our effort.

Since the Spring day in April, 1902, when Mr. Penney inaugurated, in a small and inconspicuous manner, a Retail Shopping Service which was destined to become one of Nation-wide Helpfulness, a quarter of a century has passed.

It has been a period of notable growth and expansion, of winning millions of friends, of serving them faithfully, of basing achievement upon the good will of mutual satisfaction.

During all these eventful years, we have been mindful of our responsibilities to the legion of patrons who have contributed and are today contributing, so continuously and so generously, in helping make our Service one not of profit alone but of the confidence that rests on good will.

Never for a moment have we knowingly wavered from the responsibility of this relationship. It has always been to us an inspiration to reach out for greater things, that we might be the better prepared to render a Service which should prove to be more and more beneficial to the increasing numbers who come to us.

Not only is that one little Golden Rule Store of 1902—now itself grown to far larger proportions—still serving the people in and about Kemmerer, Wyoming, but there has sprung from its applied



principles and policies, others to a present total of 773 Department Stores, scattered over 46 States.

All these are children of what we now affectionately term, The Mother Store; all happily operate in the Service of the public under the name of the J. C. Penney Company. The Founder of this Organization—Mr. James C. Penney—built in his pioneering days more enduring and substantially than he knew.

His ideals and practices—square treatment alike to all always—and the extent to which he packed Value into every Dollar of purchase—these constitute the pattern according to which this enormous business has been shaped and which has caused it to grow until it has now become a Nation-wide Institution, serving more than 3,000,000 homes.

The dynamic selective and buying power of the Company created by its tremendous volume of cash sales, which, in 1926, amounted to \$115,682,737.86, gives a *saving power to the public* which means much to the thrift and to the economic life of the people of every community where it operates a Store.

At this milestone in our history, we pause only long enough to express our thanks to the great American people for their continued confidence and appreciation of our efforts in their behalf and to offer the assurance that in the future as in the past we shall strive to serve not only well but better and better with each succeeding business day.

OUR ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION BEGINS APRIL FIRST!

WRITE TODAY FOR
"THE STORE NEWS"

beautifully illustrated by rotogravure, showing you how to save large sums on Dry Goods, Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes and kindred lines—standard quality goods! A post-card will bring it.

A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION-
J.C. PENNEY Co.

Executive Offices and Warehouse—330 W. 34th St., N.Y. City

RETAIL SALESMEN WANTED
experienced in our lines, to train for Co-partner Store Managers, providing for the continuous growth of our Company and especially the expansion planned for 1927. Write for particulars.



AS A MAN PRAYETH

BY GINTY BEYNON

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD



THE story of a man's life and the growth of his soul as revealed in his prayers, to which the reader is allowed to listen in at intervals of five years.

AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep-I-pray-the-Lord-my-soul-to-keep-if-I-should-die-before-I-wake-I-pray-the-Lord-my-soul-to-take-amen.

AT TEN YEARS OF AGE.

Our-father-who-art-in-heaven-hallowed-be-thy-name-thy-kingdom-come-thy-will-be-done-on-earth-as-it-is-in-heaven-give-us-this-day-our-daily-bread-and-forgive-us-our-trespases-as-we-forgive-them-who-trespase-against-us-and-lead-us-not-into-temptation-but-deliver-us-from-evil-for-thine-is-the-kingdom-the-power-and-glory-forever-and-ever-amen. . . And, please God, help me to lick Jim Martin, and don't let Eloise like him better than she does me, and don't forget to send me an automobile for Christmas.

AT FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Our father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespases as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil! For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever amen. . . . And God bless father and mother and Eloise, and don't let her be spoiled by that silly girl's school. And please let me be chosen for the baseball team and make old Binky behave like a human being in the Latin class.

AT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

Dear God make me a good sport at college, and don't let me ever do a mean thing, even to Jim Martin, and help me to keep decent every way, so that I will be good enough for Eloise when I get through. And take care of mater and pater.

AT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

Not praying. God is very much under a cloud as to his ability to answer personal prayer, if indeed, he exists at all.

AT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.

Oh my God, help me to carry on when we go over the top tomorrow morning. Don't let me be afraid to die if my number has gone up. But, oh God, let me live to see Eloise and little Mary again. Oh my God, when will this awful war be over? If I have to go, take care of Eloise and comfort her. Oh God, don't let me be afraid. Oh God!

AT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

Dear father, help me to make a success of this new undertaking. Let me make good for the sake of Eloise and the children but don't let me become so besotted with success that I will grow cruel and mean and grasping.

AT FORTY YEARS OF AGE.

Oh God, spare my little son. Spare my little son. Spare his life. Oh God, my little son! . . . ! Nevertheless thy will be done.

AT FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

Oh God, take care of our children away from home and guard them from temptation. Let Jack grow up to be a splendid man and a comfort to his mother for the loss of Ned. . . . And God, guard and keep all the boys and girls over whom their fathers and mothers are anxious. And comfort those fathers and mothers with thy great love.

AT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE.

Father, show me the right thing to do for Jim Martin. Shall I help him to go out West or start him up in business again here? Give me thy guidance.

[turn to page 73]



CONTENTS

FOR · APRIL · 1927

COVER DESIGN--FAMOUS HEROINES OF FICTION
THE BENNET SISTERS

PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

FICTION

THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED	7
MAY EDGINTON	
BETTY USE YOUR BEAN	12
FANNIE KILBOURNE	
THE SUPREME GOAL	14
BASIL KING	
THE GRASS ORPHAN	17
LILITH BENDA	
GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN	19
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT	
THE PERSUADER	22
FRANK E. VERNEY	
TARBAU: A TRUE STORY	25
SIR GILBERT PARKER	

ARTICLES

GIVE THE READER SOMETHING NEW	4
GENE STRATTON-PORTER	
DO YOU BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?	9
A SYMPOSIUM	
THE MORNING STAR OF AFRICA	16
S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.	
DISCOVERING A LOST CITY	28
HARRY HERVEY	
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD?	29

A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES
BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE, HELEN
TAFT MANNING, DEEMS TAYLOR, LAU-
RENCE STALLINGS, STARK YOUNG, ROB-
ERT SHERWOOD, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEW-
TON, D.D., JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION-- ELIZABETH BENNET	47
JOHN FARRAR	
FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH TO KEEP ALIVE! ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON	52
YOUR HEAD CAN SAVE YOUR HEELS IN THE KITCHEN	55
SARAH FIELD SPLINT	
THE RADIO FAIRY TELLS THE STORY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE	56
HELEN MORRIS	
SWIM FOR BEAUTY	58
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE	
TRY "OEUFs"--AS PARIS COOKS THEM	42
DAY MONROE AND MARY I. BARBER	
LET'S SERVE IT IN A CASSEROLE	48
HENRIETTA JESSUP	
DO YOU BUY YOUR FOOD WISELY?	57
E. V. MC COLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS	
THIS HOUSE WINS FOURTH MENTION IN McCALL'S COMPETITION	62
WON BY BASIL S. GEORGES AND ALFONSO CAMPANELLI	
IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE?	64
CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.	
MOTHERS CAN STILL GROW!	67
ALIDA E. DE LEEUW	
WHEN SPRING PEEPS OVER THE GARDEN WALL	70
DOROTHY GILES	
McCALL'S OFFERS YOU	100
LET'S TALK IT OVER	142
WINONA WILCOX	
THE POST BOX	144
EMILY PRICE POST	

FASHIONS

FASHION TALKS	121
ANNE RITTENHOUSE	
SPORT CLOTHES WITH CHIC	121
FABRIC MOVEMENT FOR GRACE	122
SMART FRENCH FROCKS	123
VACATIONING FROCKS FOR JUVENILES	124
THE NEW JACKET ENSEMBLE	127
FASHIONABLE ACCESSORIES YOU CAN PAINT ELIZABETH MAY BLONDEL	141

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Must you wheedle your child into eating?



*Here's the
answer!
Children love
Wheatena!*

The very aroma of hot whole wheat spurs the laggard appetite. The first mouthful is a revelation in deliciousness. After that, children ask for Wheatena themselves. They prefer its toasty golden goodness. So digestible doctors recommend it for infants during the first year.



Mother coaxes. Father is helpless. The child refuses to eat. Do you have this battle in *your* home?

Is it really the child's fault—or is it the food? Few healthy children will refuse to eat a delicious appetizing cereal.

Many mothers have told us that since they have been serving Wheatena they have, to a large extent, solved the feeding problem. Children welcome Wheatena and reach for it eagerly, often asking for a second helping. They never tire of its captivating whole wheat flavor, even if it is served every day.

Why not begin today serving Wheatena? Your family will agree that never have they tasted such flavor in any other food.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its delicious best, containing nutriments so essential for health, growth and energy: Proteins for body-building; Carbohydrates for energy; Mineral Salts for bone and tissue; Vitamins B and E for protection and vigor; Bran for safe regulation.

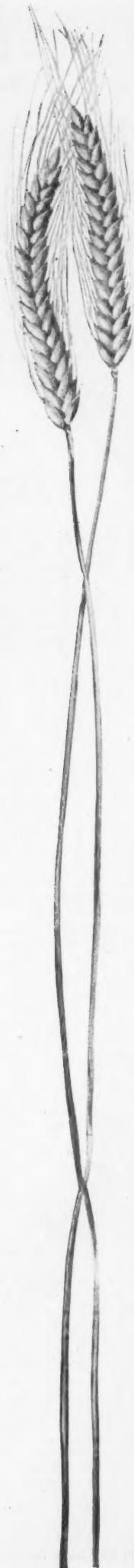
Treat your family to a Wheatena breakfast tomorrow. Ask your grocer for Wheatena—in the yellow and blue package. On your table in three minutes, at less than two cents a pound.

Wheatena

The delicious whole wheat cereal

FREE... Write today for your sample package of Wheatena and recipe book. The Wheatena Company, Wheatonville, Rahway, N. J.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



*Do you aspire to be a writer?
Whether you have talent or not, the
advice here will point you the way.*



GIVE THE READER SOMETHING NEW

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON

IN this day and age people crave something new. I believe it always has been a human trait to strive for something different, but today the idea seems more than ever persistent. Something to do that you have never done before; somewhere to go that you have never been before; new food, new sights, new sounds. This eternal hunt for something new must include the artistic, as well as the material and social; there must be sought new sensations, new inspirations, new art in music, sculpture, and painting; new visions; and above all else, something new in literature, whether it be in fiction, poetry, or science. Inventors are always inventing new machines and other devices; scientists are always making new discoveries; we who are contributing to the literature of this age should make it our pride and ambition to create new themes for our stories, new plots for our plays, and new characters for our books.

The idea is not so much to create a new character, as it is to create the character, and then develop it in a different way. One of the most essential things for the aspiring author to do, is to keep his eyes and ears wide open for life as it is lived under his immediate observation. For after all, any contribution ever made by any writer worth while, came from his or her immediate angle on life. It is what we see around us, interpreted with skill, that attracts our readers. It is not that your plot is something new, it is simply the fact that you are able to place a different light on it, based on your own experience or observation.

Joseph Mills Hanson said, "The elemental hold of fiction on the human mind I take to be the fascination of uncertainty." There is a limit to original themes, but there is no limit to original ideas, and new angles which present the themes, and in this lies their attraction. This seeking new visions and inspirations is a broad field, over which the fiction mind may wander endlessly. Have you not seen people pick up a book or magazine, read a few paragraphs, and then remark, with a bored yawn, "Oh, I know exactly how this is going to end!" This means that the author has failed in injecting an element of uncertainty; he has given his reader no cause to think, or to use his imagination; and most people intelligent enough to care to read, are also sufficiently intelligent to want to use their brains—they like to be amused and entertained, but they like to form a few opinions of their own; they do not like their intelligence insulted.

Your education is not finished until you have learned enough of life's lessons to enable you to have something worth while to give back to the world for the benefit of others. Before you can be of real service to another's mentality, you must have learned a few of life's lessons yourself.



WHEN I WAS SMALL, I LEARNED
TO WATCH ALL NATURE

In order to give your readers something new, you may even have to create a new technique. I do not know that I can tell you what technique is; it might be the turning of a phrase, or the development of a character; or the building up of a story. It might be something you have naturally, something that you are born with, or you might have to study, and develop it. Constant reading might help you, for there is no greater incentive to write good stuff, than to read good stuff, and knowing another author's technique does no harm. You do not have to copy it, but it might

force and conviction possible, but do not be afraid to use poetic expressions in prose.

A very fine thing for young authors to do is to enlarge their vocabularies. But do not attempt to be profound or pretentious in your phrasing; simplicity is best. Pretentious words and profound expressions only annoy the reader, and they make him see the conceit of the author. The idea of an author in writing should not be to write so deeply that it cannot be understood by the average individual; but to write sincerely and simply in a lucid way.

help you in developing one of your own.

In your endeavor to discover something new for yourself and for the public, remember not to use the old, stilted expressions. Avoid "canned" phrases, or clichés. Do not use old, bromidic phrases. Think what you want to say, and think not only what is the best way to say it, but what is the most beautiful, the most potent, the most expressive way. If you can do this you will have editors pleading for your stuff, and they will have their pocketbooks along, since the highest prices that ever have been paid for literary endeavor are being paid at this very minute. An old man remarked to me once, out of the wisdom which comes from years of life: "It's not what you say, it's the way you say it that counts." No more pungent bit of advice could have been given.

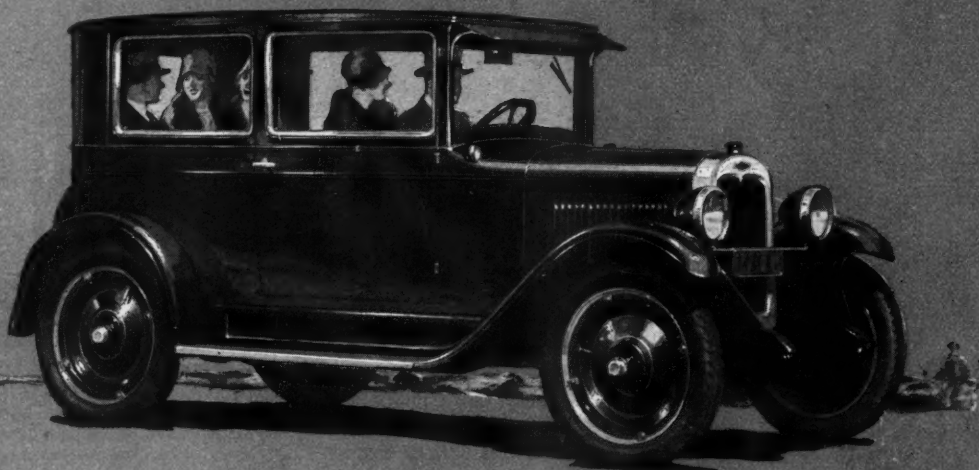
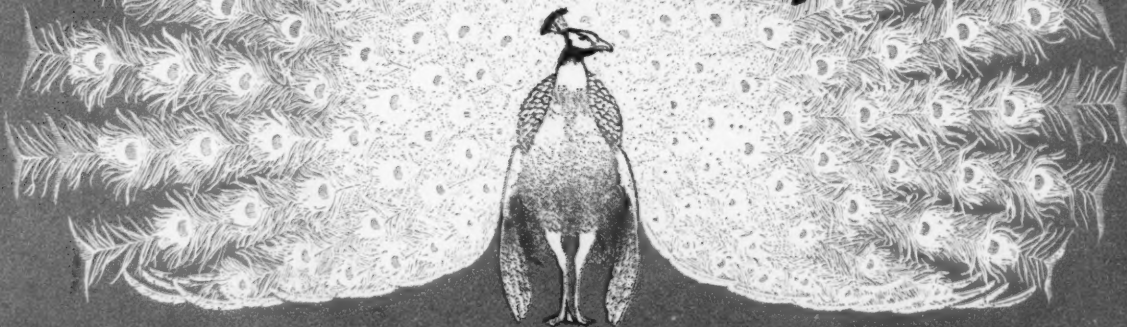
Be sure you say what you mean to say. No matter how intriguing your ideas may be, they count for naught if you do not say what you mean. By this I mean that you must not just string a lot of flowery words or expressions together, which mean nothing; there must be a definite idea behind what you say. Elaborate phrases mean nothing, unless they are expressive. Think your own thoughts; use your own words; do not use clichés because they read smoothly; and use no superfluous word. Many words are often not as effective as one word, and repetition does not

always emphasize, it usually tires the reader, and thus makes ideas less emphatic. Write with all the

for Economical Transportation



The Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History



-at these
Reduced
Prices-

The COACH

\$595

The COUPE \$625

The SEDAN \$695

The Sport CABRIOLET \$715

The LANDAU \$745

The TOURING or ROADSTER \$525

1 Ton TRUCK \$495
(Chassis Only)1/2 Ton TRUCK \$395
(Chassis Only)

All Prices F.O.B. Flint, Mich.

Balloon tires standard equipment on all models.

THE Most Beautiful Chevrolet is a car of marvelous beauty, modern design and powerful, smooth performance—yet it is sold at the lowest prices ever placed on truly fine quality automobiles.

For these amazing prices you get features that previously were the distinguishing marks of the world's finest cars—the luxury and style of new paneled and beaded bodies by Fisher; the distinction of one-piece full crown fenders, of "fish-tail" modeling and bullet-type lamps; the economy and convenience of a host of mechanical improvements including AC oil filter, AC air cleaner, sturdier frame, larger steering wheel, improved transmission, and many others.

Visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. See the Most Beautiful Chevrolet—the world's greatest motor car value—the triumph of the world's largest builder of gear shift automobiles.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 9



Roses of six years ago blossom anew on little Peggy's frock -

IT had a rather charming history — small Peggy's rose-splashed frock. Peggy's young pretty mother, whom we have known since her childhood, showed it to us.

"I made it out of a dress I've kept in a chest for six years," she said. "A dress I wore the summer I was engaged. I brought it downstairs the other day and showed it to Dick and he said why, of course, he remembered just how I looked in it!"

The dress itself was sweet—voile with little stripes of dropped stitches, and roses all over it.

"It had to be washed, of course," went on Peggy's mother, "and the water heater had gone out as it always seems to be doing. So do you know how I washed it? With P and G Soap and cold water! A neighbor told me I could."

"Why," we asked in surprise, "didn't you know you could use P and G with cold water?"

"I'd never used it at all before," she said.

"Now I'm enthusiastic about it. It was so easy to wash the dress without heating water and it came out beautifully. The white part had yellowed a little, but P and G restored its whiteness—and the colors are as fresh as ever."

"Now, whenever I have to wash out anything, I use P and G. It's marvelous the way it saves rubbing. White clothes come out so fresh and white—even the things Peggy gets dirtiest. I'll probably use P and G forever now."

P and G *does* save work. It's a fine white laundry soap that makes white clothes really white, and washes colored clothes safely clean, without hard rubbing or every-week boiling. Whether water is hard or soft, hot or cold, P and G gives beautiful results. And clothes smell sweet and fresh as though they had been

aired and sunned for hours. Don't you think that P and G could help you, too? PROCTER & GAMBLE

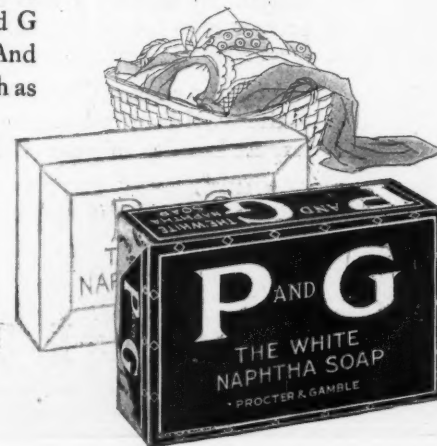
How to sprinkle clothes uniformly

YOU know how much more difficult it is to iron clothes satisfactorily which are "dry in spots." Have you ever tried sprinkling your clothes with a whisk broom, which scatters the myriad tiny drops uniformly? It helps too to use hot water. Garments will be dampened evenly so that you can iron almost at once if you wish.

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.



The largest-selling soap in the world

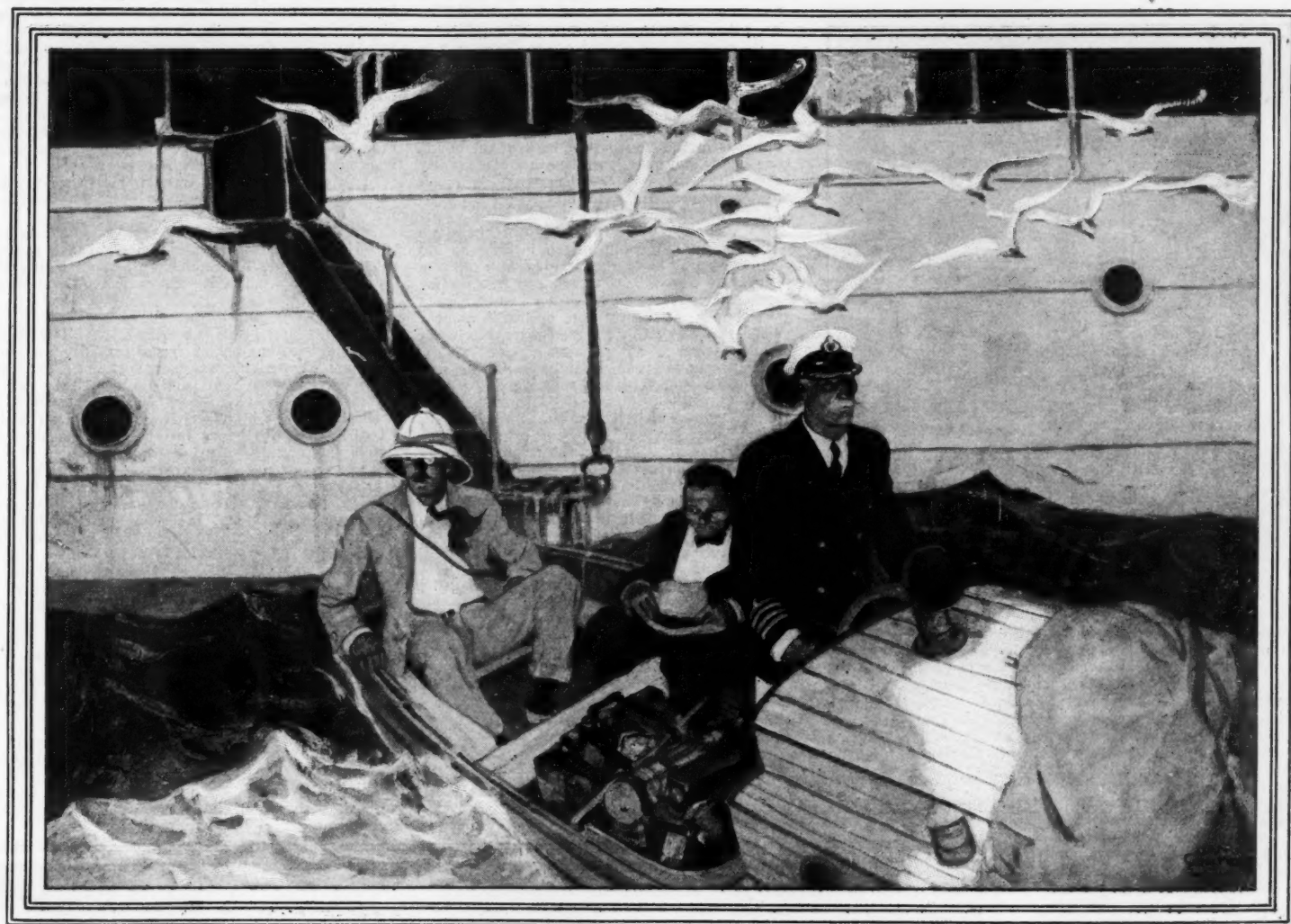




McCALL'S

SPECIAL EASTER
NUMBER

APRIL . . MCMXXVII



HE LOOKED BACK AT THE YACHT RIDING AT ANCHOR OUT IN THE OPEN ROADS

*Given just six months to live, what would YOU do?
That's the issue which confronts the hero of this story, easily
the most exciting novel of 1927.*

The dream that HAPPENED

BY MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

SO it's all over but the shouting," Peter was saying to himself. "But the shouting," he added half aloud, "shall be long and continuous."

All the way across Cavendish Square he felt cold shivers go over him, so much so that, when he hurried out of the path of a great roaring motor bus, he glanced at the monster and thought, "Now why not lie down in front of it and end it all this minute?" But he continued to pick his way leisurely down Regent Street, knowing that he would be late, very late, getting back to the office, and realizing that it didn't much

matter—and after a while that sensation passed away. When he got to Trafalgar Square, leaning against the fountain as if time weren't money, and watching a ragged man with even

crumbs to the sparrows. Peter knew that the lonely tramp and the hopping, skittering little birds were all more permanent than he, respectable though he looked, and the thought

less to lose than himself sharing that little with a few sparrows, his heart began to lift and effervesce till it was like a bottle of champagne whose cork is being drawn by a skillful hand.

"I feel just like a magnum of champagne," he thought, "cork's drawn, and soon it'll be all drunk up, but it's jolly good while it lasts."

The ragged man was still throwing



made him smile. But it was not the thought nor the smile of an ordinary man, for already his transfiguration of heart made of it a smile that was away in other worlds—that gave it wings. It brightened his eyes, which looked at the birds, the tramp, the passing people, and somehow beyond them at the whole universe, across the roofs and spires up into the Spring blue above.

"Wonder what it'll be like," he thought, "out there somewhere in the blue? Quite good fun, perhaps." He was still smiling, and wondering how he could have felt so sick coming

said the managing clerk, red with surprise and anger, "and look up M . . ."

"I'm leaving," said Peter. "Right now. Mr. Tregennis owes me nearly a week's salary. That squares us, so good-by." He turned to go with hardly a look at the startled ants on their stools, and with a glance at the ants he left the office.

So the man in grey tweeds did not have to wait long before he saw Peter emerging from the building, and they took the same omnibus out to Putney, sitting side by side on the top front seat. After a while the stranger offered Peter a cigarette, which he accepted calmly, not even dreaming that he was pursued. They talked a little, but desultorily, for Peter was full of dreams.

He alighted and walked across Putney Common seeing nothing around him, for his eyes were fixed on vast distances. The stranger walked far behind him. Peter arrived at a small villa in a long row. As he let himself in he heard the clatter of tea-cups. Two women's voices were audible from the back of the house, one elderly and querulous, the other younger but equally querulous. Peter did not pause to speak to the women. He went upstairs to his bedroom, shut the door and locked it, drew a long sobbing breath as he thought over the day's happenings. He gripped himself firmly, and began to fling all his meager wardrobe on the bed.

He had packed a suit-case, and was turning to a battered tin trunk when a hand knocked at the door. He frowned, but opened it, and the older of the two women stood there, peering at him in surprise.

She began to speak, flutteringly. "Mabel said she heard you. 'That's Peter's step,' she said. 'I'd know it in a thousand!'" Then her eye fell on the trunk and became critical. "Why, what's this? Where are you going?"

Peter looked at her and she seemed no more than a snail across his path. This was curious, for up till now she had loomed large in his world. She was his landlady and Mabel's mother.

"Come in, Mrs. Higson," he said, and, as soon as she came in, still staring at the trunk, he told her everything.

"You know I told you I was going to a doctor today about those pains in my tummy and that queerish feeling I've had. Well, I went to a big guy—Wimpole Street—and he gives me six months!" He drew a long breath. "Six months." Then, wanting again urgently the brighter vista, he turned from her and looked from the open window into the summoning distance.

"You go and tell Mabel, Mrs. Higson. Go tell her for me, please."

"How terrible," moaned the widow. "Engaged to you for three years and the wedding almost fixed for next year and all. What will my poor Mabel do?"

"Go and tell her," was all he could say, so presently she went. He found himself wonderfully disinterested in Mabel. "The furniture saved up and all," the widow was murmur-



ing distractedly as she left him.

"Two hundred pounds," he thought, for that was the sum which those two determined women had made him put by, incredulous as it seemed, out of his spare salary during those three years. "And the surrender value of my life insurance" for they had also made him

continue, at the very beginning of the engagement, the life insurance which he had been about to drop when his mother died—"about—about a hundred and twenty. Three hundred and twenty all for myself for only six months, and freedom to see the world."

Into the tin trunk he put his golf jacket—he had never played golf—and his flannel trousers and his cricket shirts. He had not played cricket since his engagement.

Footsteps were heard on the stairs, presently, and Mabel came into the room. Only great stress of emotion would have urged her to do this while he was in it. She was preparing to cry bitterly. No wonder. Marriage—wedding presents—the furniture—the security of it all—everything gone like straws in the wind!

"But what can be the matter with you?" she sobbed.

"Abdominal sarcoma," said Peter. "That's cancer of the tummy, you know. Incurable, inoperable. You see, I'm no investment for you." He did not quite know why he said that. He hadn't meant to say it.

She cried and asked where he was going.

"Mabel, dear," he said, hearing anew below the chink of cups, "go down and have a cup of tea. It will do you good." After much persuading and many soothing remarks she went.

He packed his overcoat and the everlasting pile of socks his mother had knitted him, and a few books.

He locked the tin trunk, left a strip of paper on it, saying "To be Called for," took his suit-case, and slipped quietly out of the house.

The stranger in grey tweeds, who had caught a taxi cab, was sitting in it fifty yards down the road, watching and waiting. When Peter struck out for the Common, crossed the corner between it and the main road, and boarded an omnibus, the taxi cab followed him to town.

It was the hour of the early theater diner, and as Peter loitered opposite the Ritz, great cars disgorged the idle and the rich. "Like me," said Peter to himself smiling. Into the Berkeley, too, they were going—men tailored to a hair, women wrapped in ermine or sable from eyes to knees, and below that a short transparent drift of skirt and a length of silk stocking of a quality Peter had never even dreamed of. Well, perhaps he had dreamed of them occasionally, but now he thought smiling, "I'm going to buy a pair like that and give it to some girl—but not to Mabel." No, certainly not to Mabel. He felt that very definitely.

Lingering there on the kerb at the very corner of Berkeley Street, he realized his new life was beginning. A girl in black velvet, wafting carnation scent, stepped past him off the kerb and into the traffic. By a bare two seconds he saved her from death by springing after her and [Turn to page 112]



EASTER. — DRAWING BY O. F. HOWARD

across Cavendish Square only a short half-hour ago.

The tall man in gray tweeds, gray Homburg, and the neatest of spats, who had followed Peter as soon as he caught sight of him going down Regent Street, continued watching him. He watched as he sauntered past, lighting a cigarette; he watched from behind; he turned and recrossed the courtyard of the great fountain, and watched him at a discreet distance from in front. But Peter was smiling at the tramp, the birds, the whole universe, and the boundless blue, so that he never noticed the watcher.

Peter walked slowly, enjoying the day, from the square down to the Strand and Fleet Street, criminally wasting time that no good citizen would consider his to waste, and half way up Ludgate Hill he turned into a block of offices. The man in grey noted the address, but lingered about a little to see if Peter would come out again.

Peter went up to the first floor, entered the office of a great firm of architects, and was met by a managing clerk's extreme displeasure.

"Three quarters of an hour late, Mr. King!"

Peter regarded him and the whole office as hazily as a man looks upon a funny dream. It seemed to him really nothing more than a dream that men should sit there working like ants, day after day. It was like a dream that only this morning he too had sat there, working like an ant, but much less intelligently. "And Mr. Tregennis has been asking for your letter-file."

But this time the managing clerk sensed dimly Peter's other worldliness. "You been drinking?" he asked suspiciously.

Peter laughed and at the sound one of the other clerks turned an inquisitive face.

"I've not been drinking," said Peter, "but I hope I shall be drinking before long."

"What!" fairly shouted the managing clerk.

"In France," said Peter, his idle hands in his pockets, "a private was busted—I knew the man—when a dug-out was blown up. And his officer came to him—mighty sorry to lose a real good marksman—and he said—for mind you it was a question of minutes—'is there anything I can do for you?' And the private didn't send his love to Aunt Jane, or his love to a girl or make his will or anything like that, he just said, 'Please, sir, I've never tasted champagne, and I'd like a drop now, if there's time.' And there was a bottle not smashed in the dug-out, for they kept their cellar pretty deep, and he died drinking champagne."

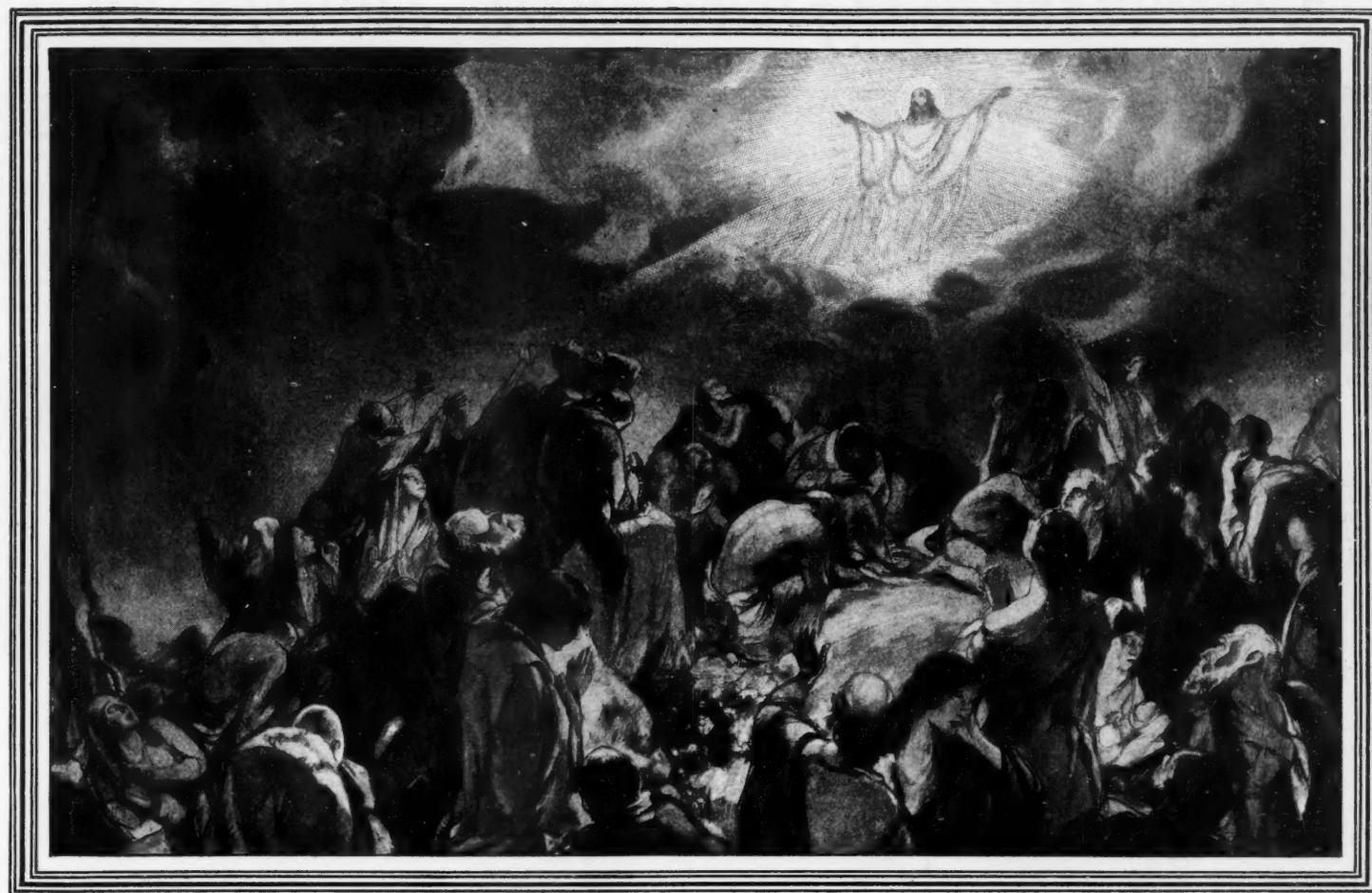
"Get me your letter-file, Mr. King,"



THEN HER EYE FELL ON THE TRUNK. "WHY, WHAT'S THIS? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"



DO YOU BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?



THE CHRISTIAN STAKES HIS LIFE ON THE BELIEF THAT GOD IS LOVE — DRAWING BY H. R. SUTTER



"I AM IMMORTAL! I KNOW IT! I FEEL IT!"

So sang the famous American poet, Margaret Fuller, many years ago as she drew inspiration from her native New England hills and the companionship of such great kindred spirits as Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott and those others whose names today ring brightly on the heavenly fame. Before that, aeons before, when song and story both were young, men concerned themselves with this question of the possibility of life after death, some rejecting the idea and some embracing

it. Since that time immortality has been even more of a paramount issue, scientists as well as philosophers trying to pierce the Cimmerian darkness that lies beyond the grave. As a contribution to the Eastertide when all the world's thought turns to the Resurrection, McCall's asked leading American scholars and writers to give their personal views on this vital topic, knowing that everyone seeks authoritative opinions as to the possibilities of survival after death.

Here, then, these are gathered together into a symposium about what most persons believe to be the most important subject in the world—is man immortal?

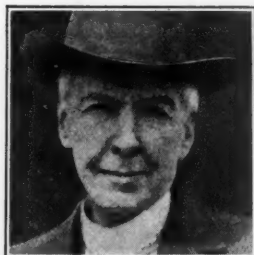
BY LUTHER BURBANK

I do not believe in man-made theories of the immortality of the soul; I believe in the immortality of life which Nature proclaims.

I do not worship the god of the dogmatists, who is many variations of a legend of God; I worship the Omnipotent Force that I find back of the beginnings of all life and beauty and good.

I do not subscribe to the Athanasian creed, nor the Nicene creed, nor the Mormon creed, nor the Buddhist creed; I subscribe to Nature's plainly written creed of work and love and service—of the rewards of a life well and honestly lived, and of the punishments for opportunities wasted, capacities dissipated and duties disregarded.

Above all I declare with all the force and sincerity I have that no man will receive eternal



International Newsreel
Luther Burbank



Kadel and Herbert
Kathleen Norris



Kadel and Herbert
William Allen White

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

THIS is a little like defending the love a woman feels for her mother or for her children—the special, deep, definite love that marks them apart for her from all the other sons and mothers in the

[Turn to page 54]

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IF a man die, shall he live again? That question is the quest of all science. Its affirmation is the basis of all faith.

What is man? Curiously, man's mind is the highest form of energy—for one thing; but what else? The whole panorama of force that man knows has an apparent purpose, some plan intelligible to man's mind in part at least. Now to grasp the intelligible part of the universe does not overwhelm man's consciousness. He has dug out so many secrets of the habits of

material energy that it is conceivable that man's consciousness may encompass all the facts of material energy. Yet he can explain nothing of the truth—the purpose behind the things that move in matter. Another thing is beyond him: the comprehension of his conscious

[Turn to page 54]

WHAT lies BEYOND the Americans Give Their Beliefs on the



Coningsby Dawson



Walter Prichard Eaton



Christopher Morley



BY E. J. KEMPF, M. D.

BELIEF in immortality is a vital necessity to humanity. It makes life worth living to multitudes of people who, otherwise, unable to endure the futility of a painful struggle, would sink into despair after the passing of their loved ones.

The need for belief in immortality is the result of a profound biological compensation occurring unconsciously to protect the vital organs from anxiety, depression and despair through the creation of a wish-fulfilling obsession.

The severity of the need, throughout mankind, for belief in immortality cannot be considered, however, as the slightest proof of the reality of immortality.

Research in psycho-
[Turn to page 60]

BY BASIL KING

THE general principle of immortality seems to me implied in a universe set to the pace of endless advancement. Endlessness is of course only what we infer from conditions in which time is reckoned by so many millions of years that we lose count of them. In such knowledge as we possess of the great existences, the suns and stars for example, time almost ceases to be [Turn to page 60]

BY ALINE KILMER

MOST emphatically I "believe in" what is called immortality—that is, the indestructibility of the individual human spirit. How otherwise could anyone be, as I am, a Catholic? Reason is so heavily against what they call the materialistic theory, that my intelligence would be better satisfied to believe in the existence of a soul wherever the life principle exists than to deny an immortal soul in any human being.

BY REV. BERNARD I. BELL

WHEN I was a mechanist and nothing else, I discovered that there is not one scrap of authentic scientific evidence for or against the future life. There cannot be. Physical science deals with the world of length and breadth and thickness and is confined within that three-dimensional limitation. It can gain no data about what may [Turn to page 60]

BY S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.

I MOST heartily believe in and accept the doctrine of immortality. Of all God's creatures man alone is able to think immortality. What Darwin called "the grand instinct" has survived for countless aeons the shock of bodily death. Immortality is the natural outflow of God's character. There could be no capacity for endless [Turn to page 60]

BY REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH

I DO, most simply, sincerely and firmly, believe that all human souls—somehow—somewhere—will continue to live forever and retain their conscious identity.

I assume (as no part of this question) the existence of a personal God who created the universe, who governs it with

infinite patience and love and wisdom, so far as man's free will—startling, but accurate, statement!—does not [Turn to page 60]

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

ONE should, I think, cherish always, if only as a diverting and inexpensive plaything, this pungent notion of being immortal. It is really quite inexpensive, because, should your notion prove ungrounded, you run no tiniest risk of being twitted by and by for your credulity, or even of ever discovering your error. Meanwhile, this faith in your own durability and potential importance is in some sense a cordial; and is in sundry ways a fine toy. It renders life, and dying, too, endurable; and it offers against all vacant half-hours a variety of diverting speculations.

BY REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON

THE Christian doctrine of immortality is different from the pagan and heathen idea. There has always been an intuitive belief in some form of survival after death. Thus down the ages the human heart, terror-stricken at the thought of death, or burdened with sorrow at the parting from loved ones, has reached out with passionate longing and deathless hope toward this great truth of a hereafter. The resurrection of Jesus Christ has come to set the seal of assurance upon these high and ardent hopes of man, and to put beneath his fond and instinctive belief a foundation of eternal truth that is as enduring as granite and as precious as gold.

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I FIND this life so full of a number of things; and so interesting and absorbing from its marvellous thoughts and adventures and friendships, that I cannot continue somewhere or to begin anew with a

not fail to wish and hope to have it somehow, and if so, I should prefer running or flying start. Hence my efforts to enjoy every atom of possible experience [Turn to page 60]

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

MY belief in immortality came by inheritance. I am descended from Puritan stock and there was for me as a child no question of the oneness of God and of his Son, Jesus Christ, and of the resurrection of that Son. This, then, was the beginning—a child-like acceptance of the thing I was taught. Resurrection? Life after death? Heaven? Of course they were true. My Mother had said so!

As the years went on, however, and I approached [Turn to page 60]

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

NO scientific method has yet been devised for proving immor-



Katharine Newlin Burt



James Branch Cabell

BY BEATRICE M. HINKLE M. D.

IMMORTALITY represents the extreme revolt of personal consciousness against extinction. It is born of intensest human feeling and expresses the deepest wish for man. What does the thought of any particular person about this great human problem matter? [Turn to page 60]

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

AS Paul regarded Faith, so I fear I regard immortality—"the substance of things hoped for." There is to me a wistful, almost a tragic desire behind the myriad arguments for the immortality of the soul, to prove something which cannot be proved but which the writers [Turn to page 60]

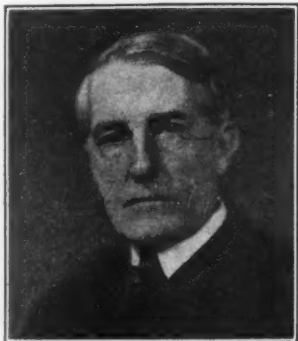
BY RT. REV. CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

IMMORTALITY is in the region of faith, not of knowledge; but I have complete confidence that it is a fact. My first reason is the overwhelming conviction which has swept over me in the presence of death. Again and again I am convinced, by what I believe a valid in- [Turn to page 60]

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

BY immortality I presume you to mean some persistence of individuality after death, recognizable to the consciousness itself.

I do not "believe" in this, (1) because it is perfectly safe to be doubtful, for if the spirit or [Turn to page 60]



Rev. John Roach Straton

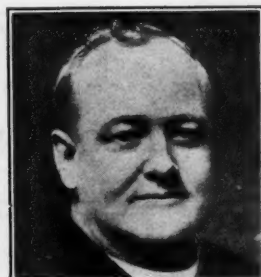


Judge Florence Allen

GRAVE? Famous Possibility of Personal Resurrection



Bradley Studios
Joseph Fort Newton



Kadel and Herbert
Rev. John Cavanaugh



Kadel and Herbert
Rev. Bernard I. Bell



Harold Bell Wright



Temple Bailey

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

THE Christian stakes his life on the belief that the universe is kindly, in a word, that God is love. With all that is undeniably harsh and cruel about him, he commits himself to the faith that the most significant things in life are love, sacrifice and service: and the more loveless [Turn to page 60]

BY JUDGE FLORENCE ALLEN

I BELIEVE in immortality because I have to go on living with some peace and comfort. There may be some reason also in this belief, in the argument that energy, which actually exists, never ceases to be. We all know that the thing which makes our bodies live is not the [Turn to page 60]

BY REV. JAMES M. GILLIS

CERTAIN skeptics make light of the intimations of immortality in the mind of man. But it is foolhardy to pooh-pooh any ingrained conviction of human nature. This "stupid" human race has an uncanny way of being right. The little breed of skeptics has a [Turn to page 60]

BY BISHOP FRANCIS J. McCONNELL

I BELIEVE in immortality because I believe in a Christ-like God. If God is not like Christ I do not see any reason for thinking that immortality, even if it were conceivable, would be worth having. It might be that with no God, or with a merely impersonal God, [Turn to page 60]

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

FEW things interest me less than "immortality." I am too busy here to care about the hereafter. The perpetuation of my ego, and of the egos of those I love, in streets of gold, or rivers of fire, or in the somewhat vague substitutes promised in more modern teaching, is not suffi-



Kadel and Herbert
Beatrice M. Hinkle M. D.



Kadel and Herbert
Bishop Francis J. McConnell

ciently important to serve as bribe, or threat, or "wish that is the father of the thought." I do not need [Turn to page 60]

H. A. OVERSTREET

IN my Father's house are many mansions" has become almost a scientific dictum. For the scientist today talks of a world not only of three dimensions but of many more. He talks of infinities. The last thing that the scientist will say—if he is a true one—is, "The thing is impossible."

If one is a true scientist, then, the whole problem of life after death must be approached with a completely open mind. Nature has far more secrets to reveal than have yet been disclosed. One of the most characteristic achievements of science has been to prove [Turn to page 60]

BY EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

THE forms of belief in some kind of existence after death which we commonly summarize as the doctrine of the immortality of the soul are phenomena which psychologists call "wish fancies." These ideas have their origin in the mind of primitive man and they are survivals of a kind of thinking known as sympathetic magic. The idea of immortality is such a device. This idea has been preserved for the same psychological reasons which gave it birth. It brings consolation, it removes terror, it gives security. Not only does the idea of immortality console the individual and compensate him for the loss of those whom he [Turn to page 60]

BY V. KELLOGG

ASCIENTIFIC man's belief about immortality may rest on either of two bases: on faith, or on what he calls "scientific proof." Many scientific men believe in immortality on a basis of faith; but almost none believes in it on a basis of scientific proof. A few, very few, I think, believe in it on the basis of the alleged proofs offered by the spiritists. [Turn to page 60]

BY FREDERICK PIERCE

MAN is not merely an animal, as conceived by the Darwinian school, but a separate and distinct order, far superior in nature and probable destiny to the animal order. To man, and to man only, is given power over time. He starts at each generation, with all of the past at his service. He uses it for the present, and meanwhile he occupies himself inventively with improving and discovering, so that he is constantly altering and predicting his own future. This is not merely a distinct and high function; it also suggests a definite instinct for a continuing future. Analytical study of the unconscious [Turn to page 60]

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

I BELIEVE in immortality because I know that nothing—not even the things which we call material—dies in the sense that it ceases to exist.

Immaterial things are as real as material things. I know that this, which I call myself, is not a material thing. I know that I am fashioned of immaterial things—of thoughts, loves, hates, hopes, fears, ambitions, dreams. I am conscious that this material body of flesh and blood and nerves and bones is no more me, than the clothing I wear is my body. I use this body. I am conscious that I use it. I feed it to keep it going. I cover it with clothing to protect it. I try to keep [Turn to page 60]

BY B. P. WADIA

MAN as a soul is immortal. He is more than the reasoning mind; he is the Thinker who manipulates his mind, as a writer his pen. The body, with the brain and senses, is likened to the inn wherein he sojourns for a while to eat the fruit of experience, later he marches on till hunger makes him halt at another inn on the roadside called progress. This is Reincarnation, Soul-evolution.

BY EDWIN BJORKMAN

KNOWLEDGE is collective. Belief is personal. This is one of the chief distinctions between them. When we think, as think we must, of what possibly lies beyond the grave, we cannot yet speak of knowledge, because in this respect so few of us agree in our heart of hearts. And so I do not expect that what I feel rather than [Turn to page 60]

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

IT is an affair of the heart, this belief in immortality; and it is also an affair of the head? I myself do not think so; and by that I mean that no one can prove or disprove immortality for me. It is something not to be known, but to be wanted. My head denies that we can know, perhaps my heart wants to believe. [Turn to page 68]

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON D. D.

MY answer is Yes, because God is God, and man is man, and life is what it is. These three found focus and became incandescent in Christ, in whom we see what God is, what man may be, and to what fine issues life ascends. Once we see what it is that gives dignity, worth and meaning to life, argument for immortality is not [Turn to page 68]

BY KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

DO we know of any created thing that, in our experience, has completely perished, actually and entirely ceased to be? As a combination—yes; in its elements—never. When the creative spirit that holds together that "sum-total of forces that resist death"—that little portion of life which I have called Myself—is withdrawn, into [Turn to page 68]

If you don't know where you're going, you really CAN'T be on your way — if that way would lead you to a husband, thought Betty. And so she "used her bean!"

BETTY use your BEAN

BY FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. E. SCHABELITZ



❖❖ BETTY DRESSED ABSENTLY THAT EVENING. SHE FELL TO WONDERING ABOUT TOMMY AND MARY AS SHE DRESSED AND WENT THROUGH THE MOTIONS AUTOMATICALLY ❖❖

BETTY WOOD'S dream was all that kept her going, that last afternoon with Walter.

It was the last time they were to have together for three months. The next morning Walter was leaving for an inspection tour out to the coast and Betty was leaving for Bermuda with Felice and her husband. So Walter had arranged to knock off from the office at noon and he and Betty had planned a farewell program. They were to have driven out to the Country Club in Walter's new car, left the car there and taken a long walk through the bare November country. To have come back at dusk for an hour in front of the Club fire and dinner at one of its little two-some tables. Then home to Felice's for their last evening together.

And here they were, playing golf with Jerome and Roberta West. It would be a foursome, the twilight hour before the fire, a foursome table for dinner.

Betty's heart had sunk when she had seen the Wests' eight cylinder run-about standing already in the Club's parking space when she and Walter had arrived. Roberta had come out on the broad veranda, slim and smart, in spite of her thick tan turtle-neck sweater. Her tan felt hat was correctly just raffish enough, her heavy tan shoes were English made, her skirt hung in a knife-edged slimness that Betty's home-pleated one never quite attained.

She had caught sight of Walter at once, and had waved to him, invitatively. Roberta was one of the very dashing, very young matrons who liked nothing better than an extra man in her party, even an engaged man like Walter.

"Hello, Walt," she had called. "Hello, Betty. You've come in direct answer to prayer. Happily married people can't play golf alone together and stay happy and married, you know. If you want to save Jerome and me from the divorce court, you'll make it a foursome. Oh, come on," coaxingly, "you know playing golf is more fun than going walking."

Walter had looked doubtfully at Betty.

"Well, what do you say?"

Of course Betty said golf. Said it carelessly, enthusiastically so that Walter could never guess at the little knife-edged hurt of knowing that he, too, found a foursome at golf more fun than a twosome walk with her. Perhaps she wouldn't play so hopelessly as usual, today.

But she had, just as hopelessly. She was still playing just as hopelessly.

On the tenth hole, Walter teed her ball up for her, stepped back with the other two, waiting silently for her to drive. They had all three driven already, of course, easy, confident drives. Betty braced herself, lifted her club slowly, trying with a tense, desperate eagerness to remember all the points that Walter had taught her. Guide the club with the left hand—how easily Roberta had swung—remember the follow-through—Walter hated a girl to be a dub—keep the eye on the ball, lift the left heel on the wind-up—funny, a home-made dress never looked just right—shift the weight—Betty's club swooped down, dragged thuddingly on the ground for an inch behind the ball, hitting it finally with a weakened force that sent it a scant twenty feet, rolling down into a weed tangle in the rough.

"Too bad," said Roberta perfunctorily, her eye on her own ball, lying high in the very middle of the fairway.

"Tough luck," said Jerome, starting briskly off for his next shot.

"You looked up," said Walter. "You'll flub a shot every time if you do that."

Betty said nothing. You couldn't keep on making fun of yourself for ever. "Oh, let me pick up my ball and go on along with you three; just be the gallery."

"Oh, stick to it; you can do it all right if you just make up your mind to it."

Betty had known, all the preceding nine holes, that Walter's polite patience was being sorely tried and she didn't blame him now for the faint sharpness in his tone. Even worse than a dub, Walter hated a quitter. She didn't blame Walter a bit, the quick tears of helpless anger that came to her eyes were anger at herself, not at Walter. She bent over, pretending to try to see exactly how the ball was lying. Really, so that he wouldn't see her swimming eyes. Betty was proud. Besides, Walter hated, above all things, a teary girl.

It was while she was leaning over, hastily and surreptitiously brushing her eyes, that the dream came to Betty. It didn't come to her at first as a full-grown dream. Just as a sudden, hopeful question. Did she really need to go on



BETTY TOLD HIM EXACTLY WHAT SHE HAD HEARD. SHE HAD WONDERED WHETHER TOMMY WOULD BE ANGRY, AND WAS UNPREPARED FOR THE UNMISTAKABLY SINCERE NONCHALANCE OF HIS ANSWER

being the kind of girl that Walter didn't like? After all, in most ways, Walter did like her. Most decidedly. Need she go on, then, letting these few ways in which he did not, spoil everything?

Surely these were things that could be learned, all these things that the kind of girls Walter had always played around with seemed to have been born knowing. They couldn't have been born knowing them, though, not really. How to play golf, for instance. They had doubtless learned this sometime. Long ago, of course, at their smart boarding schools that trained girls to be wives for men like Walter. While she and Felice had been going to High School, hustling through the breakfast dishes, making their own sandwiches to take for lunch because it was cheaper than buying them in the school lunchroom. Hadley High School did not teach its pupils to play golf. Betty had confessed once, giggling, to Walter, that she used to think it was a game you played on horseback.

Walter had laughed, but there had been something even in his laugh that had warned Betty not to tell that to anybody else. That surely he wouldn't approve of it.

She hadn't, of course. She had done her best to be like all these other girls he knew, smart, careless, arrogant young creatures to whom playing bridge at a quarter of a cent a point was as old a story as planning expenses down almost to the quarter of a cent had always been to Betty. She had tried,

gamely, not to seem too awkward a stranger in this world of theirs, for which they had been so thoroughly trained.

She had had the proper background, visiting in Felice's big, exquisite home, riding in Felice's soft purring motors, even wearing some of Felice's simple looking, exorbitant costing clothes. Funny thing, having a sister marry money! Walter knew, too, that this was all just borrowed background, knew about the days when she and Felice had worn each other's dresses because, often they had had only one halfway decent looking dress between them. Walter knew, too, about the primary class Betty would be teaching back in Hadley, right now, if Felice hadn't insisted on giving her this winter of fun.

Walter hadn't minded. He'd been no fortune hunter, looking for a rich girl to marry. It was only that he'd grown up expecting certain things of a girl, taking them as much as a matter of course as that she should have two eyes and a mouth. But Betty's two eyes, large and deep, as brown as amber under water, Betty's mouth, rose-red and of lovely sensitive curves, had been something that Walter had found himself suddenly unable to take as a matter of course.

Betty's dream sustained her all the rest of the eighteen holes, helped her to bear the contemptuous politeness of the Wests, Walter's constantly increasing irritation. She could go on hacking away in the underbrush and the sand-traps, could plod on grimly keeping honest count of her strokes even when the numbers grew grotesque, could bear it even when Walter looked down at her after some especially stupid play with his customary look of love and admiration hidden

completely by a look that appeared almost a one of disgust.

They were still on the sixteenth hole when the early November dusk closed in and play had to stop. Walter put up his irritation, instantly, as though handing it to his caddy along with the last club he had used. There was a pleasant enough walk back to the clubhouse, an hour before the fire, a pleasant enough dinner with the Wests. But then, just as Betty was thinking they could get away at last, Jerome urged.

"Oh, don't go yet. Stick around awhile; let's have one rubber; there's nothing to do so early in the evening as this."

"Well—ll," Walter's voice was dubious, he looked at Betty. "What do you say? We might play just one rubber."

Bridge was almost as bad as golf had been. Not but what Betty had played an occasional game of bridge back in Hadley, but those had been jolly, carefree games, played with as much good fellowship and about the same degree of science as Hearts or Five Hundred. Keeping count of the trumps was left over for the fussy elderly players, even re-nigging was held to be a less than cardinal sin. This was different. The businesslike quiet with which Roberta spread out the cards

and nodded to the others to cut for deal threw Betty, as it always did, into an inner panic, like a little old lady dumped suddenly in the midst of traffic. This was no casual, good-natured amusement; this kind of bridge was a business, a tense, exacting business criss-crossed with con-

[Turn to page 52]





SO IN SWEET CONFIDENTIAL TALK THE AFTERNOON PASSED, HE NEVER CONDESCENDED, BUT SEEMED A BOY LIKE MYSELF

*Isn't it always true that "A little child shall lead them?"
Even to the point of seeing in all real wonder and magic
the greatest of earthly glories—the Resurrection?*

The SUPREME GOAL

✻✻✻ BY BASIL KING ✻✻✻

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

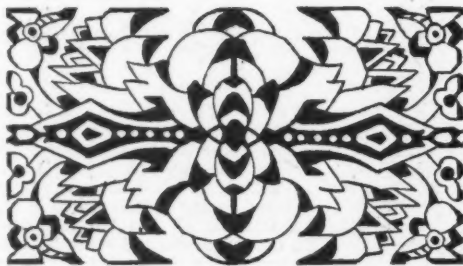
"God is fighting against Death in every form. His supreme goal is the Conquest of Death."
H. G. Wells.

I N wandering away from the encampment I must have gone farther than I supposed, for presently I saw I was alone with nothing but the wide, sad prospect of Judean hills about me. Deep down to the east the leader gleam of the Dead Sea gave the only relief to the eye in this world of dull gray barrenness. About to return to camp I noticed ashes and refuse marking the spot on which some band of nomads had recently pitched their tents. On taking a few steps further my attention was caught by what I took to be a stone of peculiar shape. Gray on gray, it lay unobtrusively, a stick of stone, some eight inches long, and three or four in circumference.

But a nearer view showed it not as a stone, but as a leaden cylinder. Wedged into a seam in the rock it had either fallen there by accident or been cast aside. Looking carefully around me to make sure I was not the victim of a plot, I dislodged it with some force, finding it light enough and small enough to go into a large pocket. Then I went back to camp.

What the cylinder contained I had no immediate opportunity of finding out. In the camp all my actions were subject to the observation of the dragoman and his servants. If I was seen opening a cylinder obviously ancient I might be suspected. The thing might easily be some lost object of veneration, known throughout these tribes. At any rate I ran no risk. The cylinder did not leave my person till I reached, a few days later, the comparative safety of a hotel bedroom in Damascus.

It proved then to contain what I suspected, a parchment



manuscript. I could see that the writing was in Latin, but beyond this elementary fact I had no knowledge. Impressively old it seemed to me, worn at the edges, stained, and yet for the most part intact. The writing was in a flowing hand, with contractions and little flourishes. No learning that I possessed threw any light on its historic value, though the cylinder itself seemed to be faintly engraved with a Byzantine conception of the Risen Christ, worn away now by the handling of many generations.

But it chanted that on the voyage from Beyrut to Marseilles I fell in with a man whom I had known a few years earlier as exchange French professor at Harvard. Renewing the old acquaintanceship I became confidential on the subject of my "find." As however his field was philosophy his opinion on the document was no more expert than my own. On the other hand, he gave me an introduction to a colleague

at the University of Montpellier, whose specialty was precisely in the reading and appraising of all kinds of ancient scripts.

From this man I received some three or four expressions of opinion, of which one was his own, and the others those of scholars in the same line of work. All agreed that the narrative given in the text was that of a genuine experience. Some one named Galba, a Roman by family, though born at Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, had in middle or old age written down what he remembered of his intercourse during boyhood with a Wondrous Personality. Living then in Britain, and hearing the name of Jesus of Capernaum, as he commonly calls Him, proclaimed as the founder of a new religion, he sets down for his children and grandchildren the memories he has treasured all his life. He seems not to have been a Christian in the accepted sense of the term, or to have known till shortly before writing that his own recollection of the Wondrous Personality had become a tradition for others. In the formation of the infant Christian Church he had had no part, learning of its existence only after years of vicissitude in outlying parts of the empire.

The translation made for me at Montpellier was of course in French. My English translation of this French translation loses, I am told, most of the antiquity of style, as well as all the rusticity of thought and expression so naive in the original. I have only to add that, as in the script itself there is neither punctuation, sentence, nor paragraph, these have been added by myself.

For several lines at the beginning only scattered words are legible, "father . . . stone-mason . . . Tiberias . . . baths . . . never . . . architecture . . . workmen." From the text as it goes on we gather that what had been

written was to the effect that the author's father had been an Italian stone-mason, brought to Tiberias at the time of the building of the sumptuous baths in the foreign style erected there by the Herods. From further fragments of sentences we learned that the lad had been born at Tiberias, and had been left an orphan while still very young.

"In the Jews' country of Galilee," he writes, "this was no great hardship. For the support of life little is required, and little they have ever had. In my boyhood I slept where night overtook me. The climate being soft and sweet, it was seldom cold. Of clothing and food we required little. That little could be begged or stolen. I, Galba, was mostly obliged to steal, for when they knew I was a Gentile boy they drove me from their doors. True, I could often deceive in this respect, being as proficient in the Jews' language as any son of theirs; but they judged me by my countenance. From town to town around the Sea of Galilee I wandered, sometimes earning a few pence, but more often finding food and shelter as the birds and foxes do.

"Being then about twelve years old, that from which I suffered most was the lack of love. Other boys had homes, parents, brothers, playmates, schools. I, Galba, had nothing. If I ventured to join in a game being played in the marketplace the lads of the town stoned me. If I drew near to a school, the teacher drove me thence. If in some vineyard or olive-garden I found work, I was beaten, and often denied my pay, when it became known that I was of Gentile parentage. Lying in the fields at night I wept from anger and loneliness.

"And since I saw nothing but hatred and contempt I grew to hate and despise everyone. My hope was one day to be big and strong, so that I might do ill to those who had done ill to me. When any such opportunity came to me I wrought what harm I could. I would rise at night to break the branches of the olive trees, or pull up the shoots of grain. Then I passed on, putting myself beyond detection before sunrise. When I found children feebler than myself I evil-entreated them, snatching their food, and leaving them in tears. With older and stronger lads I frequently did battle, rending their garments, and bruising their features, only regretting that I had no means of killing them. All this I did to be revenged, yet finding in my vengeance but little consolation.

"Then it chanced that roaming one day between two towns I saw a multitude of men and women streaming from one of the cities and making their way up a mountainside. Not daring to ask questions I listened to what was said between one and another, so learning that they were on the way to hearken to the words of one Jesus of Capernaum. Of this man I had heard much, some saying that he was a deceiver; some that he was a prophet; while all agreed that by the help of either God or Satan—the dispute was as to which—he worked great cures and wonders. Having nothing better to do I hung on the outskirts of this throng, recking little of curses to which I was inured, and hoping to see a miracle. Beyond curiosity I had no thought unless it were the chance of picking up some article dropped by accident

or of filching a little food.

"Later, as I skirted the seated throng looking for the place from which I was least likely to be driven, I heard a voice, of which the very tones caused me to stand still. Loving and commanding at once, it was strong with the strength which penetrates, and makes every syllable distinct. Accustomed as I was to the raucous Galilean dialect, it was a strange new wonder in itself to perceive that there could be anything so sweet in human speech. Though at first I saw not the speaker, He seemed to have seen me, and among all that throng to be addressing me.

"But I tell you who hear me. Love your enemies; treat those that hate you well; bless those that curse you; pray for those who abuse you."

"In' on my bitterness of spirit these words came like balm, soothing the hatred which was poisoning my life. A child of twelve has no wish to hate. Love is the meat he thrives on, and the air he knows how to breathe. The thought that I could love those who hated me came to my oppressed young soul like deliverance from fear.

"In among the multitude I thrust myself till at last I saw Him, though I can give you no picture of what He was like. The memory which remains with me is that of power and graciousness. Never was anyone so strong, and yet so winning and courteous. I have heard Him spoken of as grave, sorrowful, austere. But in my knowledge of Him He was the embodiment of happiness. He inspired courage. Health, sanity, energy emanated from Him, as youth and activity did likewise. You could not come into His presence without the conviction that here was the norm of perfect joy in which your conditions, however afflicting, must be amended.

"These thoughts I could not have had as a boy; they have come to me in later life as an explanation. All I was capable of seeing at the time was that here was some one who would

not turn me away. He would take me in my rags and welcome me. He might even love me. Already I loved Him. My one instinctive purpose was to reach Him.

"But in this I was hindered by the multitude. He Himself was seated on a mound in a little hollow, round which rose a series of natural turf-covered ridges like the seats in an amphitheater. As, in spite of all obstructions, I forced my way to the bottom, some one pushed me angrily, and I stumbled. Thus I came into His presence with a cry, a

sorry little lad, friendless and dirty, with hot tears streaming from my eyes.

"At my cry He interrupted His discourse to look at me, where I lay in shame. All my fear was that He would rebuke me, but when in terror I lifted my eyes He only smiled. With a movement of His left arm He made me understand that close by His side there was a place for me. 'Come here.'

"But I could not move. 'Master,' I moaned, 'I dare not. I am but a Gentile and an outcast.'

"The sweetness of His smile played over me like sunlight. 'In the Kingdom of Heaven,' He answered, 'there is neither outcast nor Gentile, but only the child of my Father.'

"But, Master, some one in the crowd protested, 'the boy is a thief, known as a rogue and a vagabond in all



EASTER. — DRAWING BY O. F. HOWARD

our towns.'

"When he has a home," came the reply, "he will be no longer." To me He added, "Your home is in my Father's house. Come!"

"As a poor dog creeps I crept to Him. Throwing His arm about my shoulder He went on with His discourse. He seemed to be telling of a Kingdom. The words themselves I did not understand. I recall not that I listened. Merely to sit beside Him, within the refuge of His arm, was all the bliss I could ask for. Never before that I could remember had my weakness known the [Turn to page 84]

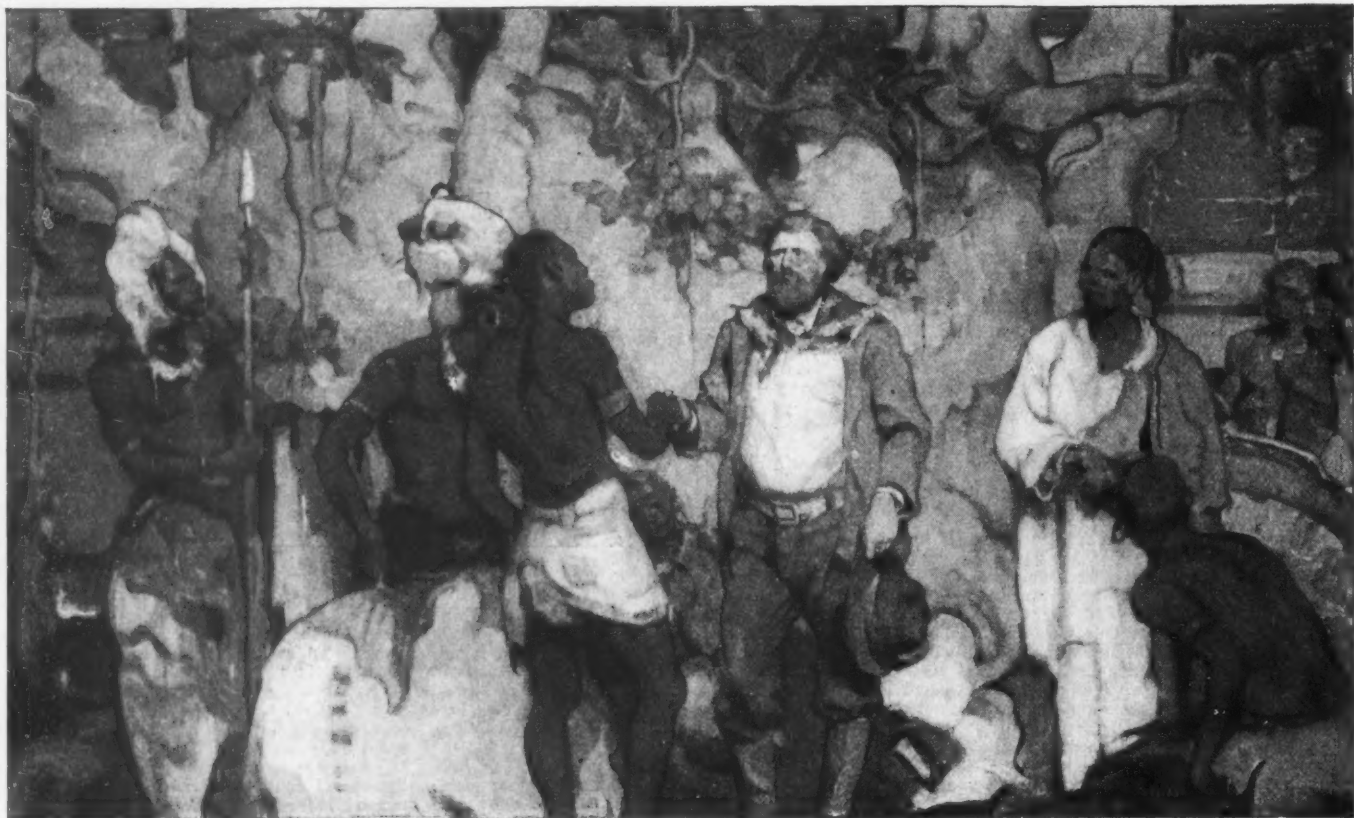


HITHERTO HE HAD BEEN JESUS OF CAPERNAUM MUCH AS I HAD KNOWN HIM.
NOW ALL AT ONCE HE BEGAN TO GLOW AS IF LIGHT WAS HIS RAIMENT . . .

STUDIES in SAINTHOOD

✠✠✠ BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D. ✠✠✠

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA



HE MADE PROOF OF HIS MINISTRY BY WINNING OVER THE FOREMOST BECHUANA CHIEF

The MORNING STAR of AFRICA

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

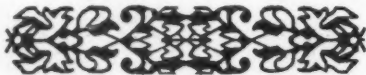
When David Livingstone disappeared in the liana-hung jungle of Central Africa, it was an American journalist, Stanley, commissioned by a great American newspaper, who journeyed into the heart of the Dark Continent and found him at last, thus bringing the story of his momentous work to the world. So, to-day, it has remained for an American preacher to rediscover

the figure of the great missionary-explorer-saint, whose interment among the heroic dead in Westminster Abbey was immortalized by the lines quoted herewith—lines which first appeared in the pages of *Punch*. Read Dr. Cadman's brilliant character study of Livingstone, and see whether this intrepid soldier of the cross has not a vital message for the world today.

"He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land
Had reached and roused an army of its own
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame:
Let marble crumble, This is Living—stone"



THE hero I have symbolized as Africa's Morning Star was a son of the proud ancient kingdom of Scotland. He lived to traverse hitherto unknown lands, inland seas and lakes as no other traveller had done since the days of the famous navigators and explorers of the Atlantic ocean and its western continents. His native country, described by Sir Walter Scott as "Caledonia stern and wild, meet nurse for a poetic child," produced seraphic spirits even more noble than its poets.

Memory sometimes tells a more flattering tale than Hope, and few personalities in its teeming retrospects vindicate our

optimism more than that of Livingstone. I recently stood by the grave of his son, a Union soldier of the Civil War who died in the Confederate prison at Salisbury, North Carolina. He is buried in that city on the campus of the college for

colored students which is named after his illustrious father. I thought of that father's tomb in Westminster's stately Abbey, where after a life of Herculean toil and sacrificial suffering his body rests in peace among the prophets,

priests and kings of the world's greatest empire. He was born on March the nineteenth, 1813, at the village of Blantyre Works, Lanarkshire; the second child of his parents, Neil Livingstone (for so the father spelt his name as did his son for many years) and Agnes Hunter. His parents were Scotch tradesfolk of Highland extraction. At the hour of his birth the titanic struggle [Turn to page 119]

The GRASS ORPHAN

BY LILITH BENDA

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER TITTLE



TWO years after the final decree, the Tevis divorce remained to the friends of Peter and Camilla a matter of mystification and endless surmise. It was effected in Paris with such despatch and secrecy that people were still citing the alliance as an archetype of marital felicity, when news of its disruption began to spread.

There followed the usual tongue-wagging, and branding of the marriage as one fated to a sorry finish. For even those friends among whom Peter and Camilla lorded it so merrily had found something to rankle them in the glad ardor which remained unabated years after that first wagging of tongues, when hard upon their first meeting, Peter had snatched his Camilla from under the very nose of an aged and affluent fiancé.

And it was true that these two had steered shy of profundities, and solemn purposes in life, true that they lived lightly, selfishly, but rather splendidly withal, a high-bred, handsome pair with an open-hearted zest for existence, and a sharp pleasure each in the other which revealed itself in countless fashions to irk the lesser fry.

Camilla, who had the custody of young Lenore, re-established herself, upon her return from France, in the Westchester house. The studio apartment on lower Fifth Avenue became Peter's quarters, with the house janitress, an old Austrian who had been little Lenore's nurse, looking out for his needs.

Here he lived, almost a recluse, graying, thinning, drinking heavily, lending himself to brusque commentary whenever any of his old associates descended upon him in an effort to wrench him from his solitude. Here, far more often than the agreements stipulated, for Camilla was generous, Lenore visited him, and brought him strange, puzzling inklings of the incredibly clumsy manner in which his former wife was adjusting herself to the rôle of divorcée.

For Camilla, who had carried marriage off with such proud gusto, appeared to flounder now. And the gossips were sniggering. First it was the "ugly ducklings," young unknowns of a literary bent whom she took under her patronage, and found in the ultimate rather too clamorously penniless, and perpetually thirsty to bother with. So at once she veered off at a tangent into a fantastic gambling era hitting upon a glorification of crap-shooting under its old name of "hazard," with a harking back to the game's eighteenth century elegance, and a long, green-covered table set up in the library.

The soft, throaty voice rippled with its old gayety over

It's the child—not the husband, not the wife—who is the real victim of a divorce, as this heart-breaking story of a "grass orphan" proves to a too-careless world.



THE BOY'S FACE APPEARED, CURIOUSLY SET AND GRIM FOR A LOVER'S FACE



the gaming tables. But circuitously it reached Peter Tevis that Camilla looked thin and ill.

DO you want to lecture me for gambling sins?"

It was one of those still, star-studded August nights that teem, and throb, and simmer under the spell of an age-old enchantment. Even over the telephone a little of the magic seemed to spread, and to inject a lilt and tremor into voices that strove for a casual unconcern.

"It's about Lenore. I must see you," he answered. "I'm stopping at the Gwathneys."

"Have you your car?"

"No, but if it's not too late I can borrow—"

"It's hardly eleven. I'm going dancing, but I shan't start for another hour."

A whirring and jangling over the wire cut them off just then. It seemed actually to rise out of Camilla's voice as if to stress, beneath the rippling lilt, that harsh confusion and discordance which a little later flashed from the quick of them when nodding curtly, smiling coldly, these two who had not met in three years, faced one another in Camilla's drawing room.

They were both tall, and dark, of a rangy slenderness, and brusque grace, both nervous and restless tonight, their set smiles fading into a deep, dull flush that bespoke a raging bitterness, dammed insecurely, and agog, as it were, for the glance, the gesture, the intonation that would loose the flood-gates.

Peter Tevis happened to turn to a mirror. On the instant Camilla broke into a torrent of light, rapid phrases.

"That's the very mirror! And there's the inglenook. Where I was sitting. Saw the chit making her eyes big in the mirror. She was on the landing. Right over my head."

"Is it necessary to hark back?"

"Saw the man's hand," she went on, unheeding. "Cupping her chin. Saw the cuff-links I'd given you. You handled her as if you were afraid she might break. And there'd been something between us, Peter Tevis, like a blithe crusade. It was over then and there! But I think I shan't ever get over your recriminations! Even now they goad me to a fury."

"Rot! It was pretty poor sportsmanship not to have told me all this before you started proceedings."

"And again rot! You were in love with her, weren't you?"

"Yes, if you must know!" His voice rang loud and angry. "At the moment, yes. I suppose it's something that often happens to a man once he's passed the forty mark, to fall in love with some girl's untouchedness, I mean with her out-of-

reachness. I couldn't have helped kissing her any more than I can help sneezing."

"Here in my house—"

"In our house, Cam. It was your business to weigh the thing in the balance of—well, all there'd been between us, and it was pretty foul sportsmanship to come to me with a cock-and-bull story about wanting to marry another man, and tear things up by the roots without so much as a show-down."



"Hate me rather, don't you, Peter?"
 "Rather."
 "Me, too. It's a queer business."

All composure now, she slipped into the armchair. "You've come to talk over Lenore. She's been running about with Michael Moran. Isn't that the trouble?"

"The child's only sixteen."

"But mature. Strangely, deliciously mature. She's an ultra lamb, Peter, that girl of mine!"

"Of ours, Camilla." His voice took on an ugly rasp.

"She's to see no more of this reprobate poet. Understand?"

"You say 'reprobate' as if he were a new sin, and 'poet' as if he were a milk-sop. Matter of fact, he writes slambang, gorgeous stuff. Oh, but I'm fond of Michael! Only a youngster, you know. And he has one of those young, tired patrician faces—"

"I'm not interested in his patrician face." He paused to light a cigarette, then lowered his voice to an easy, conversational tone. "That kid's

pretty precious to me. You're her legal guardian. And you're miffing the job pretty badly. Spruce up on it, else I'll take her."

Camilla's eyelids drooped lazily. "Oh, so that's it?"

"That's it." He looked up at her quickly. "What's come over you, Cam? The fellow's been in the newspapers, you know that, don't you? Sued for breach of promise by a show-girl—"

"Show-girls take so much for granted!"

"Then you approve of their engagement?"

At once Camilla's eyes opened wide with amusement and relief. "Peter you're ridiculous! It's been a baby love-spree! Just the merest shred of a shy, frail, sweet puppy love. And it's on the wane. I've seen to that. And I trust Michael."

The man lounged heavily from the inglenook. "I've had a letter." He drew it from his pocket. "Got it by mistake. She must have written to me, and to him at the same time, and put this in the wrong envelope. It might very well have happened. She was woozy, you see."

"She was what?"

"Bit drunk, I believe. Here. Read it."

Her hand shook when she took the letter. And Peter Tevis' sullen stare never wavered from the troubled face that bent over a page of small, tidy writing.

"Michael, my Archangel!" it ran:

"I'm supposed to go to Peter's for the week-end, but I'm writing him I have to go to Craig's! Cam doesn't want me to, because she's beginning to think we're together too much; hence the ruse. She's nice about it, only she's beginning to make a face like a mild expletive whenever I talk about you. So be there, do, because I see I've got to propose to you again. I see I've got to keep right on storming the citadels of your heart till your resistance breaks down, signs of which are duly noted, thanks."

And I tell you there's no use of your speaking to Peter and Cammie because they'd just be snooty and say we can't, or we must wait, and if we wait why it might wear off, and what's the use of risking that say I.

I am a trifle woozy. I had two mint juleps at the club to make me sleepy. I can't sleep well with everybody so stubborn snooty.

But to return to the

subject, marry me dear, do. Of course they might have it annulled, they might even arrest you. Only I don't think we'll be annoyed because my parents are square-shooters at heart, and I am sick at heart over my parents! You see the trouble is that divorce or no divorce they are monogamous, extremely so. That's the trouble, poor Peter and Camilla!

Writing that—Peter and Camilla—reminds me of what you said the other night about the great love-stories. Well, Paolo and Francesca, Tristan and Iseult—well, Michael and Lenore! They sound good linked don't they?—Michael and Lenore—

Well I just looked up in the cyclopedia how to spell Paolo. And I thought I'd look up Michael the archangel, he's your guardian angel, and see what they had to say about him. Well it seems he is called God's Masterpiece only he's not, you are. Thine, etc. Lenore"

Camilla was smiling when she held the letter out to him. "She wasn't really woozy. She's quite too innately tranquil ever to be really woozy."

He smiled disagreeably.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"The usual thing! Take her away. Make him taboo! There's a hunting trip off to Newfoundland day after tomorrow. The Bentleys have cancelled their reservation. I'll take her, and she'll think me her mortal enemy, though she'll be quite tranquil about it."

She laughed softly. "Haven't you noticed that serenity? The way she looks at people, placidly appraising them? She's always coming to conclusions. To serene conclusions."

"I couldn't stand her about the place coming to her conclusions. That's in the main why I've left it."

"Left the place, Peter?" Her hand darted to her throat as if something hurt her there.

"Put it up for rent."

"I'll take it!"

"Minna phoned me. It was leased today."

"It's beastly of you, Peter." Her eyes sparkled with anger and pain.

He shrugged. "You mean I should hold it sacred as the scene of our matrimonial plunge? What rot! Fact is, I can't stand the woman. I mean Minna. She's a good janitress, and a good cook, but she assumes too much merely because she was Lenore's nurse. Keeps exchanging smiles with the child, whenever she's there, as if there were a conspiracy between them."

"She's turned to her old nurse with her confidence! Not to me, Peter! nor to you—" She blinked back the tears. "I was here when Michael talked about the old romances. I sat here thinking about the Paolos and Romeos, how they must have been shy and gawky, and handled their Juliet and Francescas as if the girls were made of egg-shell china. You were like that to me once, Peter. And you were like that in the mirror there with a chit whose name we hardly remember... I think it's all so darned too bad!"

Again he shrugged. "Are you in love with me by any chance, Camilla?"

"Heavens no! Only I happen to be one of those wretched

wantons who can't conceive existence save in relationship to some man. And I happen to be monogamous too, extremely so, as Lenore puts it—"

"Here's the young woman now!"

A motor had chugged up to the entrance. A girl's laughter rang, low and clear.

"Be gentle, Peter."

Lenore Tevis had that sort of loveliness which, with the first glimpse of it, invariably provokes a comparison. Already, at sixteen, she had been likened a score of times to a wood nymph, and a Botticelli Madonna. Every one on meeting the girl, was reminded of something held exquisite and admirable.

"Hello, Cam! Hello, Peter! I thought I'd find you here."

There was a bland unconcern in the limpid little voice. She kissed them idly and stood scrutinizing them with eyes that were Camilla's eyes.

Slim, fragile, her skin as white as the frock she wore, with something regal in the lift of her chin over her long throat, and the sweep of her black bobbed hair from her forehead, the merest tinge of a delicate sophistication appeared to hover about her, and to blend pleasantly with the untroubled look of a small child.

"They're waiting for you at the club, Cammie. I believe they mean to dance the dawn in. Better hurry."

She turned away, and made a curious gesture toward the empty fireplace, out-stretching her hands as if they were chilly. "It's too bad," she went on, "that you should be upset like this. It was awfully stupid to mix those letters up. I only found out about it this morning. You see, Michael's been avoiding me. And now then, dears, here's the low-down! He says he

won't marry me. I can't seem to budge him. He says I can't possibly know my own mind yet, and it wouldn't be fair, and all that. So, I guess it's your party... And now then, Cammie! Shoot your stuff, dear."

Taken aback by the girl's cold directness, Camilla stirred uneasily. "There's to be a trip," she faltered, "To Newfoundland. We start day after tomorrow. And I don't relish this rôle of disciplinarian! Try to believe—"

"That Mummie and Dad know what's best for their lamb?" A smile lit the cold little face. "What's next, Cammie? Do I go back to school next fall?"

"No, you don't! And I wish you wouldn't look at me as if I were an ogress! And just as soon as you even begin to grow up you may see him again, if you still want to. In the meantime it won't be so bad. There's the Heath's Nevada ranch—"

"God's open spaces!" Lenore broke in. "God's open spaces will cure the lamb of its young folly."

"You're hurting me horribly!" Camilla's hand had darted to her throat.

"I'm sorry. But why do you talk like a first reader? Well, the lamb's all ready to do what you ask, only she knows darn well you don't mean her to have the thing she wants. So that's that. And I'm going to bed. I'm dog tired."

The mother winced when, avoiding her lips, Lenore dropped a cool little kiss on her forehead.

Then she turned to Peter, and began to run her forefinger lightly, slowly, over his thin hair. Her eyes remained fixed on her mother.

And all at once as she stood there, a hot blush, quite patently a blush of shame, surged into her face. It left the very atmosphere when quietly she had stepped from the room, charged with its mute, flaming reproach.

Camilla sprang from her chair.

"She's rude and headstrong and she dwarfs us! I suppose you feel I should go up to her and talk mother talk. Well, I'm not going to! I'm going to the club."

She caught up a scarf from the chair, flung her chin high.

"Come along! We've nothing further to discuss. Drop me at the club, will you?"

They stepped out into a night that was like a fantasy in black satin. Camilla

[Turn to page 79]



❖ ❖ HE CAUGHT HER TIGHT AND KISSED HER HARD, HIS BIG FINGERS TANGLING HER HAIR UNTIL THE STATELY BRAIDS TUMBLED OVER HER SHOULDERS ❖ ❖

HAS CHRISTIANITY FAILED?

To which Harold Bell Wright replies by asking in this novel,
"HAS CHRISTIANITY BEEN TRIED?"



"THINK I'D MARRY ANY MAN AFTER WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MATRIMONY!"

GOD and the GROCERYMAN

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT
 AUTHOR OF "THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS", "A SON OF HIS FATHER", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON



JOHN SAXTON, the confidential agent of Dan Matthews, came to Westover to investigate social and religious conditions with a view to establishing there the pet dream of his Chief—an experiment in social and religious unity. Saxton's personality brings spiritual refreshment to Joe Paddock, the groceryman of the title. Paddock's home relations are far from happy. His daughter Georgia, the typical flapper of the day, is dissatisfied and disquieting. His wife has taken up Art in the guise of a young pseudo-dramatist, Edward Astell. Joe begins to look to Saxton for new vision and encouragement.



THE Paddock farm is eight miles west of town on the state highway. Grandpa and Grandma Paddock settled in the new county

of Westover the year they were married—coming with other adventurous families in covered wagons from the more crowded districts farther east. Their first home was a log cabin down by the spring at the foot of the hill. Their first crops were planted among the stumps of the newly cleared lands in fields fenced with brush and rails. The present farm house, which was built the year Joe was born, stands on the brow of a long, low hill overlooking the broad, gently rolling fields, the meadow-lands and pastures of

the Paddock acres and the neighboring farms, from which the stumps and the primitive brush fences have long since disappeared.

For nearly fifty years this house had shared the most intimate joys and sorrows of the man and woman who together planned and built it. For nearly half a century this husband and wife, this father and mother, had enriched this home with their deepest and most sacred experiences, and glorified it with their steadfast love. The house, the trees, and the man and woman had grown old together, but as their fields were ever young with the new life of each spring-time, so the hearts of Grandpa and Grandma Paddock were young.

In the early morning, following that night when the groceryman and his daughter talked





together, Grandpa Paddock came out from the house to see the new day. Standing on the veranda he viewed the countryside, looked at his trees, studied the sky, felt the early morning air, and heard the familiar

voices of the farm. Grandma joined him in a minute or two later and standing close by his side remarked on the beauty of morning with an enjoyment not in the least dulled by nearly eighty years of mornings. Then she went to look into the family affairs of a pair of wrens who, having nested in the honeysuckle vines, were "expecting." Grandma Paddock was one of those women (God give us more of them) who manage to carry the everyday burdens of wifehood and motherhood as if they were treasures beyond price, and so inevitably the accumulated experiences of her years made the last of her life the richest and the best. All that she had lived she still possessed, but that which had been crude was refined—that which had been raw was softened—all that once was new had gained the flavor and the mellowness that comes with time.

The farm house bell, outside the kitchen door, rang. They saw the hired man, Henry, coming from the barn with his pails of milk. Henry had been with them twenty years. The other hands, with their families, lived in two cottages under the hill. Arm and arm they went into the house.

Grandpa found his "specs," took the big family Bible from its place of honor on the center table in the sitting room and, seating himself in his old arm chair, reverently opened the Book. Grandma, in her favorite rocker by the window, rocked gently and looked out and away across the fields, and if the dear old lady's thoughts strayed from the moment into the years that were gone it was with no irreverence. Hetty came from the kitchen rolling her bare arms in her apron. Hetty had been Grandma's "girl" for nearly forty years. Then Henry found a seat on the edge of the chair nearest the dining room door. Dandy, the collie dog, walked sedately to Grandpa's side and the house cat, Peter, arched his back and rubbed against Henry's boots, favored Hetty with purring attention, and crossed the room to settle down in Grandma's lap.

Slowly and reverently Grandpa read the morning lesson, his kindly voice caressing every word: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The quiet was broken by the raucous shriek of an automobile that, with wide open exhaust, thundered along the State Highway at seventy miles an hour "and learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

The prayer which followed, while the members of the household knelt beside their chairs, was as unpretentious as their lives. As the grain in the fields, the grass in the meadows and the mighty trees looked to Heaven for the needed sunshine and rain, so this old-fashioned household, without show or ceremony, looked to God for their daily need.

Then they all went in to breakfast.

THE groceryman was not surprised that morning when his daughter appeared at his office in the store and begged him to go with her to the farm.

"Perhaps Mother would like to go too," he said, and before Georgia could reply called for the house number on the telephone.

The girl watched him while he was hearing from Ella that Mrs. Paddock was not in. He hung up the receiver and for almost a minute sat as if lost in thought, his hand still on the instrument.

"Mother has a luncheon engagement," said Georgia. "I heard her telephoning about it to some one just before I left the house. They are to call for her. That's how I knew we could have the car. Come on. Daddy, let's go. If I don't get away from this town right now I shall scream."

They exchanged scarcely a word until as they reached the crest of the hill in front of the house, the girl, drawing a full, deep breath exclaimed: "Oh, Daddy, look! How beautiful! Everything is so—so clean." It was strange that the groceryman's daughter should have used the same word that the delivery boy's mother had repeated so often in telling Davie of her dream.

They sat on the veranda, "just visiting," as Grandma would have said, until Hetty came to tell them dinner was ready. But when the mid-day meal was over Georgia must go with Grandpa to see the bran' new colt, the baby pigs and week-old calf whose mother took the premium at the last fair and whose father was a grand champion.

When Grandma and her son were alone the old lady, with no preliminary verbal skirmish, asked gently: "What's the trouble, my boy?"

"Oh, nothing," said Joe.

"Business going pretty well?"

"Well enough—first rate in fact."



"That's good but of course it would 'cause you'll always do your part and folks are just bound to eat. Your father was saying last night your grocery business ain't like those stores that sell nothing

but luxuries. I told him that was all right as far as it went but sometimes people got their necessities and their luxuries so mixed that they couldn't tell which was which. What is Laura busying herself with these days?"

"Oh, she has her clubs and social duties."

right one—for a match.

"What's the matter with Georgia, Joe?"

"What makes you think there is anything the matter with her, Mother?"

"Cause there is. Is she in love?"



"I DON'T REMEMBER HOW IT HAPPENED. ALL AT ONCE HE CAUGHT ME IN HIS ARMS. I—I WAS

"I don't know."

"What does Laura think about it?"

"I don't know that either."

"Well, son, you and Laura had better be finding out, 'cause there is nothing more important that can happen to the child. If she ain't in love it's time she was. For a girl her age there's only one thing worse than being in love, and that's not being. She and Jack Ellory come out here every now and then. Jack's a fine boy—no better bred lad in

"That's nice. Laura takes a lot of comfort in such things. I've often had a notion that I'd like to join a club or something. Your father and I thought we saw her go past in an automobile day before yesterday, but we decided it couldn't a been her 'cause Laura would never a gone right by without even wavin' to us and she wouldn't a been ridin' alone with a man in a roadster, neither."

Grandma watched Joe's hands as he cut the end from a cigar and searched every pocket in his clothing—except the

Westover County. And, if my old eyes ain't fooling me, they think a lot of each other. They always have as I remember. It's against nature, son, that they should go as far as they have and not go farther. It's time they was making up their minds to marry or quit."

He went quickly through the house and out by the kitchen door, swiftly crossed the garden to the orchard, hurried on under the trees and climbing the fence made his way through the cornfield toward the woods. The cool and shadowy quiet closed about him as if an unseen hand

pond which lay in a little hollow in the very heart of the woods. From his earliest childhood that spot had been to Joe Paddock, a place of refuge—a retreat—a sanctuary. It



had witnessed his decisions and been the confidant of his most precious dreams. It had heard his faltering declaration of love to his girl neighbor and schoolmate, and had seen the kiss which sealed their betrothal. Here, if anywhere, the groceryman felt that he could find himself. Here, he might glimpse a way through the confusing fog that enveloped him. Here, if anywhere, he might hope to feel the presence of his God.

When the groceryman left the woods an hour or two later he was still depressed by that feeling of impending evil. Returning by the lane which lead to the barnyard, he saw another automobile parked with his own machine near the house. From the barnyard gate he saw a stranger sitting on the veranda with his father and mother and daughter. And then, as he drew nearer he discovered to his amazement that the fourth member of the group was John Saxton.

Grandpa was about to introduce Joe to Mr. Saxton when that gentleman said with a laugh: "Oh, but your son and I are already very good friends, Mr. Paddock." And then, as he shook hands with the groceryman, he added, still smiling: "I certainly chose the right day to call upon your father and mother. To find three generations at home is rather better luck than I hoped for."

"Joe," cried Grandma, eager as a child, "did you know that Mr. Saxton is a friend of Dan Matthews? You remember how often you have heard us talk about Dan Matthews, the big mining man who used to preach in Corinth where your aunt Nellie lived?"

"Yes, Mother, I know who Dan Matthews is, of course, but I—" He looked inquiringly at Mr. Saxton, "and you are really representing the Matthews interests?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

They all laughed at the groceryman's expression.

Saxton explained: "When Mr. Matthews sent me to Westover he told me to be sure and call on your father and mother. I wanted to come long before this," he continued to Grandma and Grandma, "but circumstances have prevented."

Big Dan had said to his confidential agent, before leaving him at his hotel that night in Kansas City, "John, I want you to know the Paddocks—the old people, I mean. They will show you how the Christian religion worked in a typical American home of the last generation. I shall be surprised if you do not find their son mighty helpful when the time comes."

But of his mission in Westover Dan Matthews' confidential agent did not speak.

And all the while the groceryman was thinking what this financially powerful mining man's friendly interest in his family, together with his own well established friendship with the representative of Dan Matthews, might mean to him. So intent was the groceryman on his own thoughts that he scarcely heard his daughter's comment when Saxton told them of the Matthews' home.

"Is it really true that there are homes like that these days?"

Saxton's grave eyes, with their shadows of sadness, met the girl's frank look. "Are you really such a skeptic, Miss Paddock?"

"How can any one be anything but skeptical?" the girl returned boldly. "Don't you read the papers? Don't you read magazine stories and novels and see plays and pictures? And can't you see what is going on all around you? Your Dan Matthews and his wife may be as happy as you picture them, Mr. Saxton, but if they are, they are decidedly old-fashioned."

Saxton asked gently: "And do you think, then, that for the men and women of this day the happiness of home and family love are impossible?"

The groceryman's daughter answered with a shockingly frank statement of her unwholesome convictions: "The men of this generation don't want wives, Mr. Saxton, they want women. People have forgotten how to love."

"If they have," returned Saxton, "it is because they have forgotten how to worship."

And Georgia, with her eyes fixed on the speaker's countenance, wondered "where have I seen that face before!"

It was Sunday morning. In town, the business streets, except for an occasional automobile, an empty street car, or a lone pedestrian, were deserted.

When the late breakfast at the Paddock home was over the groceryman went out on the front porch to find the Sunday paper. An automobile stopped in front of the house and the groceryman, looking up from his paper, waved a greeting to the young man

who left the machine and came toward him across the lawn.

Georgia appeared on the porch. "Hello Jack," she called.

As he watched them crossing the lawn toward [Turn to page 90]



David Robinson

FRIGHTENED. I FOUGHT HIM AND BROKE AWAY
AND RAN. I TORE A WAY THROUGH THE WOODS"



And then Grandma made one of her characteristic observations which at the moment seemed to have no bearing upon the topic of the conversation, but was sometimes found, later, to be the root of the whole matter: "It takes a lot of religion, son, for two people to love and marry and live together long enough to raise children and be grandparents." Joe rose hurriedly, "Father and Georgia are coming yonder. If you don't mind, Mother, I'll slip away for a little while—I want to go for a walk."

had drawn a curtain to shut out the noisy troubled world. The carpet of moss and fern yielded kindly to his feet. He felt a solemn presence. Instinctively he uncovered his head and moved softly. The sweet, earthy fragrance, the songs of birds, the murmur of the gentle wind in the treetops, and the soft rustle of leaves were as the incense, the music and the prayers of a religious service.

And then, almost before he realized where he was, the groceryman was sitting under an old tree on the bank of a



The PERSUADER

BY FRANK E. VERNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY DALTON STEVENS

ABOUT the time when the sun begins to redden the gilt of the minarets and deepen the blue of the domes of Constantinople, a big car with the American flag on its bonnet nosed its way through a traffic of bullock wagons, laden donkeys, darting taxis, hurtling tram cars, strings of burden-bearing Turks, and foot passengers of all the peoples of the earth; swung up a cobbled causeway that was built when Mohammed was young; and finally swerved into the wide European thoroughfare of the *Grande rue de Pera*, to halt at the plate glass entrance of the Hotel Tokatlin. A liveried porter touched his hat, opened the car door, and a man with a very brown face and a black patch over his left eye, jumped lightly on the pavement.

"That's that. Six pieces of luggage to go up to my room *ek dum*—otherwise at once."

Another man followed him out of the car. "Can't think why you won't stop with us up at the Embassy."

The man with the black patch grinned. "Life's too short for stoppin', old bird—specially at Embassies. There's nothin' like keepin' movin', as they say. Come up an' watch me change my Spring suitin', and then we'll stagger into the parlor an' have a drop of tea, an' see if there's anyone worth dancin' with."

At the office desk the booking clerk produced a letter. "Captain Even? A lady left this for you, m'sieur. She was particular that I should give it the moment of your arrival."

"You dirty dog," exclaimed Captain Even's companion. "Now I understand why you insisted on coming to the Tokatlin. How on earth do you do it! Who is the damsel?"

"You're too young to know, William Claude Vansittart, an' bein' a mere American diplomat, not to be trusted with a fluffy secret. "But," he added, holding the envelope up to his nose and inhaling its faint odor of violets, "if ever you want to feel at home in a strange city, get a nice Young Thing to send you a lovin' greetin' when you put your foot on the doorstep. It's far more comfortin' than a guard of honor and the mayor an' corporation." And he one-stepped into the elevator.

"You certainly do know the way to get moving with the fair sex," acknowledged Vansittart. "I'm not so certain that Dancing Even is the right nickname for you. There's something distinctly Napoleonic about a man who comes half across the globe to the assistance of one female, and arranges for another to meet him the moment he arrives."

"Now look here, old hero, if you get exhibitin' your jealousy by abusin' me like this, I'll tell Lady Pat you called her a female. Crash! I wish these lifts didn't stop so abruptly—out you get."

"Now young Rosie," said Dancing Even to Vansittart when they reached the bedroom, "sit down an' fumigate that easy chair whilst I have a bath. And you Plantagenet"—to the Levantine valet—"unpack that trunk and extract therefrom filmy underwear, a blue suit, and a chemise to match—and leave the rest to me."

"The thing I like about you, Dick," commented Vansittart to the sound of frivolous song from the bathroom, "is your maidenly reserve and funereal gravity. How do you manage to keep it up?"

Dancing Even appeared in a blue and gold dressing gown, with the opened letter in his hand which had been handed to him with such emphasis by the booking clerk at the desk.

"Ever tried readin' a love letter in your bath, Rosie? It don't really work properly unless you stuff the water with Old Lavender Bath salts. I must read it again, an' you can watch my delicate blushes." He directed his one blue eye on the tinted paper: "Dear Captain Even: Why are you so crazy? You received my warning in Paris. Father is here and Charles is with him. Father has sworn to get you this time. Charles is intent on revenging the blow you gave him—and other things. This is the easiest place in the world for them to do as they intend. Why were you so mad as to come here? Your only chance is to send the jewels to father's room and to leave Constantinople at once. Tear this letter up—Gladiase. P. S. Please do this at once. G."



HE WAS ABSENT ABOUT TEN MINUTES, AND WHEN HE RETURNED THE ANATOLIAN GIRL WAS ALONE AT THE TABLE IN THE SHELTER OF THE BIG BROWN SCREEN, WATCHING THE DANCERS AND SIPPING TURKISH COFFEE. HE

Dancing Even tore the letter up slowly and grinned cheerfully to Vansittart. "I'd like to keep it in my locket, but it's full. Now, Sonny, while I shift into my poodle-faking garments, suppose you just fill in the blanks about Lady Pat and Bloodstained Bill, her fiasco, an' what you expect me to do in this little old villayet, besides dance with the gels. Who is Bloodstained Bill exactly?"

"Bloodstained Bill, as you call him, is Armand Enver Pascha, the hidden link between the Angora Militarists and the Constant' Party. It is the play between these two that keeps our flags flying at the Embassies, and our shipping in the Bosphorus. Once get them coordinated by a strong anti-foreign personality, and we'll have to shut up shop in

the Near East. Enver Pascha is the man who can and will do this trick. All he needs to bring about this fusion is the confidence of the Constant' Party. At present they don't quite trust him—neither do we, but we have nothing tangible to 'Despatch' about him to Washington or London. He is as cunning as the devil, and has made all the old gentlemen



Wherein you will meet "the man with the black patch," the most dashing, captivating dancing-man who ever played at the role of a "gentleman detective."



DANCED UP TO HER GAILY AND SAT IN THE CHAIR WHICH SHE HAD DRAWN UP TO THE TABLE. "THOU HAST BEEN LONG, O MY DANCING ONE, AND HERE IS COFFEE WHICH HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR THEE AT MY BEHEST"



who run our respective countries believe that he will beget prosperity for Turkey, Freedom of the Straits, and security for all races and trade. "When he was at Eton—" has got to be interpreted by the psychological equation.

"When he was where?" enquired Dancing Even casually, looking up from tying a shoe lace. "How old's this cove an'

what's he look like? Sounds sort of interestin'."

"About thirty-three—Why!" exclaimed Vansittart. "He must have been there when you were—"

"Old Sweetheart," said Even, going to the bed and selecting a tie, "look me over carefully an' tell me if I look any different than I did in those days. I once put a scar on the Armadillo's fair beauty that he might be nasty about if he recognized me. He's one of those vindictive blighters."

"I don't suppose he'll remember you," Vansittart commented, "but the point is, that marriage into the Oranmore family will just give Enver the influence he needs to attain his ambitions. Lady Patricia Oranmore seems infatuated with him, and has told our two Ambassadors to go to the

deuce. And her father, the Duke, has not had much more success—assuming he wanted it. As you know, like all these aged, white-blooded statesmen who run our countries, he is bitten by this Hague bug of International-Brotherhood."

"You'll get like that, old dear, when your knees begin to swivel an' the gels stop givin' you the glad eye." Dancing Even finished tying his tie, and brushed his hair before breaking the subsequent silence. Lighting a cigarette, he turned and regarded Vansittart. "And why exactly did you wire for me?"

"Why did you come?" countered the other diplomatically.

"Now, Rosie," drawled Dancing Even, "you're askin' questions again. Constant's a cheery spot, ain't it?"

Vansittart looked at the tinted litter of a torn letter on the carpet. "Yes," he admitted with a suggestive smile. "Possibly you did not need much inducing to come to Constantinople, after all; and I've been overrating your chivalry to Lady Patricia. But you are such a dark horse, one never knows. Dick"—with sudden gravity—"I wired for you as a last resource. You have a way with women, and you used to have a lot of influence with Lady Patricia. There's just a chance that persuasion may succeed where argument has failed. She is having a fairly dull time here, I think. You know she is crazy on dancing, and Enver won't waste his precious dignity on it. Whereas you dance better than any decent man knows how, and can cheer things up enough to make her realize what she is missing. Besides, I thought you were rather fond of her."

Dancing Even casually adjusted his black patch. "Rosie, the thing that gets my goat about you diplomatic merchants is the coldblooded way in which you use the weakness of your friends to achieve results you can't get by constitutional means. If you think I'm goin' to totter round this village makin' love to beauteous damsels, just to keep you in a job, you're makin' a most horrible error. An' as for Pat, if she wants a Turkey Trot, what's the good offerin' her an ordinary one-step?"

Vansittart stared hard at Dancing Even, but the set of his features relaxed as he observed the tired lines around the single cobalt eye crinkle into a wink.

"Dick," he confessed, "I've been getting rattled over this affair and I don't mind admitting my relief that you are going to take a hand. But for heaven's sake, don't be too lighthearted about it. Enver is as powerful as the deuce, in these parts nowadays, and just as unscrupulous. Don't let him suspect what you are after—you'll have your hands full enough without."

"I shouldn't be surprised, Rosie," he drawled cheerfully. "Anyway, we will now trickle down to the salon de shimmy an' see if there's any decent lookin' bits of fluff about. And, do not forget my nom de jazzle if anybody asks you who your good lookin' friend is."

"We shall probably find Lady Patricia and Enver there," announced Vansittart. "As you know, this is the only place where there is anything doing before dinner."

They went downstairs to the big café-restaurant, and joined a fashionable pot-pourri of the Five Nations and the Lost Tribes, and stood for a few moments watching the welding of East and West to the music of a jazz band and the Gospel of afternoon tea. Vansittart touched Even on the arm. "They are here, all right—

over there by the dance floor, next to that table full of Greeks. We'll order some tea and then go over."

"Rosie, you're procrastinatin'. We'll go right away an' touch the Armadillo for tea."

Swaying slightly to the music of the band, he led the way leisurely along the crowded room, and between the many tables which surrounded the dance floor.

"Pat," said Dancing Even, "this is rather a good tune they're playin', an' I haven't danced with you for quite a long time."

Lady Patricia rose to her feet, slender, fair-haired and beautiful. "Surprising person," she greeted calmly, "I thought you were in Central Africa until I saw you come into the

room. This is Armand—my fiancé. Armand, do you know—" Skilfully Vansittart interrupted the introduction. "I don't suppose you have met my cousin, Captain Even, Pascha. We have come to trespass on your hospitality for tea." Enver Pascha bowed pleasantly. "I presume you have just arrived in Constantinople. Will you have tea, or would you rather have a whisky and soda? Waiter, bring two more chairs."

"Any old thing," agreed Dancing Even politely, "but dancin' first always." He turned, and smiled at Lady Patricia. "Shall we, Pat?"

"Well," she said as he took her in his arms, "you always did possess the quality of the unexpected, Dick. But what are you doing in Constantinople?"

"Playin' tennis an' swimmin' the Channel, Pat darling. What are you doin'?"

"Don't be absurd. I mean, why have you come here of all places when you said you were going shooting?"

"As a matter of fact, it is such a long time since we danced together that I thought it was about time we had another little stagger round the old floor. But I didn't know then that you were goin' to slip up in your step. The Turkey Trot is frightfully *declassé* an' you're much too good a dancer for it."

She looked up at him. "Is a foolish joke the only comment you have to make on my engagement?"

"Pat, do you remember the time when I surprised you skiddin' down the stairs on a tea tray, and caught you by the pig tail to save you crashin' into that suit of armor, an' you were frightfully haughty about it until I kissed you an' got a tray for myself."

"I am not on a tea tray now, and I am no longer sixteen. Will you never realize that?"

"Of course," he murmured reflectively, "there'll be no stairs to slide on at the Pascha's palace, an' your pig tail's all tied up an' nowhere to go, but if I happen to wander into the seraglio, an' catch you tobogganin' about on a slab of Turkish Delight, I'll clutch you by the yashmak—and—"

"I am not going to live in a seraglio or wear a yashmak," she stated coolly but with heightened color. "And Armand is as English as you are, except that he does not treat a woman as a plaything and has more serious objects in life than you've got."

"Jove, Pat! But have you seen a Turk when he takes off his bowler, lets his face slip, and sticks on the old fez? He hangs his chivalry on the hat rail and drops his devotion on the doorstep and gets busy in the way of the Faithful. There's old Khalil Bey for instance. See him, Pat, sittin' over there with that rather swishy lookin' gal in a Paquin gown. Bit of a nut, what? Gets his clothes from my man in Conduit Street. Used to be an attaché at St. James' ages ago. He's got a full size harem up at Dolman Bagcheh along the Bosphorus. Gets a bit bored with sherbet and the *keyeff*, an' totters along here for a whisky an' soda an' a change. Rather a nice looking change, too, isn't she? French, I should think, by the way she wears her skin. Wonder if she dances decently?"

Her eyes flashed, but she smiled involuntarily. "Why this sudden interest in my future?" she enquired presently.

"Well, you know, Pat, I'm realizin' that you're rather an attractive person, an' you happen to belong to a pretty decent family an' country, an' all that. An', well, a Turk's a Turk. Scratch him an' the jolly old East appears."

"If you must have a dash at the orange blossoms, why not take a chance with a feller who's been brought up on bacon an' beer?" He tightened his clasp of her hand.

She laughed, but a sudden spot of color flamed in each cheek. He drew her a little closer. "Pat, you're adorable when you are angry. D'you think the Armadillo would be peevish if I were to kiss you, he seems to be gettin' a shade restless."

She glanced across to where the two men were sitting. There was something curiously possessive and disapproving in Enver's intent stare that acted on Lady Patricia Oranmore like the touch of a lash to a spirited horse.



IN THE SLENDER HAND OF THE MASTER CROOK'S DAUGHTER SHONE A SMALL, AUTOMATIC PISTOL

She smiled with sudden allure at Dancing Even. He drew her close, smiled into her eyes, and swung her again into a spin across the room, timing their movements to bring them opposite their table at the end of the tune. As the band crashed its finale, he bent over her and deliberately kissed her on the lips in full view of all who were looking.

"Was that really necessary?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Absolutely," he drawled gently. And they were at the table, facing the Pascha and Vansittart. With admirable self-control, Enver Pascha drew back a chair for his fiancée.

"Have some tea," suggested Vansittart, in a diplomatic effort to smooth an awkward situation.

Lady Patricia glanced from Dancing Even's gay brown face to Enver's fresh color immobile features and inscrutable eyes. "Armand, you will find Dick a failure in anything but irresponsibility. No one ever takes him seriously."

The band struck up again.

Vansittart caught a flicker in Even's eye, and rose; "Lady Patricia, if you are not taking any more tea, may I have this dance?"

"Do, dearest," concurred Enver Pascha. "Captain Even and I can entertain each other for a few minutes."

"The next three are mine, Pat," Even called gaily after them as they left the table.

"So," said Enver, "you have known my fiancée a long time?"

"Lady Patricia?" queried Dancing Even. "I'll say so. I've loved her since she was a flapper."

"That is a fact," returned the Pascha calmly, "that may be considered superfluous in the circumstances. I presume

stranger at his elbow.

"Sir, I gather from the evidence of my eyes that Dancing Even is no more a friend of yours than he is of mine. My name," he explained, stroking a well kept head of white hair, "in this hotel, is Stronge—but I am better known to you, perhaps, as the Doctor."

Enver exhaled a cloud of cigar smoke through his curved nostrils. "Interesting, but enigmatic, sir. You will pardon me, but at the moment I am engaged."

"Six months ago, in New York," said the stranger slowly, "the doctor was of some service—through agents—to Enver Pascha, in the matter of a certain White Paper, and a safe, at Washington."

Uninvited, the Doctor sat down, took a pocketbook from his pocket, and laid a small, folded document on the table under the Pascha's eyes. The Pascha regarded him with a glimmer of interest.

"What," he enquired, "is your interest in Captain Even?"

"Much the same as yours," was the laconic reply. "If you are agreeable, I have a table in the corner where we can talk with less chance of interruption."

Enver beckoned a hovering waiter. "My greetings to the Lady Patricia Oranmore when she returns to the table; and I shall be back in a few minutes."

The Doctor led him to a table where sat a slender girl with blue-black bobbed hair, and considerable beauty, and a man of about thirty with a narrow face and dark complexion.

"Enver Pascha—my daughter, Gladise—and Charles, my right hand man. Their discretion and interest are mine . . . Now, Pascha," said the Doctor, as the formalities were completed, "we are in Constantinople to settle an old account with Captain Even. I think I am right in assuming that you would not be grieved to see our dancing friend fixed in a place where he would be less of an annoyance."

"I am not responsible for your deductions," returned the Pascha suavely, "but it might be interesting to know how he comes to enjoy your acquaintance."

"It is my business to be acquainted with most people," returned the Doctor briefly, "especially those in my own line of business. Do you happen to know who he is?"

"When I knew him last," Enver said, "he was the son of an English peer. Since then I do not know to what he has risen or fallen."

The Doctor's chief of staff smiled drily; his daughter leaned forward with interest glowing in her large, gray eyes.

"Whatever he may have been," announced the Doctor, "he is now a crook."

[Turn to page 106]



that you are aware that the Orient Express returns to Europe tonight? I suggest, that it is desirable that you should leave by that train."

"That's dashed funny," observed Dancing Even. "You are the second person who's indicated that."

has risen or fallen."

The Doctor's chief of staff smiled drily; his daughter

leaned forward with interest glowing in her large, gray eyes.

"Whatever he may have been," announced the Doctor,

"he is now a crook."

[Turn to page 106]

Can a rogue really turn out to be a gentleman as every woman secretly supposes? This great novel, based on actual life, answers this once and for all.



"IN THE WEST STRANGER THINGS HAPPEN THAN A MAN GOIN' HALF-DRESSED"

TARBAU — A TRUE STORY

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

IT was on a trip across this country, many years ago, that Sir Gilbert Parker first met Frank Tarbau. A few months later they travelled on the same steamship from New Zealand to Australia. By that time Sir Gilbert had learned that Tarbau was not a Southern gentleman as everyone had assumed at first, but a professional gambler. However, Tarbau possessed such magnetism that Sir Gilbert was compelled to like him, and this liking was shared by others on the boat—notably, by Alice Rahlo, an American girl, travelling with her mother. Sir Gilbert remonstrated with Tarbau, and the latter, despite the fact that he had fallen in love with Miss Rahlo, promised to have nothing more to do with her. In Sydney Miss Rahlo introduced Tarbau to her father, but the gambler refused all invitations to visit them. He did, however, consent to



play cards with Rahlo and won a large sum of money from him, despite the other's attempts to cheat. Later Tarbau himself was arrested in Melbourne, charged with cheating at cards, but he was acquitted.

THAT night at eight o'clock I visited Tarbau at his hotel. He gave me an excellent meal, chosen with the taste of a gourmet and served well. He told alluring stories of travel with the art of the story-teller, never gaudy nor florid, but with dramatic terseness and happy turn of phrase. I studied him as we sat together, and I became sure he had gentle blood in him and also blood of a coarser kind, like the child of a king and a charwoman.

I was sure he was not pure American, but I was equally sure he was born in the United States. He understood no language except English and French, for I tried him with German, Spanish and Italian. I knew just enough of them to provide the test. But he spoke French with natural ability, and I decided he had French blood in his veins. His eyes were black, his nose was



straight, but it was almost impossible to tell his age. He might have been thirty or fifty! His expression was very young and he was singularly companionable. When we had finished dinner, had lighted our cigars and were drinking our coffee, and the room was empty save for ourselves, he said to me:

"You've been trying to make out who I am. On

the boat coming from New Zealand I showed you scars on my arms and I said I got them in Mexico. How did I come there? I'll tell you presently. But I'll go further back—to the time of my birth. I was born in the woods of Wyoming of an Indian mother. I never saw a white woman till I was twenty-one at Cheyenne City. My father was a squaw-man. He was a French gentleman fled from France for what reason I don't know—crooked I guess—and became a squaw-man, that is, he lived the life of an Indian, among Indians, until he died. I knew nothing of him or the history of his family. He died when I was ten, and my mother when I was fifteen. I used to shoot game, and the skins were taken into Cheyenne City by the Indians and sold, and when I was twenty-one years old I had eleven hundred dollars saved, about all I'd ever earned. I used to play cards—my father first taught me, and I played with the Indians. When my mother died I was adopted by the Chief, her cousin, and lived with him. Then he died, and the new Chief and I didn't chime, and sick of it all, I went to Cheyenne City with my eleven hundred dollars. I've got a photo of myself taken there!"

He went to a saratoga trunk, unlocked it and took from it an envelope, drew out a daguerreotype and handed it to me. It was Tarbau in frontier costume from head to foot.

"You were a good-looking fellow in those days, Tarbau, and how Indian in appearance!"

"I was a young fool. I told you I'd never seen a white woman till I went to Cheyenne City. Well, I never had, and I got rid of those frontier togs and bought some ready-made clothes, the first I ever wore. I met some rowdy-dowdy men at the hotel, and talked to them. I didn't speak English first-class, though we talked it at our camp, but I got on, and when I heard they had a card-game on one night, I thought I'd play. So I played, and lost near a thousand dollars, having left, after I paid my hotel bill, eighteen dollars. I thought I could play cards, but they got me soft, the swine! So I was on my stockin' feet as it were. I was broke. I had no trade. I could only shoot and play cards, and there was no shootin' in Cheyenne City that would pay. So, that's how I played cards as a reg'lar means of gettin' a living. But I never cheated."

He saw the look of doubt in my eyes, and said, "I'd like to show you."

"Well, show me with a pack of cards."

"I haven't a pack."

"I'll ring, and we'll get one."

"He won't give 'em to you—it's forbidden, and he knows it. I'd be turned out of the hotel."

He grinned.

"I'll take my chances. I'm going to have a pack," and I rang the bell.

The maître-d'hôtel entered, and I asked him for a pack of cards. He shook his head in negation. I said we didn't intend to play cards, and he could have them back in five minutes. I slipped a half-crown into his hand.

"It'd be worth my place if you played, sir," he said.

"Have no fear. I'll keep my word to you and you'll keep your place. Please get the pack."

After another moment's hesitation he left the room, and Tarbau said: "You've got a persuasive way."

"Persuasion? Good coin of the realm! Words had little to do with it."

"Both together did the trick. Words alone ain't enough ever."

In a few moments the waiter returned with a pack of cards, and laid them on the table.

"A point of honor, sir," he said to me, and I nodded firmly.

When he had gone, Tarbau took the cards, flipped them with his hand, and shuffled them, and held them down as low as his waist, and close to his body, looking at me in the eye.

"What card do you want?" he asked, with a smile.

"The ace of clubs."

He flipped the cards again, not taking his eyes from mine, and drew out a card and held it up. "Is that it?"

"It is, but I can't see how you do it." Then he produced five cards for which I asked.

"It's like blowing the ten-cent piece into the hat, as I did in the train on the way to Los Angeles. It's all practice. Look me in the eyes, hold your hand close to your body. Can you see it?"

"Yes."

"Put a shilling into your hand."

I did so. "Can you see the shilling plainly?"

"I can see something white."

"Mine is the trained eye. I can see the spots on the cards. I use this natural skill in gambling. I used it at Botany Bay, in the Sandwich Islands, in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and it ain't cheating in the usual sense. If I'd done it at Cheyenne City I'd not have been beaten. Have a try."

I took the pack, and though I could see the cards and distinguish when they were figures of Kings, Queens and Jacks, I could not count the figures. But Tarbau took them and did it quickly and accurately.

"You could do it after a time, for you've good sight and quick intelligence. Conspiracy to defraud, eh? I only pack the cards when dealing!"

"It's a simple but difficult thing, anyhow."

He put the cards back on the table and lit another cigar. At that moment the maître-d'hôtel entered. I gave the cards back, and he left the room.

"Do you remember that on the way to Los Angeles, I said I knew Custer—the famous General, George Armstrong Custer?" Tarbau said at last.

"Perfectly. You were critical of him. You said he was rash, and never more rash than in his last fight."

"It was true."

"Didn't you hear one man escaped from the Custer massacre?" he asked.

"There were rumors of it," I said with astonishment.

"I was that man! Custer was dead. Then I crawled to where was a dead Indian, got his war headdress and pantaloons, stripped myself to the waist, put myself into them, and mounted his pony. The Indians saw me riding hard, but, thinking I was one of their tribe, did not fire on me, and I escaped. I rode hard and far into the nearest settlement, having got rid of my Indian togs, and, naked from my waist up, I got shelter and hospitality. In the West stranger things happen than a man goin' half-dressed, so I was all right. Folks thought I'd been on a hoot somewhere, and I bought a new hand-me-down suit and got away."

"But you missed a chance of fame. If you'd told all, your fortune was made—the only man out of the Custer massacre!"

He shook his head. "I didn't want that fame. Custer had grit but he butchered his men by a silly risk. I know the truth. He

was in bad odor with President Grant and the War Department at Washington, and he tried to put it right by defeating Sitting Bull—bad odor for a thing that hadn't to do with his fighting. He was brave, but it was a mad fight. Men called him a martyr. You call his crime a massacre—so it was. I liked Custer. Everybody did, but he was rash!

"I didn't want to stay in the Army—I'd had enough of it. I've been rash myself—same as when I joined the rebels in that miserable land, Mexico. You see I've earned an honest living, gambler though I am. There's been times when I'd rather have died than gamble any longer, as for instance in New Zealand, but it'll stick. I'll always get back to it—always. If I'd made myself known, I'd have been a nine days' wonder and sensation, then I'd have bin forgotten—and bin still in the Army. Now I'm free. So, I rest peaceful. I know what I know. Besides, if I'd spoken, my own history would have come out, that I was no American at all, but a half-breed who'd been fighting his own people. Don't you guess I had sense?"

"No man can judge another man's acts. I'd not give my own brother advice, for what would be good for me might not be good for him. No man can tell what's best for another—except what's right and wrong, and you don't want advice on that, do you?"

"I guess not. I've never lost sleep over it."

He swiftly swung on me.

"You're the only living soul knows that, and you

won't give me away without I say yes! You trusted me on the New Zealand boat, and I bet you'll keep mum—you will, eh?"



"He's THE MOST INTERESTING MAN I'VE EVER MET . . .
Oh, I'M GLAD HE WASN'T CONVICTED AT MELBOURNE!"





❖ "THEN I CRAWLED TO WHERE WAS A DEAD INDIAN, GOT HIS WAR HEAD-DRESS AND PANTALOONS, STRIPPED MYSELF TO THE WAIST, PUT MYSELF INTO THEM, AND MOUNTED HIS PONY" ❖

"I'll never speak of it without your consent. I'll keep silence, whatever I think of your act!"

"Bully! Bully! And look here—you can write. Well, some day I'll get you to write the true story of my life. You'll put things fair to the public and that's all I ask. I want to be treated like a human, not only as a criminal. I like you, and we shall meet and meet again—till—! Destiny throws us together, boy, and it will throw us together till the end. Be sure of that."

"Where next, Tarbau?"

He stood for a moment lost in thought, then said: "I'm going to your country—to England by and by. I guess I'll try myself against the biggest swells at cards over there. We'll meet, sure. It ain't near as big as New York State, the whole United Kingdom, eh? London'll be my headquarters."

"I'm returning to England, but, Tarbau, if you get into trouble over cards there, they'll handle you rougher than in the United States, or even Australia. They're a stern people behind all, so, keep your eye out."

Tarbau's eyes sparkled. "It don't fret me to have hard goin'! I like it—the more danger, the better fun. Do you mind I said that when I was in Mexico, I was got free by a native girl? Well, that's true, and she was one of the best that ever lived. I didn't even know her address, and I was afraid to trust anyone with her secret, for they'd have shot her for what she did for me. But I did kiss her twice—once before she freed me, and once before I said good-bye forever. She was as fine a bit of female goods as ever a man had his arm around. She did it all for love of me, and I owe her a lot—I owe her for what you see now, an upstandin' figure of a man; but I was then most a physical

wreck by reason of the prison and the chains. What she could see in me, I dunno, I dunno. But women-folks are queer. Perhaps it was pity, perhaps humanity, but anyhow she saved my life, and I'd like to know what's come to her. She was only about twenty, and with the grit of an old warrior. Eyes as black as jet, and hair twice as much as any woman's I ever saw, and cheeks with a bloom of a rose, and lips as sweet—well never mind, you couldn't know how sweet, for I don't suppose you ever kissed anyone but your own mother or sister in your life!"

"Oh, I've kissed others, but never one that saved my life, or thought I'd one worth saving."

"Lovely girl, I hope all's well with her. She was a peach."

The waiter brought us some drink and Tarbau, putting five shillings in his hand, said:

"Your place is safe, Hunky. You're a brick from the old house where Eve was born."

Hunky smiled, and withdrew. Then I said to Tarbau with sympathy:

"You've come out of all this with your chin up, Tarbau. I'm going back to Sydney."

"When you see Miss Rahlo tell her I skidded out of trouble all right. You needn't say I won't forget her; she'll know that. Things will come out all right."

I smiled and got to my feet. "You seem to know a lot about the future, Tarbau."

"More than I do of the past."

Then we parted with a warm handshake.

WHEN I got back to Sydney, I saw Rahlo and got from him the five pounds he had bet about Tarbau. He paid with bad grace, and I sent the sum to a local charity in which Miss Rahlo was interested. She was glad Tarbau had not been proved guilty, and when I told her where I had seen

him first after his release, she laughed softly and said: "That's the kind of man he is—full of fine sympathies. I hope we shall meet again. He's well worth knowing, whatever his faults. He played cards—well, so does my father, but not professionally—yet! It isn't a pretty business, but it pays, though I'd rather Frank Tarbau'd got his income in another way. Hasn't he got enough money now? He must be rich after all he's won?"

I shook my head and laughed. "I don't think enough yet; but if he had a million he'd still play—all men who love cards do. You can't cure that, and I don't suppose he



would. Your father needn't play for money; he's well off, but if you told him he mustn't play cards again he'd be hurt. When it's in the blood, it won't come out for the asking."

She shook her head. "I don't know. I'd like to try my hand on him. I think I'd succeed."

"Did you never think that perhaps he gave up paying you attention because he is a gambler?"

The girl's eyes opened wide. "That'd be noble of him. I shall always like him, no matter what he is."

"I feel the same about him, but I'd rather see my sister in her grave, than that she should marry Frank Tarbau. He couldn't make a refined woman happy, [Turn to page 101]



A great city, lost for centuries to this world, is finally discovered at the end of Mr. Hervey's journey into the magic mystery of the East.

*** DISCOVERING *** A LOST CITY

*** BY HARRY HERVEY ***

ILLUSTRATED BY HUGH FERRISS

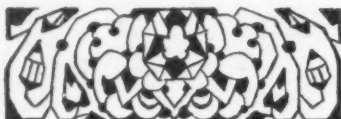
TEVADA NAGHORN



THE next morning I went to the Wat again. That the exertion of the climb might excite a temperature I knew, but I could not endure to lie inactive at the foot of the temple I was so eager to explore.

Wat Phu, calmly reviewed after the first excited visit, disclosed itself as a symmetrically planned and exquisitely executed series of buildings, arranged to inspire the worshippers who climbed to its temple. At the time of its occupancy, and perhaps a while afterward, a town must have spread about the base of the mountain; but these houses, built of perishable materials as were all the lesser structures of the Khmers, had soon succumbed, leaving the Wat alone to rise above it like a mighty skeleton.

The tank had been laid out as a foreground, then the causeway of the Nagas, crossing the sunken gardens to those twin buildings that had housed the monks, or perhaps the princes and governors who ruled there; although the latter seems illogical in view of the holy figures carved on the walls.



temple, towered with crouching, spired masses, proclaimed the majesty of the gods.

That morning I wandered behind the temple, and, slightly to the south and rear of it, found the remains of a wall or terrace. Crossing these weathered stones was a little stream trickling beneath moist growths that almost concealed it. A short distance beyond, approached over slippery rocks and through high plants, was a small cavern-like space beneath a ledge where a tiny pool swelled out of the ground. This, Souk announced, was the sacred spring.

Returning to the temple, I made a few rough sketches of the figures on the walls, to compare with some photographs that I had made at Angkor. Also I took some pictures, and lingered indolently under the sculptured lintels and in the roofless chambers until mid-morning.

With noon I had a slight temperature. I felt enervated and faintly nauseated. The thought of returning to Bassac on an elephant made me positively ill. I asked Souk if he thought he could get horses in the village, and he said I would have to send to Bassac for them; and if I desired, he would dispatch the porters with the elephants and they could return with ponies.

After a rest I looked over my photographs of Angkor. Wat Phu, compared with Angkor-Wat in all its prodigious detail of carving and sculpture, seemed simple and restrained. Upon first consideration it appeared that here, in this temple in Laos, the Khmers had achieved the same grandeur but with a certain delicate repression, as though their first passionate and excessive expression of power had become more clearly modulated and refined. This hinted that Angkor-Wat was slightly anterior to Wat Phu—which seemed impossible when I regarded the meager historical facts that influenced and had a direct bearing upon Khmer architecture.

Angkor-Wat obviously was the last building erected at Angkor, and its inspiration is credited to a Khmer king, Surya-varman, between the years of 1112 A. D. and 1160 A. D. More than a hundred years later a Chinese envoy, Tchou-ta Khouan, visited Angkor, and it is evident after reading his book—which presents the only record of the life and habits of the Khmers—that there were no activities in building at the time and the empire had reached its height, from which it was quickly to descend in the following two hundred and eighty years. Such a building as Wat Phu would have to have been built by people with unlimited resources and time at their command; and this could not have been after the 13th century when the Khmers were plunged into successive wars and civil troubles. For between the time of the Chinese ambassador's visit in 1295 and 1570, when Cristoval de Jacque, a Portuguese explorer, reported Angkor Thom deserted, the empire had collapsed and disintegrated—all in little more than two centuries.

These historical events, as I reviewed them, seemed to place the erection of Wat Phu before the 13th

century, in the period of the Khmer's ascendancy which commenced about 800 A. D. Most of the actual facts of early Cambodian history did not survive the destruction of the Khmer empire. Some few fragments have been disclosed by tablets and carvings found at Angkor, part of which are written in Sanscrit (Pali) and the rest in an undecipherable language. The latter writing obviously is that of the Khmer priests, for it is a well-known fact that in Asia the priesthood has always had a language which the laity could not read or speak.

However, tradition states that there was a migration of Indians into Cambodia about 254 B. C., who intermarried with the indigenous races (probably a branch of the shans) and produced the people who from 707 A. D. until their passing were known as the Khmers. One of the buildings at Angkor is believed to have been built as early as the 3rd century; and there is a record of human sacrifices made in the pagoda on Penom-Bakheng, outside the walls of Angkor-Thom, in or about 600 A. D. That was the beginning of the period of building and expansion. After that the Khmers conquered what is now known as Cochinchina, and parts of Siam, Annam and Laos. They had unlimited wealth and slaves with which to work. In that period the magnificent edifice of Prah Khan sprang up at Angkor; also the city of Angkor-Thom; the temple of Bayon, the palace of Phimenakas, the Baphuon, and other equally splendid structures.

As I considered these events, with their influence upon the people and their activities, it seemed logical that the construction of Wat Phu occurred some time between the 9th and 13th centuries.

In theorizing, I realized, I had to give supreme importance to the religious element. Quite evidently Wat Phu was built a Brahmin temple. And Brahminism was introduced into Cambodia in 68 A. D. when an Indian named Prea Thong married the queen and instituted his religion. Almost four hundred years later, in 422, Buddhism was proselyted by Prea Ket Melia, a Buddhist missionary who became king. Some time later, about 581, the pure Indian dynasty ended, and the kingdom, which had been known as Phonam, was called Tchou-ta. That Buddhism was not immediately all-powerful is evident by the Chinese envoy's memoirs, written in 1295, wherein he sets forth various Brahmin practices that were wide-spread among the people of Angkor at that time. Thus, it became apparent that Wat Phu, although dedicated to one of the Brahmin deities, eventually, at some date impossible to determine, had become a Buddhist temple, perhaps towards the decline of the Khmer empire as it was then that Buddhism advanced.

That afternoon of conjecture and theory, lying under my tent in the midst of photographs, notes and sketches, had an exciting climax. For when I came to the pictures of Prah Khan, one of the temples in the Angkor group, I found myself staring at a wall carved with Apsaras identical with some of those on the walls of Wat Phu. This was a fact worthy of consideration, inasmuch as the Apsaras of both temples differed from the sacred courtesans carved on other Khmer ruins. These two were the same, I observed, except for two slight discrepancies: the head-dresses differed somewhat in their shape, and the feet of the Prah Khan Apsaras were turned toward the right while those of the Wat Phu Apsaras were turned to the left. Otherwise they were alike in pose, in dress, in ornamentation and in the fact that both held lotuses in their right hands and the stems of the flowers curved around their necks, with the buds visible above the left shoulders.

I was so excited that I set out immediately for the temple. The climb in

[Turn to page 96]



TOMB OF THE KHMERS



THE GREAT TAPERING CENTRAL TOWER OF TAT LUONG
... PRESSED INTO THE BLUISH-WHITE SKY AHEAD



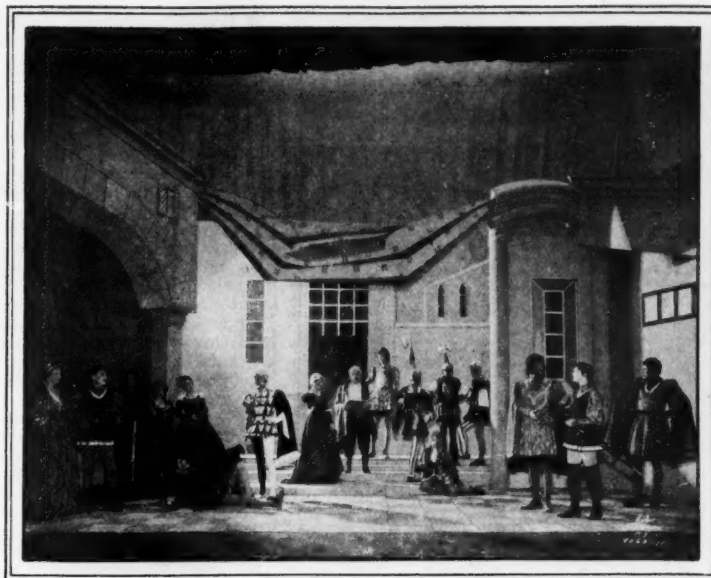
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WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

THE CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE



A SCENE FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"—CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE (White)



Repertory Theater is in no sense related to a school; the theory—whether we agree with it or not—behind their work is that the place to learn acting is entirely in the theater.

The first adventurous step in the history of this new repertory company was their going to Fourteenth Street. The old Fourteenth Street Theater was leased and, without much restoring—only enough to freshen it without losing any of its good, old-time atmosphere—was opened to the public. It has turned out to be as easy as most New York theaters to get to and easier than many. A repertory of plays was announced, none of them foolish, cheap or sensational; and it has turned out that they drew. A scheme was carried out for the reduction of the price of tickets to an older and more reasonable basis; a large sale has followed. The theater is full.

the lively search now going on for another American play adapted to the theater's program and ideals. For the first few months [Turn to page 111]

The NEWS EVENT of the MONTH of INTEREST to WOMEN

FOR THE CURE OF WAR

By HELEN TAFT MANNING
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SOME five hundred women met in Washington not long ago in a conference called by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt to discuss the causes of war and the measures practicable for its cure. They represented nine different organizations, the total of whose membership is estimated at eight million women. Fifteen years ago such an assembly could have discussed plans for world peace and passed resolutions in favor of international goodwill without a dissenting vote.

Such easy optimism is not possible today. We now hear of comparatively few meetings in this country to promote the cause of international peace. This is not because there is no interest in the subject but because it has become so difficult for a considerable group of us to agree on the specific measures to be undertaken. We see with considerable clarity now that the sources of ill will are not easily removed and we have grown wary of involving ourselves in international movements which we fear may not prove effective for peace and which may even involve us in quarrels which otherwise might not concern us.

The women who met at Washington in December saw the difficulties to be faced before a "Cure for War" can be found but they also showed that they were not to be discouraged from the search. They were not by any means unanimous in advocating specific measures but they were unanimous [Turn to page 74]

EVA
LE GALLIENNE,
THE GUIDING
SPIRIT IN AN
INTERESTING
THEATRICAL
EXPERIMENT
(Mishkin)



MISS LE GALLIENNE AS "MASHA" IN TCHEKOV'S "THREE SISTERS" (White)

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

THE bravest venture in the American theater this season has happily turned out to be one of the most successful.

People have talked about repertory theaters, committees have met, and there have been banquets, dinners, luncheons, teas and much making of speeches, without much happening. For several years The Neighborhood Playhouse has stood alone. It has conducted a repertory plan, with a special locale to work in and group of teachers, settlement workers, actors and students to draw on. The record of the Neighborhood has been admirable, with a fine spirit throughout, with many plays that might not otherwise have been seen, and with advantages of training for actors that are invaluable. The Theater Guild has talked of repertory and slowly moved toward it. This year the Guild has begun a system of alternating plays that promises a fine experiment, and has assembled a small group of players who have become the nucleus for a permanent company.

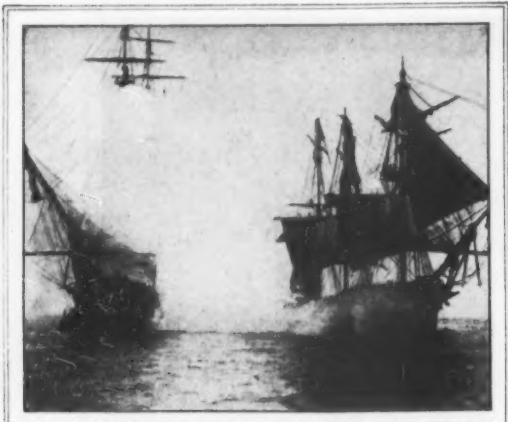
Miss Eva Le Gallienne's enterprise has been, in a fashion, single-handed. She has not belonged to a group of workers; and the company that has come into being with the Civic

The dramas produced so far are first Benavente's extraordinary *Saturday Night*, one of the most poetic and vivid pieces in the drama of modern Europe; Chekhov's great tragedy, *The Three Sisters*; Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* and *The Master Builder*; Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*; and Goldoni's beautiful comedy *La Locandiera*, so rarely seen on the English-speaking stage and so luminous, skillful and charming. Martinez Sierra's *Cradle Song* is announced to follow soon, a piece well known to lovers of this gentle, lyric dramatist of present-day Spain; and later Susan Glaspell's *Inheritors*; not to mention

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

OLD IRONSIDES
DIRECTED BY JAMES CRUZE

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



THE CONSTITUTION RAKES THE PIRATE CRAFT

THAT gallant old man-o'-war, the U. S. S. *Constitution*, has been the cause of many acutely painful moments for almost every school boy or school girl, past and present, in America. There are millions of nervous pupils who have been compelled, at one time or another, to mount a platform and, before their snickering comrades, recite the poem which begins with the ringing words, "Aye—tear her tattered ensign down". . . (The elocution teacher would always issue instructions to emphasize the "tear").

With his poem, "Old Ironsides," Oliver Wendell Holmes stimulated the imagination of the American people and caused them to accept the frigate *Constitution* as a symbol of glorious tradition. Today, the very school children who have fumbled with Holmes' verses are contributing their dimes to the end that the *Constitution* may be permanently preserved. It was inevitable that *Old Ironsides* should eventually sail into the movies—and it has now done so, in a picture by Laurence Stallings of magnificent impressiveness, genuine humor and great beauty.

James Cruze was called upon to direct *Old Ironsides*—the same James Cruze who, with *The Covered Wagon*, had written another stirring chapter of American history in celluloid. In the main, he has done an admirable job. He has rebuilt the *Constitution*, sail for sail, timber for timber, rope for rope and gun for gun, and has centered all the pictorial drama of his film in this one splendid ship.

There is, of course, a story to carry through, and herein is *Old Ironsides* slightly deficient. A young New Englander harkens to the call for volunteers, and goes to seek service on the newly built *Constitution*. On the Salem waterfront he falls in with the burly boatswain of a merchant ship, who plies him with grog and proceeds to Shanghai him. This merchant ship is captured by the Barbary pirates whom the *Constitution* has been commissioned to subdue. Of course, the *Constitution* does subdue the pirates (no scenario writer had to invent that part of the story); the hero and heroine are united; the names of Decatur and Somers are written large in the annals of American naval history.

Charles Farrell is the hero, Esther Ralston is the heroine, Wallace Beery is the boatswain and George Bancroft is a chief gunner of the *Constitution's* crew. Messrs. Berry and Bancroft furnish the broad, rowdy comedy.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Cruze will make further ventures into American history. With two such productions as *The Covered Wagon* and *Old Ironsides* to his credit, he has contributed materially to the promotion of patriotism.

Also recommended—*The Big Parade*, *The Better 'Ole*, *Ben Hur*, *What Price Glory*, *Beau Geste*, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Fire Brigade*.



THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

IRELAND—THE PASSING OF AN ISSUE

BY COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE
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THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

THE ENGLISH SINGERS

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR



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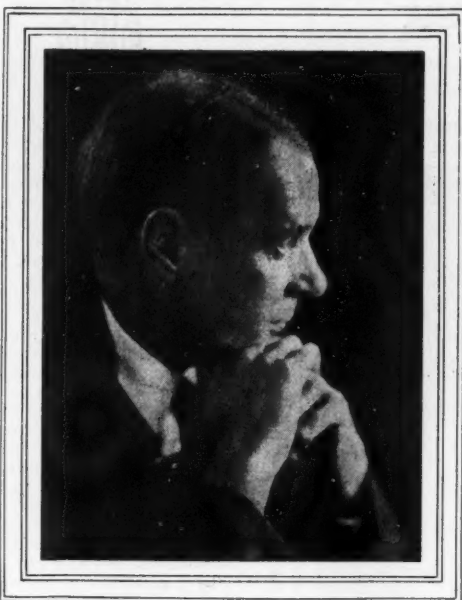


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BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.



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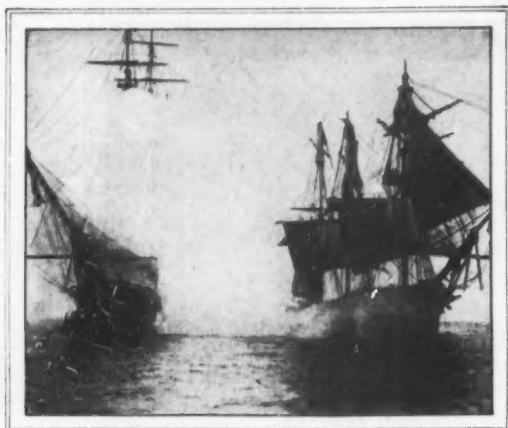
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THE FILM OF THE MONTH

OLD IRONSIDES
DIRECTED BY JAMES CRUZE

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



THE CONSTITUTION RAKES THE PIRATE CRAFT

THAT gallant old man-o'-war, the U. S. S. *Constitution*, has been the cause of many acutely painful moments for almost every school boy or school girl, past and present, in America. There are millions of nervous pupils who have been compelled, at one time or another, to mount a platform and, before their snickering comrades, recite the poem which begins with the ringing words, "Aye—tear her tattered ensign down . . ." (The elocution teacher would always issue instructions to emphasize the "tear").

With his poem, "Old Ironsides," Oliver Wendell Holmes stimulated the imagination of the American people and caused them to accept the frigate *Constitution* as a symbol of glorious tradition. Today, the very school children who have fumbled with Holmes' verses are contributing their dimes to the end that the *Constitution* may be permanently preserved. It was inevitable that *Old Ironsides* should eventually sail into the movies—and it has now done so, in a picture by Laurence Stallings of magnificent impressiveness, genuine humor and great beauty.

James Cruze was called upon to direct *Old Ironsides*—the same James Cruze who, with *The Covered Wagon*, had written another stirring chapter of American history in celluloid. In the main, he has done an admirable job. He has rebuilt the *Constitution*, sail for sail, timber for timber, rope for rope and gun for gun, and has centered all the pictorial drama of his film in this one splendid ship.

There is, of course, a story to carry through, and herein is *Old Ironsides* slightly deficient. A young New Englander harkens to the call for volunteers, and goes to seek service on the newly built *Constitution*. On the Salem waterfront he falls in with the burly boatswain of a merchant ship, who plies him with grog and proceeds to Shanghai him. This merchant ship is captured by the Barbary pirates whom the *Constitution* has been commissioned to subdue. Of course, the *Constitution* does subdue the pirates (no scenario writer had to invent that part of the story); the hero and heroine are united; the names of Decatur and Somers are written large in the annals of American naval history.

Charles Farrell is the hero, Esther Ralston is the heroine, Wallace Beery is the boatswain and George Bancroft is a chief gunner on the *Constitution's* crew. Messrs. Berry and Bancroft furnish the broad, rowdy comedy.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Cruze will make further ventures into American history. With two such productions as *The Covered Wagon* and *Old Ironsides* to his credit, he has contributed materially to the promotion of patriotism.

Also recommended—*The Big Parade*, *The Better 'Ole*, *Ben Hur*, *What Price Glory*, *Beau Geste*, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Fire Brigade*.



THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

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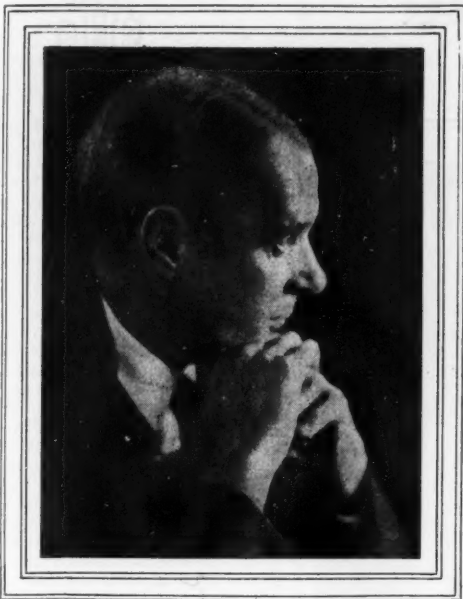


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By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, D. D.

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FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH TO KEEP ALIVE!

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT



THIS article is a humiliating confession for an intelligent woman to make. It costs me fifty dollars a month to keep alive.

Please note the significant word "alive." Not fifty dollars a month to live, but to be alive. I am paying fifty dollars a month for the privilege of living, of remaining above the ground instead of lying under it; of walking abroad on this beautiful earth, of sharing the interests and activities of this marvellous age and the part which my grandchildren are playing in it.

I am not a sick woman. Any of my friends and acquaintances will tell you how well I look. I am holding down a man's job and having quite a lot of fun on the side. But I know that if I ever discontinue paying out that fifty dollars a month, I will no longer be well; I will no longer be able to hold the position which I enjoy so much, or to take part in the activities and pleasures of the hour. Instead, I will drift straight into chronic invalidism.

And you women on McCall Street will readily understand that the hardest part of paying out this fifty dollars comes when I look at my check stubs and receipts at the end of each month and say, "If I had known thirty years ago what I know today, I could spend this money for other things, for that lovely coat I saw in Blank's window, for opera tickets, for a trip to Yellowstone Park." Because, as you very well know, fifty dollars a month is six hundred dollars a year, and a woman can have quite a few luxuries or no end of fun with six hundred dollars.

No, I don't give this fifty dollars a month to doctors, neither do I spend it on patent medicines or panaceas or "cures." I spend it on those modern treatments which have been devised by clever scientists to undo the mischief which we human beings do to our bodies when we neglect our health during our critical thirties and forties. Some of us work too hard; some of us work too little; and most of us live unthinkingly. I was guilty of the first and the last offenses. I abused the finest constitution and the soundest organs a woman ever inherited from clean, right-living, God-fearing ancestors, until certain of my organs rebelled; and today I must take special baths, irrigations and massage to stimulate the functions of my body which I abused in my precious but ignorant youth.

You say: "Oh, but I'm not doing that. I live sensibly." Do you indeed? And because I wonder whether you do, I will tell you how I abused my health, while I thought I was living sensibly. Then you can check up on yourself,



DOCTORS WOULD RATHER KEEP YOU WELL THAN CURE YOU

That ounce of prevention—according to the old proverb is worth a pound of cure. But sometimes that same ounce may be worth fifty pounds of excess avoirdupois, or several hundred pounds sterling in hospital fees. If you are one of the million women who are merely existing on the rim of good health, you will read with intense interest this "confession" by one of America's best known business women who has to pay fifty dollars a month to keep alive.



and see if you too are running your future into debt. In those good old days when I had superabundance of health and energy, my husband, children and I lived on the fifty dollars a month which I now spend to keep alive. You could rent a nice little cottage in a mid-western town for

\$12.50 a month, raise vegetables and berries in your own back yard, buy sugar for four cents a pound, potatoes for twenty-five cents a sack, and hire a laundress, just before and after the babies came, for a dollar fifty a day. I did all of my own housework, made most of the children's clothes, and wrote stories on the side. Thousands of you women on McCall Street are doing as much today. One way or another you are driving yourself just as hard as I did in my roaring thirties, and you have the added burden represented by today's high cost of living.

In my thirties I paid no attention whatever to trifling aches and pains. If I had a headache or a touch of neuralgia, which happened rarely, I took a cathartic or a sedative, and was all right in a day or so. If the children were sick, I nursed them at night and let my husband sleep, so that he might be fresh for his work the next day. If any member of my family was ill or tired or called away from his particular job by an emergency, I picked up the extra work around the house and carried on. Why not? I was just "Mother." If I felt very tired, I took a tonic and felt better, or at least stimulated. But never in all those busy years did I admit that fatigue was a condition which might lead in later years to serious results and the impairment of vital organs.

I was particularly proud of my cooking. In those days the woman who patronized the one bake-shop in our town was criticized as "thrifless." I baked twice a week—bread, cakes and pies, and I fried great batches of doughnuts. I schemed and I toiled to set a good table on a small income, and when I sat down to the table with my family, all hungry, eager and shining-faced, I was often tired, hot and irritable, almost invariably without appetite. I ate erratically, sometimes at the table, sometimes in the kitchen as I cleared up the dishes. Often I nibbled from the pantry or ice-chest between meals, simply because I was so busy serving a family or so tired that I did not eat at the table. Yet I was most punctilious about what

my children ate and how they ate it. In those years we were just beginning to talk about diet and balanced rations, but honestly,

I did not have sense enough to realize that it was equally important for me to eat properly in order to retain my health, nor did I recognize that my continued health was vitally important to the health, prosperity and happiness of my family.

In my rampagous thirties, when I did not know the exact location of my heart, liver or kidneys, because, being perfectly healthy, they never manifested [Turn to page 72]

Only the most accomplished chefs could produce tomato soup like this!

READY for your table in a few minutes. But don't forget, it has taken us a *lifetime*.

Even at this late day, you'll occasionally meet a woman who does not realize the goodness of condensed soups. It is natural enough, when you think about it. Not having served them, she has not proved to her own satisfaction how delicious they are. Perhaps it all seems too quick and easy for her. Accustomed to take the greatest pains and care to prepare or provide the best of food for her table, she is slow to believe that such splendid quality can be obtained with so little effort.

So little effort to her, we mean. A visit to her grocer's. A few brief moments in her kitchen. Is that all that is necessary to serve the most savory and tempting of soups on her table? Without herself doing all the planning and marketing and preparing and cooking, can she expect to serve the good kind of soups she wants her family to have?

Happily the women who ask these questions are growing scarcer and scarcer every day. If they only knew! If they only would serve Campbell's Soups for a week or two! Then their own good sense, self-trained to appreciate fine soup the moment

they taste it, would convince them for once and for all. And a troublesome task would be banished forever from their kitchens.

You know how proud you are when you bake a delicious cake or serve some special dish which makes a "hit" with the family. Well, that's the kind of pride Campbell's French chefs take in their soups. Every day in thousands and thousands of the best homes in the land, the soups these chefs blend are served and judged by the most critical tastes. "Every single can contains their business reputation". They cannot afford to have an "off-day". The money and care and effort expended to produce Campbell's Soups could not be given by the busy

housewife to her soup-making alone. She has many different things to do. But Campbell's chefs have concentrated their efforts for a life-time on making soups.

The "making" of Campbell's Tomato Soup starts back on the great tomato farms which Campbell's maintain to develop the finest tomatoes just for this soup. Years and years of study and experiment have yielded those full-meated, juicy kinds of tomatoes, harvested from a vast acreage every season for Campbell's use.

EVERY tomato is sun-sweetened right on the vines, and plucked when it is full-ripe. Every tomato is washed five times in running water. Strained through colanders of solid nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, only the luscious tomato meat and pure juices are retained in this smooth puree. Golden country butter and delicate seasoning are blended in and the soup is cooked in giant tureens of solid nickel. Spotless cleanliness! Scrupulous care! All the experience and skill of the trained soup-chef! The result is a tomato soup famous all over the world, with a deliciousness of flavor and a refreshing quality that women everywhere admire. Eat soup and keep well.

All the rich tomato goodness!



In sunny Spain, let me explain,
There is no brighter pleasure,
No thrill so rare that can compare
With Campbell's daily treasure.

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Two favorite FRUITS FOR EVERY TABLE

SLICED PEACHES

Serve them just as they come from the can!

Or try them tonight—in a cobbler, shortcake or pie. DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are all prepared and sliced—ready for quick, convenient use in scores of tempting desserts and salads.

Just be sure you get DEL MONTE! They're California's finest fruit—tree-ripened and luscious. Always the same high quality—no matter when or where you buy!



Send for These Menu Helps

Our two new folders, containing Sliced Peach and Crushed Pineapple recipes, will help to add variety to the meals you serve. They're free, together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Address Department 608, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

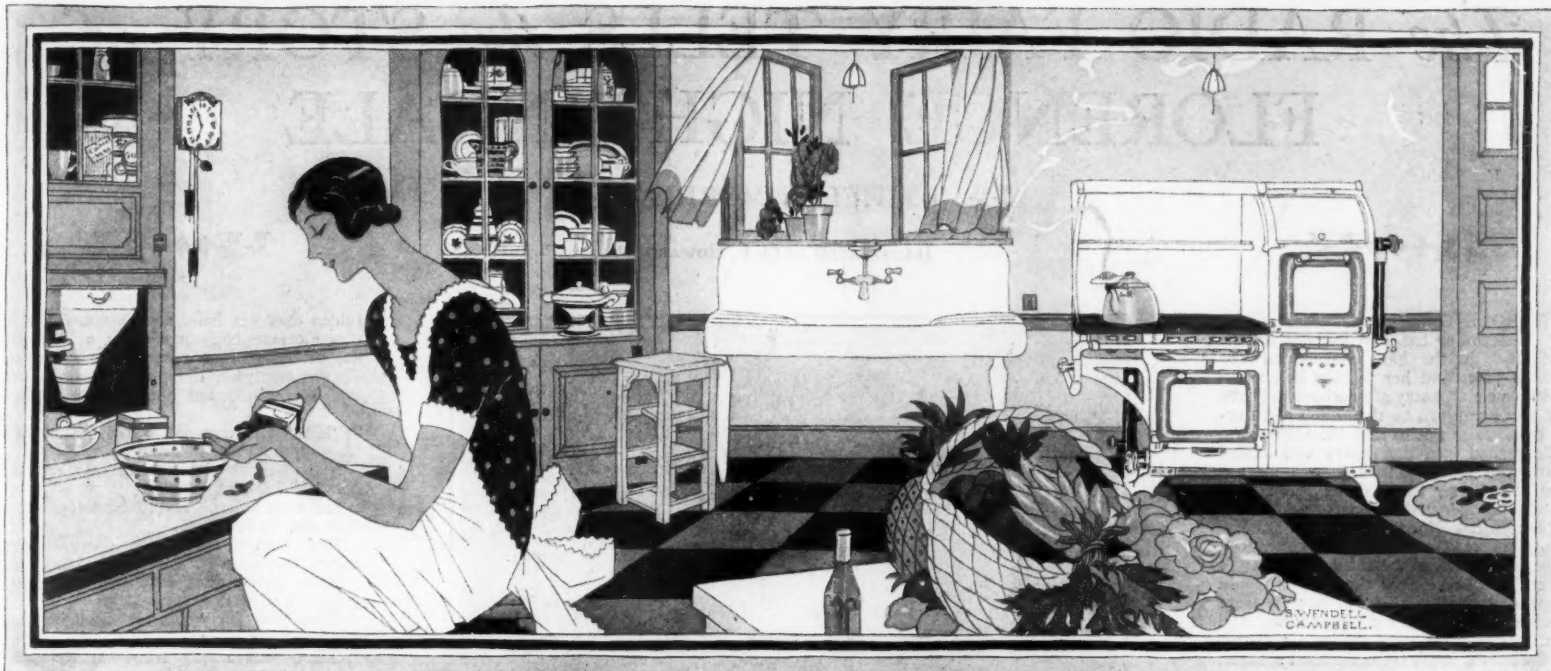
DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple, too, offers a new appeal for everyday meals.

It's always that luscious, golden pineapple you like so well—simply crushed to make its service easy. It is ready for instant use in salads and made-up desserts. Or by itself as "pineapple sauce"—for breakfast, lunch or dinner.

Only, remember, when you buy, to insist on DEL MONTE. It's such a simple thing to do! Yet so important—to insure the quality you want.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE



Every woman owes it to herself to see that her stove, sink, kitchen cabinet or work table and dish and supply closets are as near together as possible

Your HEAD CAN SAVE Your HEELS in the KITCHEN

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director of McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen*

ILLUSTRATED BY S. WENDELL CAMPBELL

I might have known what kind of kitchen she would have! Two bright, healthy little girls, a happy, successful husband, and her own cheerful disposition, were an indication of what I might expect. The first time I saw her in the kitchen she was mixing biscuits in a blue bowl. When I exclaimed at its lovely color, she said, "That's why I keep it out here where I have time to enjoy it. If it were in some other room I should see it only occasionally."

When I looked more carefully around this cheerful workshop I realized why my friend did not grow tired of her routine duties. It was a large kitchen, and if its furnishings had not been so well arranged it might have been a very inconvenient one. As it was, it was comfortable to work in and attractive to look at. The working equipment had been planned so that processes of food preparation, dishwashing and putting-away could be accomplished with a few steps. Because the kitchen was large these had been arranged at one end with an extra work table in the center of the group. The two other corners of the room were fixed up as a rest corner for herself and a play corner for the children.

In "Mother's corner" was a hospitable old chair, for which she had made a beruffled and colorful slip-cover of inexpensive cretonne. A book and a current magazine were on the table and I also noticed a mending basket! Later I discovered that the family mending was usually done in waiting moments and consequently never became a burden.

In the children's corner was a drop-leaf table at which the noon meal was served and the younger little girl, who did not yet go to school, played while her mother was cooking.

Of course, every homemaker cannot have, or would not want, this particular arrangement in her kitchen. Each kitchen is a problem in itself and the arrangement of equipment must be adapted to its shape, size and location as well as to the needs of that particular family. There are certain principles of arrangement, though, and certain small conveniences, that make toward efficiency in any kitchen, and it seems to me that these are worth reminding ourselves of every so often. When one does the same thing over and over again every day in the year, one is all too apt to fall into a rut, and an annual searching of one's kitchen conscience is a healthy exercise for the earnest homemaker.

Don't think that you must tear your kitchen out if it isn't just right. Study it carefully and consider whether regrouping the equipment you have will make for greater convenience in your daily duties. Or perhaps even such small things as a new kind of mop, a long-handled broom, or a different arrangement for washing dishes will cut down your time in the kitchen. Then, when an opportunity comes to replenish or remodel, you can do the bigger things.

One of the first points to consider in kitchen arrangement is the matter of floor space. The modern city apartment



has reduced this to the size of a pocket-handkerchief, but it is doubtful whether this extreme would be sensible in a house. Though small kitchens are as a rule more convenient because of the shorter distances between working units, larger kitchens have some advantages under certain circumstances. The important point is to know just *how* we work, in what order, and which pieces of equipment we make the greatest use of. Then we shall be able to make an intelligent plan by which steps and energy can be saved.

If you have never counted how many steps you take in getting the simplest meal or in washing dishes, do it sometime. Back and forth from the work table to the sink, then to the stove, back to the sink, to the supply closet and to the work table again! Have you tried yet to save these

trips or to shorten them by keeping these pieces of equipment close together? Some of the homemakers on McCall Street have, as recent contest letters show, but it cannot be too strongly emphasized that every woman owes it to herself to see that her stove, sink, kitchen cabinet or work-table, and dish and supply closets are as near together as possible.

I once had a big old-fashioned kitchen in which, I verily believe, I walked a mile each morning to get breakfast. But then I was very young and the extra footwork I did was nothing to the pleasure I received from the charming arrangement of the furnishings. Looking back now, I know I was an idiot!

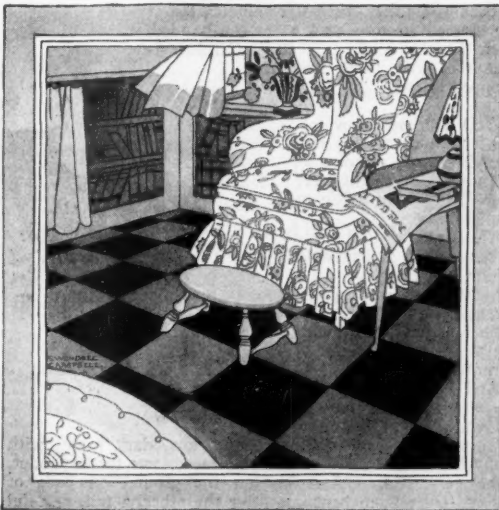
It depends on the size of your family as well as the size of your kitchen how much working-table surface and closet room you need. If you have space for it, a kitchen cabinet where small equipment and certain staples can be kept close at hand is a great convenience. Then you will need a storage closet or "pantry" for the supplies you buy in larger quantities. In this closet you should find space for an emergency food shelf, from which you can prepare a hurried meal when necessary. This closet is a good place, too, in which to keep your refrigerator if you have one and if you prefer not to keep it in the kitchen.

A closet for brooms, a long-handled dust pan, mops, scrubbing pail and other unsightly devices, is also essential. The kitchen-cabinet manufacturers make units for these purposes and you can purchase one or more of them if adequate closet facilities are lacking in your kitchen.

For working-table space you can count on your kitchen cabinet, and if its top when pulled out is not enough, you will find a table in the center of the working group most useful. Then, too, if you are now using an old kitchen table whose top is warped or rough and consequently hard to keep clean, you can buy a separate white enameled top to put over it. They come in standard sizes and are quite inexpensive.

I certainly hope the day will come when every woman will have a heat regulated oven. But in the meantime if you are not the fortunate possessor of one, buy an oven thermometer—which is the next best thing to an automatic attachment. They cost less than two dollars and when the time comes to buy a new stove, whether it be gas or electric, be sure it has some kind of heat control. It is a wonderful saving of your time and energy.

Speaking of saving energy, have you given any thought to the height of your working units? Do you have to lean over to wash dishes or roll out pastry, or stretch to uncomfortable heights in putting your dishes away? You should not do any of these things. If your sink is not high enough, either have it raised by extending the plumbing and propping up the legs on blocks, or have a wooden rack made that will fit into the sink, thus raising the dish-pan [Turn to page 40]



There should be a comfortable chair in the rest corner

The RADIO FAIRY TELLS the STORY of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

BY HELEN MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

CAROLINE ran home from school, threw her hat and sweater on the rack in the hall. Her school was giving a play, and her teacher had asked the whole class to stay after school and have their parts assigned to them. She had hurried home so as not to miss the radio fairy. She rushed into the library and looked around the room, but there was no one there. No happy little trilling laugh from the loud speaker, no swirling of gay yellow or pink skirts. No Tempa at all.

Caroline sat down on the davenport, ready to cry. Had she missed Tempa? I think if you had looked closely, you would have seen two tears all ready to start from Caroline's eyes down her pink cheeks. And then, just as she was ready for a real cry, she did hear a laugh from the loud speaker, and she did see a pink dress foaming around the same loud speaker. It was really Tempa herself. For a minute she and the loud speaker looked all full of rays through Caroline's tears, but the next minute Caroline had brushed them away, and sat up straight.

"Did you come back?" she asked. "Gracious, no," said Tempa. "I haven't been here before today. There was a little girl who cut herself badly, and it wasn't my usual day for going to her, but she was so brave about having iodine put on the poor cut place that I flew over and told her an extra story. I heard you would be late, so I knew it would be all right."

"You heard I would be late?" echoed Caroline in astonishment. "Why, how could you, when I didn't know it myself till school was half over?"

"Gracious me, Caroline, what do you think I am a radio fairy for, if not to get messages about my children? We always know things about you just as soon as they happen to you. That is how I knew about the little girl and her bad cut. In your case it happened that my cousin was sitting at your school room window waiting for a little boy to come out, and she heard your teacher tell about the play. So she radioed me right away. Look, honey, I'll show you something," and Tempa lifted a frill of her skirt, and there, hooked to her dress was a wee radio. It was so tiny that it would have gone easily into Caroline's doll house and not been a bit too big.

"So that is how you knew. Oh, what fun," laughed Caroline. "And what are you going to tell me today, Tempa dear?"

"Oh, I have a story for you about a little girl who was born about a hundred years ago. Her name was Florence Nightingale, and she grew up to be a very famous person indeed, honored by kings and written about by poets. Shut your eyes, Caroline."

Before Caroline's closed eyes came a picture of a stable, full of straw and farm tools, with horses peering over the sides of their stalls. In the foreground, on a pile of hay, lay a beautiful collie, and a girl was tying a bandage around his leg, while a man was watching her, bending anxiously over the dog. She was a little girl about twelve years old, and very beautifully dressed, but she didn't seem to be thinking about her clothes at all, for her face was full of pain for the dog who was apparently suffering a great deal. Caroline was glad to hear Tempa's voice begin to explain things.

THIS is a tale of an English girl who lived long years ago, Who did much good and wrought great works, as the records of England show.

She was a rich man's daughter; her father saw that she had Everything to make her contented, and toys to make her glad.

There were many poor sick people who lived on her father's land,

And Florence went to see them, to give them a helping hand.

Often when they were ailing, she tried to nurse them herself, And more than one book of healing stood on her little shelf. Her first real patient was a collie, a shepherd's faithful dog, Hurt while keeping his master's sheep from death in a cruel bog.

The shepherd feared he would be forced to shoot his faithful friend,

But first for little Miss Florence he thought that he would send.

When Florence came, she found poor Cap, moaning and in great pain,



They called her "The Lady with the Lamp"

But the leg she found unbroken—he had only a serious sprain.

So she bathed, and bandaged it nicely, showed the shepherd what else to do,

And the dog wagged his tail on the ground with a thump, as if to say "Thank you."

As Tempa's clear little voice died away into silence, the picture vanished, and instead came a little hut, with a woman sitting in front of it rocking a crying baby. Florence was standing beside her, her big brown eyes full of pity. She held the baby to her for a moment, and swayed with it back and forth. In a few minutes the crying seemed to stop, and when she handed it back to the smiling mother, Caroline saw that the little thing had dropped asleep.

AND Florence grew taller, and wiser, still studying more on disease,

Though she might have been living gaily a life of carefree ease.

There was no Red Cross in those days, and many a soldier had lain,

Sick and dying, uncared for, alone in his bitter pain.

So Florence trained willing women, who came at her call for aid,

And forth they went to the war front to give the soldiers aid.

There came a picture of a long, low, dark room, with many little cots in it. On them lay men, some tossing about, some very still. Others lay on the ground on pads of burlap. Over them bent one after the other, a tall, graceful woman in a white apron and dress, with a white cloth

folded over her hair. Caroline saw that it was Florence Nightingale, not a little girl any more, but grown into a lovely woman. As she went by, the men turned to her, and some held out their hands to her.

THROUGH crowded wards she hurried, With no time for rest or sleep, And at night with a lamp they saw her her faithful vigil keep.

She took off the ragged bandage, put a new one in its place,

And brought in those dingy, lonely rooms the light of a woman's face.

They blessed her ever after for each gentle, kindly deed,

Those men to whom she brought comfort in their hopeless bitter need.

There was a boy who was dying, so others who saw it said,

And he tried to kiss her shadow, as it fell across his bed.

Caroline saw him, the young boy, his head all bandaged, his hand out-stretched as Florence Nightingale went by, her pleasant smile lighting on his face. And Caroline saw, too, how her lips trembled as soon as she had gone past and the boy could no longer see her. Caroline felt badly herself, for he was so nice and young, not a bit older than her own big brother.

AFTER the war was over the people Every one,

Gave her a great sum of money to thank her for what she had done.

And Florence Nightingale thanked them, but to keep it herself she disdained,

And with it she built a hospital where nurses might be trained.

The Nightingale Home for Nurses, that was the building's name,

And there she taught them the nursing that started the Red Cross's fame.

There came a picture of Florence Nightingale, a middle-aged woman now, standing in a large light room full of nurses and with patients in clean beds looking comfortable and well cared for. As she came nearer, Caroline saw she had a pin in the shape of a cross on her dress.

QUEEN Victoria had written to thank her, when the great war came to an end;

But in later years King Edward a wonderful thing did send—

The Cross of the Order of Merit, given to a very few,

To gain it the person who wins it some noble deed must do,

Must be a builder or saviour—and who did a mightier thing

Than help the injured and suffering—it was so, said Edward, the King.

Men in times past had received it, so runs the record's tale,

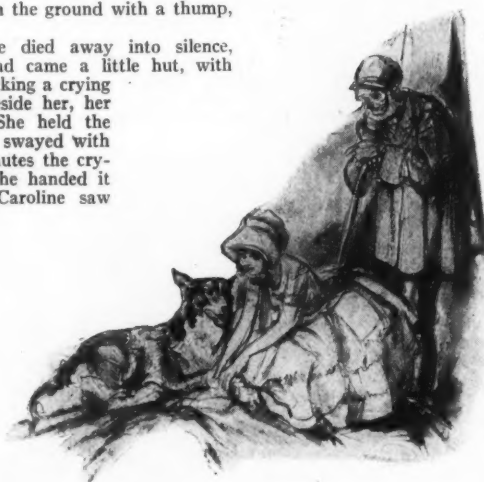
But the first one given a woman went to Florence Nightingale.

The picture faded softly away, and in the darkness Caroline saw the lady, a lamp held high in her hand, its soft light warming her gentle face as the picture faded out.

"Oh, I like her," said Caroline as she opened her eyes. "I guess maybe I'll be a nurse when I get big. Only I hope there won't be wars to need nurses, don't you?"

Tempa laughed. "Goodness, honey, don't look so solemn. Give me a smile for good-by."

Caroline lifted her face in a smile. She heard a little disappearing voice saying, "Thank you," and she had just time to call "Good-by," before Tempa disappeared.



Her first patient was a Collie

Among the Society Debutantes of Eleven Cities

this soap leads all
others in popularity
for the care of
the skin



YOUNG society girls of eleven cities, asked what soap they use for their skin, replied overwhelmingly, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

From luxurious, jazz-loving New York to straight-laced Philadelphia—from Boston, aristocratic and high-brow, to lovely romantic Baltimore, Nashville, New Orleans—the answer was the same.

"Life-giving"—"marvelous for the skin,"
say New York debutantes

In New York, Woodbury's is nearly three times as popular among society debutantes as any other toilet soap.

Among the lovely debutantes of Southern cities—Baltimore—Nashville—New Orleans—Savannah—Birmingham—Richmond—Atlanta—Woodbury's is nine times as popular.

In conservative Philadelphia, Woodbury's is preferred seven times to any other.

Two-thirds of Boston debutantes are using Woodbury's; more than half the Washington debutantes.

That last lingering look in the mirror—does it show a skin radiant with fresh beauty?

"Its purity" is the quality they name oftenest, in telling why they prefer Woodbury's. "Its soothing non-irritating effect on the skin."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin

defects. Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin to-night the treatment your skin needs!



**Send today
for the
large-size
Trial Set!**

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1507 Alfred Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1507 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name

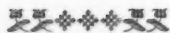
Street

City State

Copyright, 1927, by
The Andrew Jergens Co.

SWIM *for* BEAUTY

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE



NOT much more than a dozen years ago a little girl of six languished in the Philippines. It was difficult at that time to get plenty of fresh milk and the right foods in the tropics for a delicate American child. She grew pale and restless and complained of being tired. Nothing seemed to do her any good till one day her parents tried teaching her to swim. She learned the strokes easily and soon began going daily to Half Moon Beach in the Naval Station launch with her father and mother and the other members of a newly-formed swimming club. In spite of her fragility, she was perfectly at home in the water. The club members soon became accustomed to her little blonde head as it bobbed up, hundreds of yards from shore, between the heads of two expert swimmers who swam along with her to keep a lookout for sharks. She grew sturdy and strong, for only eight years later—when she was fourteen, to be exact—she carried her country's insignia to the Olympic games in Antwerp and came back a champion—Aileen Riggan, "the swimming and diving wonder."

Since that first triumph she has done thrilling things and visited romantic, glamorous places. There were Olympic games in 1924, in Paris, when she was again a point winner. And yet, when you try to find out how it all happened, she just smiles, showing her marvelous dimples, and says, "Why, there's nothing to tell, really." But athletes are notoriously modest, so I, for one, refused to take her at her word!

On the day I talked with her, "Mother" Riggan happened to be present. Between us we managed to get this small blonde goddess to talk about herself. Two gaping trunks occupied most of the hotel room, for Miss Riggan was about to start on tour in a diving act with her two old friends, Gertrude Ederle and Helen Wainwright. And Mother characteristically lent a hand by shortening the hem of a new tawny sports skirt while her young daughter tripped about the room, unpacking here and repacking there. Her skin, tanned to a lovely even golden color, makes a striking contrast with her straight blonde hair. I almost gasped with delight when she drew on over her head a sweater blouse of tan striped with a peachy pink which exactly matched her cheeks. And the color in those cheeks, by the way, comes out of Nature's own paint-box. I can vouch for that, for it came and went as I talked with her. As Mrs. Riggan pointed out, most girl swimmers seem to acquire this peach-pink bloom. It's neither a hectic flush nor a sunburn red, but the shade that belongs to "sweet and twenty" and so seldom finds its way there—naturally.



G. Maillard Kessler Photo

Aileen Riggan won an Olympic championship when she was fourteen. Since then she has circled the globe gaining new swimming and diving laurels.



As for sunburn, Aileen Riggan gives this warning: "When you begin going out in the sun, don't expose yourself more than an hour each day for several days. After that, you may gradually increase the time till your skin is accustomed to the heat and has protected itself against the burning rays. I always use cold cream on the exposed area before I go out, especially on those first days of summer when one's skin is soft and delicate from lack of exposure. In all the years I've been swimming in the open, I've had only one bad case of sunburn, and I'm afraid that that time it was my fault."

"As for the benefits of diving and swimming, well, I don't believe that there is any other form of sport that will do so much for girls. In my experience, when a girl goes in for swimming she is apt at first to lose a little weight. Then she begins to put on a smooth layer of protective tissue all over—not flabby fat, mind you—and from then on she builds up. This gain shows particularly around the shoulder muscles."

At this point Miss Riggan looked over at her mother with a smile. "Mother says that all the girl swimming champions look alike from the back. She can't tell us apart. That's because their shoulders are all equally well-developed, their waists and hips narrow, giving a tapering effect down to the feet. To me, that's the ideal athletic build—no bulky muscles, but a smooth,

straight line that means strength and balance. "Do you know that swimming is one of the few sports in which women can excel men? Men are heavier in the water; their feet tend to go down, while most women's feet tend to rise. That's why so many girls are frightened when they learn to swim. They fight to keep their heads above the water. Now, the safest position in the water is a horizontal one, lying on the water bed, as it were. Once you learn that, your fear of the water will disappear."

"I'll admit that swimming is strenuous. But it exercises those parts of the body which are most apt to become lazy in girls: the abdomen, thighs and shoulders. And it actually puts less strain on the delicate organs than do other sports. I've been told that invalids can be put into a sanitarium pool and taught to paddle-float around without fear of overstrain. Of course, one can overdo in any sport, especially if one is a champion. The best remedy for the overdevelopment that comes when we train for competitive sports is a form of exercise which will counteract this effect. I've found, for instance, that dancing is the finest thing in the world to keep my weight down and my muscles supple. It helps, too, in diving, where balance and rhythm are so important. If you ride horseback, I think you'll find that dancing will do a



Photo by Ira D. Schwarz

lot in helping you to post. I realize that few girls have time for so many sports (and I haven't mentioned golf, which I adore!), but they all ought to have at least two types of exercise on which to build. And if I could choose for every girl, one of them would be swimming!"

She stopped, breathless. But her mother continued, "These swimming girls just have no nerves. They never worry about catching boats or trains; they're always fresh and rested for the next adventure. The secret lies in beginning early. I wish every little girl could learn to swim before she is ten and keep it up through her teens. It would do away with many of our so-called nervous breakdowns, the hysteria, the craving for excitement for which we blame our girls nowadays. I'd like to prove to all mothers that swimming is the best normalizing sport there is. It gives girls poise, self-confidence and a fine coordination of mind and muscle. These are beauty's laws." Next month: "Speaking of Blondes—As All The World Is!"

IN QUEST OF BEAUTY

SO many girls write, "What shall I do for my hair?" The other day we talked with a woman who has answered this question for three generations of New York's oldest families. She believes in preserving the natural life and softness of the hair by careful shampooing and the use of special tonics for abnormal conditions. We have taken her treatments and have been delighted with the results. Her preparations are widely sold; in many places her treatments are given. And she has planned a home treatment which, if followed carefully, will keep your hair in glossy, soft perfection. Do you know that there is a new cartridge-like case of manicuring articles which fits into the smallest handbag? It is most attractive and complete; just the thing for the particular woman. As for our favorite manicuring aids, we have just discovered that they are now obtainable in boxes and glass tubes which make them easy to handle and attractive to buy. Have you ever wished that the necessary creams and lotions which make up a salon treatment might be assembled in

one box for your own use? We are glad to see that one enterprising woman has done this. You can get the ingredients of her treatment for lines and wrinkles, for double chin, or for relaxed muscles made up in this form. Hair-line eyebrows are no longer in vogue. The natural line, trained and shaped by a small brush, is in high favor. If yours have been plucked or shaved, you can restore the natural growth by an excellent eyebrow tonic which is also recommended for brows that are pale and straggly by nature. We shall send you more information about these discoveries in quest of beauty if you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your letter. And, of course, we want to help you solve any puzzling good-looks problems. If you have not already done so, send ten cents today for our 48-page illustrated HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN. It is the most complete little reference book on beauty that we know of. Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



These Two Creams will safeguard the loveliness of your skin

... distinguished women have selected them ...

DISTINGUISHED in name and position, the beautiful women of the smart world demand for themselves an equal distinction of appearance. They know that nothing adds so much to a woman's presence as a smooth skin and clear, fresh coloring. So they choose two delicate creams and maintain the traditions of feminine beauty that taste and good breeding have established.

Apply Pond's Cold Cream at night and whenever your skin feels tired, or dusty. Leave it for a few moments, so that its fine oils may penetrate the pores and lift out the dust and powder.

**H. M. The Queen of Spain
The Duchess of Vendome
The Duquesa de Alba
The Princesse Eugène Murat
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt
Miss Anne Morgan
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth**

Wipe off and repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, a little cream left on over night will restore suppleness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a delicate finish. Smoothed lightly over the face and hands after every daytime cleansing, it keeps the skin soft and white, takes powder evenly and affords certain protection against exposure to the difficult atmospheric conditions of modern life.

Give your skin this daily care with Pond's Two Creams. Like the beautiful women of fashionable society you, too, may possess a clear, fresh color and a smooth complexion.

FREE OFFER: Send this coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. R
111 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Telltale Arteries



© 1927 N. L. Co.

A NOTED physician said recently, "The woman who conceals her age is a public benefactor. Through her determination to stay young—even to the point of denying the calendar—she has set up higher health standards. Age is not a matter of years but of tissue changes. While she keeps her body and spirit young, she is young."

* * *

If you have associated with persons past 50 or 60, you may have listened to much solemn talk about arteries—well intended, but mostly untrue. For example, "old as your arteries," "old as you look," "old as you feel," being part-truths are swallowed whole or rejected entirely, depending upon casual experience or observation.

That arteries which become thick and brittle may bring an abrupt ending to life through ruptured blood vessels is generally known. But it is not generally known that either defective arteries or high blood pressure may be directly responsible for serious changes which occur in heart, kidneys and brain.

High blood pressure is not a disease. It is a definite indication that something is wrong somewhere in the body. What causes the trouble can oftentimes be immediately discovered by a competent doctor. Again, the cause can be determined only by patient, intelligent study and observation.

Here is the message to everybody, old

or young, sick or well: Your doctor can find out in a few minutes whether or not your blood pressure is normal for your age—whether or not your arteries are healthy. There is no way for you to judge your condition. At the beginning of trouble there is seldom pain or warning of any kind. The fact that one's blood pressure shows fluctuation or is temporarily high is no proof that anything is radically wrong.

Thanks to sound advice of physicians, thousands and thousands of men and women have been saved from acute or chronic trouble by removing the cause. Others, who have found the cause past correction—as it sometimes is—have lived to old age with hardened arteries, high blood pressure, or both, because they learned how to live—eating, working, exercising wisely and in moderation.

Sometimes high blood pressure and diseased arteries are caused by focal infection in head or body; sometimes by poisons—the left-overs of previous infectious disease which were neglected and never completely eliminated; sometimes by overweight or overwork or unhappy mental conditions—worry, fear, anger, hate, anxiety.

Above all, know the truth. Have your blood pressure read once a year at least. Keep well, keep happy, keep young.



Among 16,700 Metropolitan policyholders recently examined, 2,150 were found to be more than 20 per cent overweight; 6,900 had defective teeth with suspected focal infection; 4,370 had enlarged, septic or buried tonsils; 1,190 had high blood pressure which might have been attributed to one or more of the above, or to other causes.

It was found that the number of overweight persons who showed a blood pres-

sure above normal was more than twice that of persons of approximately average weight.

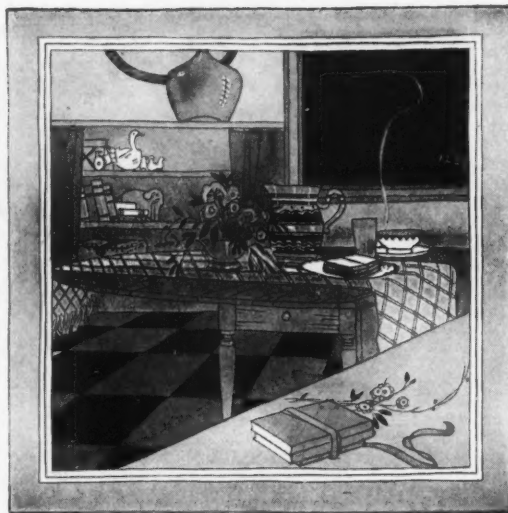
The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail you, without cost, its booklets "Overweight" which tells how to reduce weight safely, and "Blood Pressure" which gives interesting information regarding the simplicity and meaning of a blood pressure test. Send for them.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



A corner where the children can play or have their lunch

Your HEAD CAN SAVE Your HEELS in the KITCHEN

[Continued from page 35]

to the right height. Then when you can buy a new sink, you

will have found out just how you want it placed. Experiment with your work-table, too, for it can very easily be raised or lowered. If you sit on a stool to do most of your food preparation, the table can be quite a little higher than the ordinary kitchen table. Most factory-made kitchen cabinets have table tops of the right height for the average person to sit at on a high stool. It is a good rule never to stand to do any work which can be done just as well sitting down. A stool means an investment of a little more than a dollar, and what a saving to aching backs and weary feet! And about stretching—why do we dislocate our arms and necks reaching to put dishes away on high shelves when a step-ladder, the low kind that folds into a chair or a stool and pushes under the table when not in use, can be bought for so little?

Sometimes I think we conscientious housewives really enjoy our sufferings. Else, why do so many of us complain about the drudgery of dishwashing and do nothing to make it easier? There is the ten-cent store just yearning to sell us a wire rack and a baking pan to serve as a dish drainer; or the better drainer with sections for silver and props to hold the plates perpendicularly can be bought at any house-furnishings department. If dishes are washed, stacked in the drainer, and then rinsed with very hot water, they will dry of themselves, thus saving dish towels and the labor of drying by hand. I wish some way to abolish the washing of pots and pans could be discovered. But until it is, there are lots of ways of making this disagreeable task easier. A pot scraper or metal mit cleans the bottoms of burned pans quickly; greasy pans should be put to soak in hot water and starchy ones in cold, just as soon as the food is taken out of them.

Every woman loves a pretty kitchen, but if for some unusual reason you must choose between attractiveness and ease of cleaning, by all means choose what is going to make the least work for you. Fortunately, such a choice will not come often; kitchens can be charming and practical. For example, your walls and woodwork should be washable, but they can be a pretty blue or green or yellow instead of a dull, uninteresting brown. Or the walls may be covered with a special washable fabric as pretty as wall paper. Charming color schemes may be worked out between walls, woodwork, floors and curtains and yet everything can be easy to care for.

If you happen to be choosing a new

floor covering, consider how much "traffic" your particular kitchen

is likely to have. A family with growing boys and girls who march in a constant procession through the kitchen will want a pattern that does not show every footprint; while my friend of whom I spoke at the beginning of this discussion was safe in choosing big squares of black and white for her kitchen. There are so many beautiful and sensible designs in linoleum, oilcloth and other washable floor fabrics that every homemaker can find just what she likes and needs.

Ventilation and light are just as important in the kitchen as they are anywhere else in the house. When it is possible, there should be a window over the sink. Even a small one which will give you a glimpse of the out-of-doors while you work will do wonders to make dishwashing less monotonous. If your kitchen has too few windows, you may be able to have one or two cut through an outside wall when you feel you can go to this expense.

If your house is lighted by electricity, it is a good plan to have a drop-light over the sink and one over the stove.

The modern idea of building a breakfast nook or dining-corner into a corner of the kitchen works out well in most families. But if you haven't the built-in kind, use any table that will fit into the space you can allow for it. A drop-leaf table is good for a smaller kitchen and between meals you can have a rest corner. Keep a comfortable chair and some books on hand so you can relax while waiting for a cake to bake or the beans to boil.

A dining-corner has many uses. The children can have their luncheon there when they come home from school. If your kitchen is pretty and orderly you can serve dinner there, too, when you have had a particularly busy day, and breakfast always.

And last, but not least, let us agree that we ought to be rash occasionally and buy some pretty new curtains, or a new casserole, or a set of gay mixing bowls just to satisfy our love of beauty. Or, if we need a service wagon on wheels to save trips to the dish closet, which may not be as near the sink as it should be, let's buy it. It comes cheaper than moving the sink.

When a business man needs a new desk or file case in order to carry on his business more efficiently, he gets it, doesn't he? And in time it pays for itself. Do this sort of thing in your business of homemaking—it will pay for itself over and over again in strength and looks and disposition!

Now! a furniture polish that leaves NO GREASY FILM



THE photographs show what a difference it will make in your furniture.

The table in the upper photograph was treated with a polish typical of hundreds on the market, many of them being sold only in the cities where they are manufactured and having no national reputation to maintain.

The same table as shown in the lower photograph was treated with a new *greaseless* polish, an *improved* form of a preparation that has been sold throughout the world for years—Liquid Veneer.

The difference in the richness and brilliance of finish is indicated by the reflections of the items on the table. The *greaseless* polish reflects the objects as in a mirror. The ordinary greasy polish is dull, dead, lustreless, in comparison.

Look at the finger tips of the gloved hands to the right and you will see the reason why. The grease in the ordinary polish leaves a film that dulls the finish, no matter how hard it is rubbed. The *absence* of grease in the new polish makes it easy to produce a hard, clear, clean, bright surface.

Perhaps you are using an ordinary polish and often wonder why it does not produce better results. Try the new *greaseless* Liquid Veneer and you will understand how much it means to the housekeeper to have this *improved* furniture polish.

Not only does it mean better looking furniture, but less effort, fewer applications, quicker dusting. And this same *greaseless* characteristic that makes it ideal for highly polished furniture also makes it unusually satisfactory for the dull finishes and for pianos, woodwork, floors, automobiles, etc.

THIS superiority of the new Liquid Veneer has been proven scientifically. A report from the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York, is in our files. Ordinary polish and Liquid Veneer were purchased in the open market and each applied as directed on the labels. Photographs of the treated surface then showed clearly the greasy film of the ordinary polish and the clean, lustrous results produced by Liquid Veneer.

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION

1114 Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFERS

to enable you to try the new Liquid Veneer at nominal cost



No. 1	Regular Price
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit.....	\$.50
(Includes all the materials and tools needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc., on all kinds of furniture in various woods and finishes.)	
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25
(Crepe treated with Liquid Veneer.)	
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer.....	.10
Book—"The Care of Fine Finishes".....	.25
(Furniture, floors, woodwork, automobiles, etc.)	
Total value.....	\$1.10
Special price.....	\$.50

No. 2	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer.....	\$.10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25
Book—"The Care of Fine Finishes".....	.25
Total value.....	\$.60
Special price.....	\$.25

No. 3	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer.....	\$.10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25
Total value.....	\$.35
Special price.....	\$.10

IMPORTANT!

The new greaseless Liquid Veneer is on sale everywhere. There is no change in the design of the container but the contents of the packages now in the stores were manufactured according to the new formula.



Gloved finger tips rubbed over ordinary polish are discolored by the greasy film. Gloved finger tips rubbed over the new Liquid Veneer are not discolored at all. There is no greasy film.



© 1927 L. V. Corp.

The New LIQUID VENEER

Dusts - Cleans - Polishes - LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

Liquid Veneer Corporation, 1114 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. I wish to take advantage of the offer checked:

— No. 1, 50c postpaid — No. 2, 25c postpaid — No. 3, 10c postpaid

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



PARIS SAYS "Date Your Hosiery"



A charming little hosiery record, and number tags make "dating" easy. Free with every purchase of the Durham styles listed below. Get them from the nearest Durham dealer.

YOU can tell at a glance that Durham Hosiery is smart. But you have no way of telling that only the finest materials are used. You cannot see the Durham special reinforcement at wear points, nor the infinite care with which every pair is made. The hidden honesty that means weeks of additional wear is only revealed by actual use.

Now Durham offers you an easy way to measure this wear, and to compare it with any other hosiery you happen to be using. The most convincing way ever offered . . . dated hosiery. First featured by a leading *bottier* in Paris, dated hosiery is meeting with instant favor everywhere.

The attractive Durham booklet, "Pair and Compare," in which to keep an exact record of how long your hosiery wears, and six pair of numbered cloth tags, enough to date six pair of hosiery, are furnished with every purchase of the Durham styles listed below.

Use a pair of numbered tags for each pair of stockings. Sew a tag in each stocking and enter the tag number, make, color, price and date of purchase in the booklet. Do this not only with your Durham Hosiery but with any other kind you wish to test.

This easily kept record will prove how much extra wear Durham Hosiery gives. Durham Hosiery Mills, New York City.

DURHAM HOSIERY

Made with infinite care in the world's largest hosiery mills

FOR WOMEN: In season's charming colors—*Phyllis* and *Phantom*, full-fashioned, silk to top, \$1.95; *Penelope*, full-fashioned, service silk, \$1.85; *Daphne*, all-purpose silk, \$1; *Periwinkle*, silk reinforced with Rayon, \$1 . . . **FOR MEN:** *Traymore*, silk reinforced with Rayon, 50 cents; *Dollar Bill*, finest mercerized lisle, 3 pair, \$1; 1700 G S, lisle sox U. S. Marines couldn't wear out, 25 cents . . . **FOR CHILDREN:** *Polly Prim*, triple strength heel and toe, 25 cents; *Mobican*, with Derby rib, 25 cents; *Ruggles*, strong, comfortable, rugged, 29 cents. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name with your order and remittance. Specify size, style and color.



Eggs in crusty rolls are more interesting than our creamed eggs on toast

TRY "OEUF"— AS PARIS COOKS THEM

By DAY MONROE AND MARY I. BARBER

YOU must be able to talk fluently on the subject of eggs if you live in France, because eggs are a very important part of the cookery of the country. The French use eggs as entrées and desserts more often than as the main dish of the meal. We tried to taste them in all the ways in which they appear, and we found many suggestions which can easily be adapted to American menus.

One of the first egg dishes we met in France was "*Oeuf sur le Plat*," which translated literally, means Egg-on-the-Plate. This is not a French breakfast dish, but is used as an entrée at other meals. The waiter, however, usually suggests it to Americans, when they call on him, to add to the continental breakfast of rolls and coffee. They welcome it, because it is almost like the fried egg of home. We think it even better. It requires a little more time and attention to cook than "American fried," but you will find the result worth it—an egg tender and not dry, with the delicious flavor of good butter.

OEUF SUR LE PLAT

Melt butter in a shallow earthenware dish, then add the egg without breaking the yolk. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and heat the dish gently on top of the stove. It never should be allowed to become hot enough to discolor the butter and change its taste, nor to brown and toughen the egg white. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked, so it will be hot and the yolk still unbroken.

The same result can never be achieved with a metal frying-pan. Use only shallow earthenware or glass dishes, in individual sizes or in a size large enough to hold eggs for all the family.

Oeuf sur le Plat need not always remain this simple dish. For other meals it may be varied in all sorts of fascinating ways. For luncheon, for example, a thick, well-seasoned tomato sauce can be poured over it just before it is served and a dish of grated cheese passed with it, to be added liberally or sparingly according to the tastes of the diners.

Sometimes it may be bordered with freshly-cooked spinach, and is even better with this vegetable than the customary hard-cooked eggs. For other variations, the buttered dish may be lined with spinach or with the tomato sauce, and the egg dropped in this and basted with butter during the cooking.

Garnished with crisp bacon, alternating with quartered tomatoes which have been dipped in flour and sautéed until golden



brown, these eggs form a dish worthy of the most fastidious guest. Sometimes a thin slice of cooked ham is placed in the bottom of the dish in about one-fourth cup of cream

sauce. The egg cooked in this has yet a different flavor. For family meals, the simple egg in butter may be bordered with any cooked vegetable, as buttered peas, carrots or green beans.

HAM AND EGGS A LA FRANCE

An American is likely to feel that one of the great failings of French cooks is that they do not know ham and eggs as we do. They have some variations, though, that you will find interesting. Hard-cooked eggs are cut into small pieces, mixed with cooked peas and a little mashed potatoes, moistened with milk and seasoned. The mixture is then shaped in cylinders as croquettes are, but instead of being fried, they are wrapped in thin slices of cooked ham and put in the oven just long enough for the ham to become delicately brown and the mixture to heat through. This is served with a brown sauce which is not prepared quite as we do it. Sprinkle the bottom of a small frying-pan with about a half teaspoon of brown sugar and heat it until melted and colored. Add bits of ham fat and cook until there are about four tablespoons of golden brown liquid fat. While these are cooking, add two slices of onion—not more, because its flavor must not be too strong—and let them fry until slightly browned. Remove bits of fat and onion, add 4 tablespoons flour, and brown. Add 1 cup of brown stock, and 1 cup of milk and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is well blended. Then allow to simmer very slowly, stirring in 1 tablespoon of raisins to give it flavor.

TWO DELICIOUS LUNCHEON COMBINATIONS

This same sauce, without the raisins, is used for cooked stuffed eggs. Hard-cooked eggs are stuffed, not as we prepare them for picnics, but with bits of cooked ham or other left-over meat, finely chopped cooked celery and perhaps one or two chopped olives mixed with the egg yolks. They are then put into a baking dish in the brown sauce and cooked in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Serve them with French fried potatoes and a green salad, and you will have an unusually good luncheon.

Eggs as they are cooked by the wife of our Paris baker are far more interesting than our creamed eggs on toast. She takes flat, crusty rolls and [Turn to page 82]



Years ago Joel Cheek perfected this blend which today has won such fame as never before came to a coffee

He created a shade of difference in flavor

*that is changing
the habits of a nation*

No other man, perhaps, could have done it. A southerner of the old South born with a genius for flavor. A boy growing to manhood in a land long famous for good living.

It is no accident that his achievement has taken rank as one of the most notable of all in the art of blending. To his great work, Joel Cheek brought something more than the usual traits which make men outstanding figures in industry.

Women who have dined at his own table, say that they learned the secret there: in his own exquisite knowledge of good things to eat and drink.

No task in the world of foods is more difficult than that to which Joel Cheek set himself years ago down in Tennessee. Hundreds of kinds and grades of coffee, each with its own distinct flavor, yet each

lacking in something! Differences almost too fine to taste to be studied. The blended flavor that he dreamed of to be built up, step by step.

Finally, that shade of difference, that mellow richness which has now won for Joel Cheek's blend such fame as never before came to a coffee.

The news of it spread rapidly

It was the great families of the old South who first enjoyed this blend, so wonderfully full-bodied and smooth. Long ago Maxwell House Coffee became the first choice of the cities of Dixie.

Today it is pleasing more people throughout the whole country than any other coffee ever offered for sale. The blend that Joel Cheek perfected in the old South years ago is swiftly changing the habits of a nation.

And now this same blend with the same touch of special richness that delighted the old South years ago, is offered to you. Your first taste of its mellow liquor, your first breath of its fragrance will tell you

why it has become the largest selling coffee in all America. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.



It was at the most famous hotel in the old South—the Maxwell House in Nashville—that this blend first won fame

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

"Good to the last drop"

What the "Chipso way" does for 7 women



1. "Has added 10 years to my life."
2. "No more hard hand-rubbing."
3. "A ½-hour's soaking and dirt takes wings."
4. "A full day's work by noon."
5. "I no longer hate dishwashing."
6. "Washes my dishes while I'm at business."
7. "The children love to do the dishes now."

OUT of the bushel-basketfuls of letters that have come to us about Chipso's help, we have chosen the seven quoted here because each has one or more points of special interest. The theme that runs through them all—and through the thousands of others as well, is: "Chipso helps me do my work more quickly, more easily, and better, than any other soap I have ever used."

"Has added 10 years to my life"

1. A Lakewood, Ohio, woman says, "My neighbors marvel at the whiteness of my clothes on the line and I tell them it is all due to Chipso. I call Chipso the 'wonder soap'. It contains no injurious chemicals. To me it is like the 'sterling' mark on silver—always reliable. I no longer have that tired, haggard look after doing a big washing or various other household cleaning. Chipso has added ten years to my life."

"No more hard hand-rubbing"

2. A mother of eight children, whose husband works in a machine shop says, "I don't mind all the dirty washing, because with Chipso in my washing machine, it is so much easier."

"I have four boys, and the cuffs of their blouses and my husband's shirts get so dirty. I used to rub so much by hand, but with Chipso in the machine I seldom need to rub even these dirty edges. The clothes last much longer, too, because rubbing is worse than wearing."

"Half-hour soaking and dirt takes wings"

3. A woman in Cleveland wrote us that she was fast becoming so nervous from housework that

Suds at the turn of the faucet...

for soaking clothes clean and speeding dishwashing



The most amazing success in

her doctor said she must give it up. She was almost in despair at the prospect, as she could not afford a maid.

"Then Chipso came," she says, "like a good little fairy with its wand of quick suds, speeding through every nook and corner, making housework like a pleasant story.

"Now, instead of taking a teaspoon of nerve tonic after each meal, I put two tablespoons of Chipso into the dishwater and the dishes almost wash themselves.

"Instead of rubbing until my back and arms are stiff and aching as I used to do, I let



Chipso SOAKS her clothes clean

Chipso suds soak my clothes clean. I simply put Chipso flakes in the tub, turn on the hot water, add cold water until the suds are lukewarm, and let the clothes soak about half an hour.

"Then all I have to do is squeeze the sudsy water through them, wring out and rinse. Dirt seems to take wings and fly away in Chipso suds before I have time to get tired.

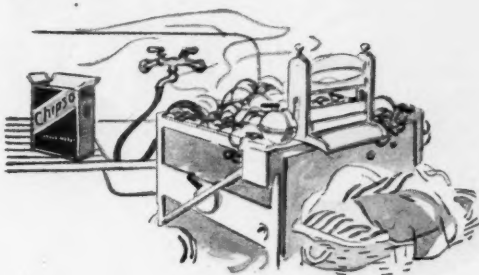
"I have learned that Chipso is a time- and labor-saver, as well as a nerve tonic for tired housewives."

"A full day's work by noon"

4. A woman in St. Louis tells us that by washing the Chipso way all her clothes are on the line and everything cleaned up by noon on washday—a full day's work well done in half a day now.

Imagine what it will mean to *you* to have a day's work done by noon. No time wasted chipping soap and waiting for it to melt. No danger from scalding. No damp, steamy kitchens. No more back-breaking rubbing. No more clothes faded and ruined from hard rubbing. No more aching back and arms. No more "dead-tired-

ness" Monday night. Too good to be true? No, it isn't. Letters are constantly pouring in from all over the country from Chipso users, telling us that this is exactly what Chipso—the new Procter and Gamble soap product—is doing for them. Chipso will do exactly the same for *you*.



Perhaps, when you know how fine and safe Chipso is—for colors and fabrics, both—you will think it costs more to use than your present soap. But no.

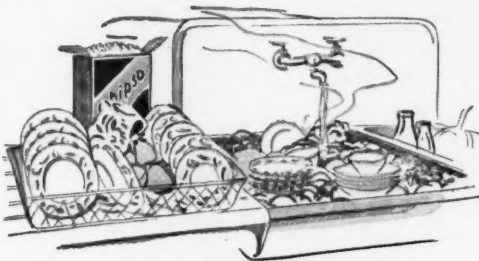
For instance, there is enough soap in the big 25-cent Chipso box to do from six to eight family washings—3 to 4 cents per washing. You could scarcely ask for a lower cost than this, do you think? Yet for this small amount, you get all of Chipso's remarkable help which you cannot get with any other soap!

Sparkling dishes in much less time for less than 1¢ a day

Chipso offers just as much help in dishwashing as in clothes washing, say women everywhere.

"I no longer hate dishwashing"

5. For example, a letter says, "I have a friend with a particular aversion to washing dishes. But when I showed her the Chipso way, she was amazed and pleased to find she could



do the dishes in exactly half the time with everything bright and sparkling, and her hands not reddened. She is now never without a package of this great labor-saver in her kitchen and laundry."

From the start—suds at the turn of the faucet—to the finish—gleaming dishes, shining pans—Chipso saves time and labor, and makes

the task pleasanter than it ever could be with the cake-soap method.

"Washes my dishes while I'm at business"

6. A business woman with two children in school writes, "Before we go out in the morning, the children stack the dishes in the dishpan in hot Chipso suds, cover it with another pan and leave it until they return from school in the afternoon. A hot rinse and the dishes are done in a jiffy—shiny and clean, too."

"The children love to do the dishes now"

7. Another mother who needs help from her children says, "I no longer have to drive the children to the dishpan. There is an argument as to *which* of them shall wash the dishes now. To the children, dishwashing in Chipso suds is a pleasure. They love the Chipso suds. It is quite different from the old way of rubbing a cake of soap on the cloth, then on the dishes and washing it off again. Chipso does the hardest part of the work. Chipso dishes are never dull and streaky, but always bright and glistening, with no soapy odor."

And, from the pocket-book point of view, Chipso for dishwashing is as interesting as Chipso for clothes washing. In the big 25-cent package there is enough soap for a whole month of dishwashing—*less than one cent a day!*

Don't you think you ought to try Chipso right away—and see for yourself how it saves time, energy and money?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Helpful suggestions for better laundering

Colored clothes (unless known to be fast) should be washed in lukewarm Chipso suds by squeezing and light hand-rubbing. Fast-colored materials may be soaked like white clothes.

Colored pieces or white pieces trimmed with colors should first be rolled in a towel to prevent streaking, and then dried in the shade. Never roll damp colored things and let them stand.

If you use a washing machine: Make suds. Put in clothes and proceed as usual. Chipso's quick suds and quick cleansing save much time in machine washing.

A quick boiler method: Put the boiler over the fire with a little water, add the Chipso and when dissolved fill two-thirds full with cold water. While still cool or lukewarm, put in dry clothes and let them come to a boil. You will find all the dirt loosened and the clothes practically clean, ready for rinsing. Of course very badly soiled pieces will need a little rubbing between the hands, but no washboard rubbing will be necessary.

You will find that a teaspoonful of Chipso flakes boiled with each quart of starch prevents sticking, adds a gloss to materials and makes ironing smooth and easy.

the history of household soap



FAMOUS NUMBERS

How Many Do You Know?

Different numbers mean different things. Sweet sixteen means love and youth. The four leaf clover means good luck. Six per cent means a good return on your money and so does 57.

But 57 means more than just economy. First of all it stands for good things to eat. For fifty-eight years Heinz has been taking the very choicest materials and preparing from them food as good as the best of cooks would prepare in her own home kitchen.

Because the 57 Varieties are not only good, but *always* good, they pause only briefly in the store. That is why your grocer has an ever-fresh supply of these good things to eat.

When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz Kitchens • H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

- 1 Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
- 2 Heinz Oven-Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork—*Boston Style*
- 3 Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat—*Vegetarian*
- 4 Heinz Oven-Baked Red Kidney Beans
- 5 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
- 6 Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup
- 7 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
- 8 Heinz Mince Meat
- 9 Heinz Plum Pudding
- 10 Heinz Fig Pudding
- 11 Heinz Peanut Butter
- 12 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti
- 13 Heinz Cherry Preserves
- 14 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves
- 15 Heinz Peach Preserves
- 16 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
- 17 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
- 18 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
- 19 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
- 20 Heinz Crab-Apple Jelly
- 21 Heinz Currant Jelly
- 22 Heinz Grape Jelly
- 23 Heinz Quince Jelly
- 24 Heinz Apple Butter
- 25 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins
- 26 Heinz Preserved Sweet Midget Gherkins
- 27 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins

- 28 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles
- 29 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins
- 30 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
- 31 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle
- 32 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
- 33 Heinz Dill Pickles
- 34 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
- 35 Heinz Preserved Sweet Onions
- 36 Heinz Sandwich Relish
- 37 Heinz Spanish Queen Olives
- 38 Heinz Spanish Manzanilla Olives
- 39 Heinz Stuffed Spanish Olives
- 40 Heinz Ripe Olives
- 41 Heinz Pure Spanish Olive Oil
- 42 Heinz Tomato Ketchup
- 43 Heinz Chili Sauce
- 44 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce
- 45 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce
- 46 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce
- 47 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
- 48 Heinz Prepared Mustard
- 49 Heinz Prepared Mustard Sauce
- 50 Heinz India Relish
- 51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish
- 52 Heinz Salad Cream
- 53 Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing
- 54 Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar
- 55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar
- 56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar
- 57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar

FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR
EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN"



NO. III

ELIZABETH BENNET

Illustrated with a portrait of Miss Austen's heroine painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine.



HERE at last is a heroine with whom all the world should fall in love! Jane Austen, daughter of a country preacher, a quiet unassuming English girl, created in the heroine of her great novel, *Pride and Prejudice*, published in 1813, and written earlier, a woman who was a complete prophecy of all that is best in the emancipated woman of today. Surrounded by the silly restrictions of the early nineteenth century, with a fond and silly mother, the business of whose life was "to get her daughters married;" and whose solace was "visiting and news;" associating with society nincompoops and middle-class social climbers, Elizabeth Bennet emerges, a dark-eyed girl with whom any man must fall in love and whom most women must find an object of admiration! She was beautiful without being simpering, strong without being a tomboy, cool without being passionless, direct without being overbearing. Analyzing her own sense of humor, she tells us that it is vastly easy to be clever at other people's expense. Critical of her family, she yet showed them the devotion that was their due, but asserted her independence when it was sane and right for the happiness of all concerned. She was aware of her own mind in love. Scorning feminine wiles, she could blush on occasion and with true womanly inconsistency, tell herself that she hated the man she really loved.

Miss Austen was the creator of the realistic novel of domestic life. She has not been surpassed in the long line which springs from her, in the line which includes among hosts of others today such writers as Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Frank Swinnerton, Anne Parrish, Edna Ferber, May Sinclair, Nabro Bartley, John Galsworthy and Louis Bromfield.

Miss Austen was admittedly preacher as well as novelist; and Elizabeth Bennet was her best sermon, for she shamed the "elegant females" of her day or any day. It is perhaps because she was so far beyond her time that Jane Austen was one of the few really great authors who was not hugely popular during her life. Yet, since that time, she has been increasingly popular; and her heroines must have influenced the lives of millions of women. And as for the men? Well, any man who has once encountered "Elizabeth Bennet" and prefers an "Iris March" or a "Lorelei Lee" is little short of an idiot. Elizabeth Bennet is the ideal wife.

Elizabeth Bennet's story is quite simple. One of five daughters, she found in her older sister Jane the only one she could really love. Jane was more beautiful but far simpler than Elizabeth. Jane was the genuine but incurable optimist. Elizabeth says to her: "Affectation of candor is common enough; one meets with it everywhere. But to be candid without ostentation or design—to take the good of everybody's character and make it still better, and say nothing of the bad—belongs to you alone." Mary, the next sister, was the plain one of the quintette. Upon Kitty and Lydia fell the foolishness of a mother, pretty in youth, who had never outgrown

the petty vanities of a belle. They find the bright coats of army officers and the windows of millinery shops the most entertaining features of life. Mr. Bennet had a sense of humor, so he spent his later years in his library with his books, as far away from his garrulous wife as possible. It is the affairs of this family of Bennets that give *Pride and Prejudice* what plot it has.

It is in her attitude toward men and marriage that the character of Elizabeth is best displayed and its unusual quality apparent. The ordinary attitude of the day is well expressed by that of Elizabeth's friend, Lizzie Lucas, "Without thinking highly of men or of matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well educated young women of small fortune, and, however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want." Yet Elizabeth refuses her desirable cousin, Mr. Collins, incurring her mother's fury and causing her friends much surprise. Mr. Collins, by the way, is the early version of the pompous English cleric who struts through the pages of British fiction and drama down to Pinero, Hugh Walpole, and the satirical pages of Miss Sinclair's *The Rector of Wycke*. The question of Mr. Collins, however, was easily settled. Elizabeth's grave problem was one faced in fiction and out of it by hundreds of young women; and it is admirably stated in the words of her sister Jane, as she compares the two suitors:

"There certainly was some mismanagement in the education of these two young men. One has got all the goodness, and the other all the appearance of it."

This was her problem, the gallant and attractive Wickham over against the proud, unbending but sterling Darcy. It is partially solved, to be sure, by the fact that Wickham finally eloped disgracefully with the foolish Lydia. Nevertheless Elizabeth would have gone unwedded to her grave had not she contrived to humble the noble Darcy's pride, and he, in turn, to soften her mistaken prejudice.

This is no fainting female. Elizabeth Bennet was not afraid to be intelligent. Like Fanny Burney, Miss Austen spends little time in a discussion of clothes. Elizabeth was taller than Jane, but not so tall as Lydia, who was the "tallest" as well as the youngest. The jealous Miss Bingley describes her as thin faced and brown; but the "brown," Darcy assures her, is sunburn. That her eyes were beautiful and dark we know. I fancy she was stately, although not too stately, and sometimes pensive, sometimes gay, not a dark, melancholy beauty; but a thoughtful one.

Pride and Prejudice is one of the few novels that ends with "they were married," in which the reader may be sure that "they lived happily ever after;" for Elizabeth Bennet made her choice of a husband wisely and she was too wise a woman not to preserve her marriage from all the encroachments of a foolish and unthinking world.



Get hungry! A feast is coming

BE PATIENT . . . you'll be served next. Armour's Star Ham is always worth waiting for. Its tender, fine-grained goodness, welling with spicy juice . . . the fat all crispy-brown, clove-pierced and sugary, strikes the dominant note for Easter Sunday appetites.

Even the small family can enjoy Armour's Star Ham at little expense. Just ask for a Star Ham butt cut the size you want. And let us send you a wonderful, easy-to-follow recipe for baking it as told in our free book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham." Mail the coupon now.

Armour's STAR HAM



Just off the Press
New and Enlarged Edition

Div. 46, Div. Food Economics,
Armour and Company,
Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me Free
Recipe Book "60 Ways to
Serve" Armour's "Star" Ham

Name _____

Address _____





Now—in one happy afternoon . . .

The Dress of Your Dreams is Done!



ONE of the new Singer Electrics. When closed, it becomes a piece of fine furniture, serving as a desk or table.

HOW easy now to make a lovely frock! Select from the counters of colorful fabrics the one that pleases your fancy and your purse. Choose an authentic design appropriate to your type. Then come home and in a happy afternoon complete it to the last distinctive touch. On the modern Singer the dress of your dreams quickly takes form in all its loveliness.

For this perfect sewing machine has made the creating of a charming frock not a task but an hour of fascinating interest. It is so quiet, so swift, so easy to operate that you find a surprising new experience in the thrill of its use.

And whatever fashion may call for, a Singer is ready to do. Its perfect, even stitching, on sheer or heavy fabric, is a distinction in itself. But

ruffling, shirring, tucking, plaiting—trimmings of every kind are as quickly done as simple seams, with Singer easy-to-use attachments.

There is an easy way to prove to yourself what a modern Singer will do. The nearest Singer Shop will gladly send a machine to your home that you can use for a few days, in doing your own sewing. You may have your choice of the widest variety of models—electric, treadle and hand machines. Any one of them may be yours on a convenient plan by which you will receive a generous allowance for your present machine, and your new Singer will pay for itself as you save.

The Famous Singer "S"

is one of the oldest of trade-marks. You will find it on the windows of 6,000 Singer Shops, in every city in the world. It is the identifying mark of sewing machines of enduring quality. It means, too, that every Singer Shop is ready always with instruction, repairs, supplies and courteous, expert service. When the Singer representative comes to your home let him tell you about this service Singer maintains in your neighborhood.



"Short Cuts to Home Sewing"—Free

This interesting practical book shows you how to save time in a hundred ways on your sewing machine—how to do all the modish new details of trimming. It will help you with your sewing whatever make of machine you may have—or even though you have none now. The book is free. Phone or call at the nearest Singer Shop (see telephone directory) or send for a copy by mail, to the Singer Sewing Machine Co., Dept. 12-R, Singer Bldg., New York.

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES

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This Casserole of Meat and Vegetables is a pleasant change from stew

LET'S SERVE IT IN A CASSEROLE

BY HENRIETTA JESSUP

THE homemaker who wants an afternoon off, the one who enjoys entertaining, or the business woman, will find these casserole dishes a joy. They can be prepared hours ahead and kept in the refrigerator until time to cook them.

CHICKEN AND SHRIMPS EN CASSEROLE

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup diced cooked chicken | 1/4 cup hot chicken broth |
| 1 cup shrimps, cut in pieces | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 egg yolk | Paprika |
| 1/4 cup cream | Nutmeg |
| | Bread crumbs |

Mix together chicken and shrimp and put into greased casserole. Pour over it a sauce made by mixing egg yolk with cream and stirring gradually into hot broth. Add salt, paprika and a grating of nutmeg. Cover top with crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in pan of warm water in moderate oven (350° F) 15 to 20 minutes, or until brown. Makes 5 or 6 servings.

HAM AND MACARONI

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter | 2 cups cooked macaroni |
| 1 tablespoon flour | 1 cup minced ham |
| 1 cup strained cooked tomatoes | 1/3 cup buttered crumbs |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup grated cheese |
| 1/4 teaspoon paprika | |

Melt butter, add flour and stir in strained tomatoes. Add salt and paprika and cook until slightly thickened. Put layer of macaroni in greased casserole or baking-dish then a layer of minced ham. Repeat layers until all macaroni and ham are used. Pour tomato sauce over them and cover top with buttered crumbs. Bake in pan of warm water in moderate oven (350° F) about 20 minutes. After removing from oven, cover top with grated cheese. Makes 6 servings.

SPINACH EN CASSEROLE

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 cups cooked spinach | 1 tablespoon flour |
| 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons butter or shortening | 1/2 teaspoon pepper |
| | 1/2 teaspoon paprika |
| | 1/4 cup milk |
| | Buttered crumbs |

Put a layer of spinach in bottom of greased casserole or baking-dish. Add a layer of sliced eggs. Make white sauce by melting butter, adding flour, salt, pepper and paprika and mixing well. Add milk slowly and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Pour over layers of spinach and egg. Add

more spinach and eggs and sauce, repeating layers until all is used. Sprinkle top with buttered crumbs. Add

a little grated cheese, if desired. Bake in pan of warm water in moderate oven (350° F) about 10 minutes, or until crumbs brown and cheese melts. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

SWEETBREADS AND PEAS IN GREEN PEPPER SHELLS

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 pairs sweetbreads | 2 tablespoons chili sauce |
| 3 tablespoons butter or shortening | 1 cup cooked or canned peas |
| 2 tablespoons flour | 5 or 6 green peppers |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | Bread crumbs |
| 1 1/2 cups milk | |

Soak sweetbreads in cold water 10 minutes. Drain and simmer 20 minutes in 1 quart boiling water to which has been added 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1 teaspoon salt. Remove fat and membrane. Sauté sweetbreads in a little butter and cut into half-inch pieces. Make cream sauce by melting 3 tablespoons butter or shortening adding flour and salt and mixing well. Add milk slowly and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add chili sauce, peas and sweetbreads to cream sauce. Have ready peppers, parboiled and prepared as for baking. Arrange in casserole or baking-dish and fill with sweetbread and pea mixture. Sprinkle top with crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in pan of warm water in moderate oven (350° F) 20 minutes or until crumbs brown. Makes 5 or 6 servings.

A HEARTY DISH OF MEAT AND VEGETABLES

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1 small white onion | 2 cups roast beef, cut in 2 inch pieces or sliced thin |
| 3 tablespoons shortening | 1 1/2 cups mashed potato |
| 1 tablespoon flour | 1 cup boiled carrots, sliced |
| 1/4 cup stock | 2 tablespoons minced parsley |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | |
| 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce | |

Mince onion fine and sauté in shortening until a golden brown. Stir in flour, stock, salt and Worcestershire sauce. Put meat in greased casserole and pour sauce over it.

Arrange mashed potato in a circle on top of meat and put a circle of sliced carrots inside potato ring. Cover carrots with melted butter and sprinkle top of dish with minced parsley. Cook in moderate oven (350° F) long enough to heat thoroughly and brown on top. Makes 6 servings.

[Turn to page 83]



New style SINKS that food acids won't roughen or discolor



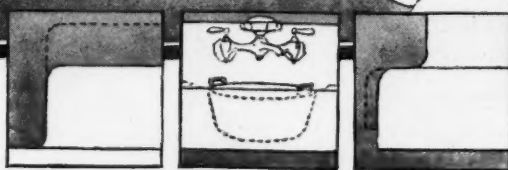
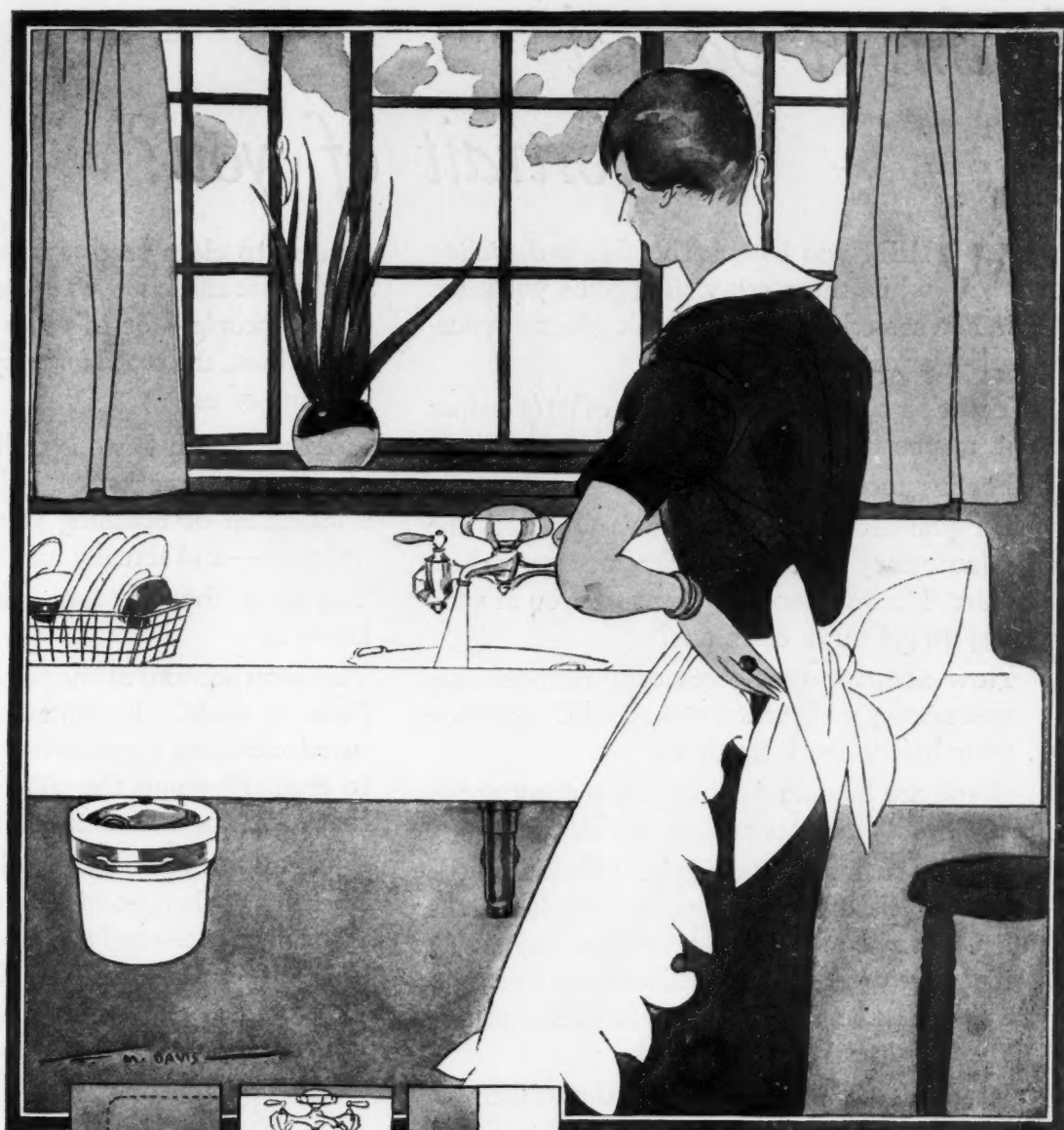
DOZENS OF TIMES every day, your kitchen sink is exposed to the action of such fruit and vegetable acids as lemon and tomato juice—and the ingredients of cleansers. This is its hardest service.

Just as "Standard" led the way with the one-piece sink, set "yard-stick high", so "Standard" now gives you sinks with a lovely gleaming white finish that stays smooth, gleaming white, and glossy.

This enamel is exceptionally hard. It is more durable, and is the first enamel that is really easy to keep clean. It retains its beautiful gloss and luster. With this wonderful new improvement, the kitchen sink reaches its highest development and utmost convenience.

More light since the back is low. Until now, the backs of sinks have always been 12 inches high. This one goes under unusually low windows and gives four inches more of light, air and sunshine. At the same time, it protects the wall perfectly.

More room in the sink. These new sinks are two



**8 INCH
LOW
BACK**
to go under
lower windows.

**8 INCH
DEEP
SINK**
to prevent
over-the-rim splashes.

**8 INCH
WIDE
FRONT**
to give the
lovely low line.

inches wider, giving more room on the drainboards and in the sink compartment. They are two inches deeper—so the edge of a dishpan comes well below the rim of the sink, preventing over-the-rim splashes.

A smart low line in front. Beauty is emphasized both in the finish and in the design of these newest "Standard" Sinks. The deeper front gives them a trim, massive appearance directly in line with the smartest trend in kitchen furnishings.

A new style faucet. This faucet, of the popular Swinging-Spout type, is more compact and more decorative. It is set to allow a full thirteen inches between the mouth of the faucet and the opening of the drain. You need this room when you fill a tall pitcher or large cooking vessels. Finished in a new

These three "eights" make new sink history

"Standard" way, this faucet will not tarnish or corrode, and resists common acids.

A built-in garbage container. Sliding in and out under the sink, this exclusive "Standard" feature saves dozens of steps every day. It is of vitreous china, holding a covered container of aluminum. All metal parts are non-tarnishing, like the faucet.

Three styles—seven sizes. You have three styles and seven sizes to choose from in these newest sinks. You can have a single or double drainboard model. Every one has the distinctive "Standard" trade-mark clearly impressed in the enamel on the right hand end.

On display near you. "Standard" Showrooms in more than 50 cities invite you to inspect these most attractive new sinks and make comparisons.

Write for book. It is full of interesting information about these newest sinks. You will find it invaluable in wise kitchen planning. Free on request.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

"Standard"

PLUMBING FIXTURES

Is this a partial portrait of you?

WHEN you look at this fellow dawdling while the work waits maybe you'll see in him something you wouldn't admit in yourself—laziness.

Yet it's a curious fact that most of us (whisper it, maybe all of us) are lazy about some things. For instance, men:

Do you always get your suits pressed the minute they look baggy? Do you ever make a shirt "do another day" because you are too lazy to get out a clean one?

How about your housework, women? Do you always do it when you should? Shampoo your hair when it needs it?

If you are like most of us, you put off these, and similar matters as long as you can.

Tooth brushing for example. Of all the little tasks people are lazy about, this one heads the list. In the morning we are in a hurry. At night we are tired. And always we lose sight of the pleasant after effects in contemplating the task itself.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quick-*

est way to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

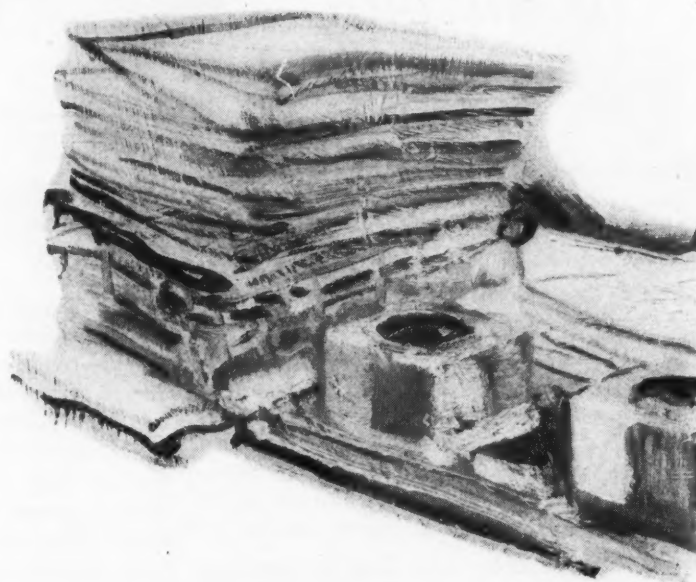
And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.

Is your pocket book tired? Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.



LISTERINE



"—even for lazy people"



TOOTH PASTE

-- over in a minute



Stout women, too, find supreme comfort in Charis

THEY, in particular, rejoice in this featherweight, one-piece creation, for it controls and supports the stout figure completely, but without the least restraint. At last they, too, may safely discard their heavy and irritating garments for the delightful freedom and extreme effectiveness of CHARIS.

A wonderful, adjustable inner belt and a flexible, light-weight outer garment are all there is to CHARIS, yet these provide perfect support and figure control and give the smooth, stylish lines which the latest frocks demand. Boning, reduced to a safe minimum, is concentrated only where needed and can never prod or chafe the figure. Nothing to slip or get out of place. It launders beautifully.

The secret of the amazing effectiveness of CHARIS is in the adjustable inner belt, which is patented and exclusive. This belt is shaped to reach under the organs which require support and lift them naturally, instead of forcing the abdomen straight inward, as so many other garments do.

These unique CHARIS features are embodied in a special design for each figure type, even the most slender. And for all its superiority, CHARIS costs less than the garments it replaces.

CHARIS is never sold under any other name and never sold in stores. It is available only through CHARIS offices located in all larger cities, with representatives everywhere. Look in the phone book for the nearest CHARIS office, or write us if there is no representative in your locality.

Price \$6.75 (\$6.95 West of the Rocky Mountains)

Write for free descriptive folder

THE FIFTH AVENUE CORSET CO., Inc.
Allentown, Pa.

CHARIS

A PATENTED GARMENT

THE ORIGINAL ONE-PIECE GARMENT
WITH ADJUSTABLE INNER BELT

Not Sold in Stores

We are adding women of refinement to our staff to sell CHARIS wherever territory is open. Those who wish to enter a pleasant and profitable profession are invited to write us.

FIFTH AVENUE CORSET CO., Inc.
Dept. M-4, Allentown, Pa.

Please send me further information about CHARIS.

Name

Address

If you wish to know how you can become a representative, check here ☐

BETTY USE YOUR BEAN

[Continued from page 13]

ventions, signals.

Oh, bridge was just as bad as golf had been. And this their last evening together for three months! Betty could never have got through it if it hadn't been for the dream. While Jerome was making the best of her mistake, Betty returned to her plan. Three months away from Walter. Three months to carry it out.

BETTY nearly dropped her bag of golf clubs at the sight of Thomas Arlington Smith coming toward her around the corner of the little white golf-house. As Tom Smith he had played on the Hadley High School team the year that no rival team had scored on Hadley's eleven. But that was seven or eight years ago and in Hadley. This was now and in Bermuda.

Tommy met her surprise with a grin. "Didn't they tell you my name at the hotel?" he asked.

"Yes, but they just said 'a Mr. Smith' and I never thought—" Betty stopped, half embarrassed, then realized that Tommy, as of old, had been spoofing her. "You know it isn't such an unusual name. And I didn't know you even played golf, to say nothing of teaching it."

"Well, I wouldn't be teaching it, wouldn't have anybody to teach if there were a regular professional anywhere at this end of the island."

"But how do you happen to be here at all?" Betty puzzled. "I heard you'd got a grand job in New York."

"I have," said Tommy, "and I proceeded to show my aptness for it by getting double pneumonia my third month there. They're the dearest people in the world to work for—proceeded to give me a report to do, with instructions to take the winter to it and to come down here to work on it. It's really only about two hours a day work and the office doctor's orders were to spend the other twenty-two hours outdoors. Did you ever try to spend twenty-two hours a day doing nothing?"

"I suppose from the standpoint of doing anything really useful, I'm spending all my twenty-four that way this Winter," Betty admitted.

"Well, I don't call giving golf lessons one of the most valuable of human services," said Tommy, "but it is at least a harmless way of passing the time and it's just about my present speed in exercise." And then, curiously, "What are you doing down here?"

"With Felice and her husband—they invited me. Three months. Private suite on the boat each way, slickest suite in the hotel—it's the grand thing to have a sister who's married money."

Tom glanced at the large square emerald on Betty's left hand.

"I hear you're not marrying into the submerged tenth, yourself," he said.

"Compared with Felice, I am. Still," frankly, "there's no denying that marrying Walter's a step up for me."

Tommy grinned approvingly. "You're one of the few honest people I've ever known, Betty," he observed. And then, "Well, I judge by our date this morning that you're planning to improve your swing."

Betty nodded. "Though if I'd dreamed you were the 'Mr. Smith' they told me about at the hotel, I doubt I'd ever have shown up. I never thought of having to expose my golf to an old friend. Why, the mere sight of what you're up against may kill you entirely."

"I'll take a chance," said Tommy. "Come on. Let's have a look."

It was an ordinary golf lesson, full of talk of stance and follow-through and timing and keeping your eye on the ball. Because they were such old friends and neither had anything else to do till afternoon, the half hour lesson lengthened into an hour and when it was over they strolled down through the quaint streets of Saint George and out along the shore.

"Tommy," she asked, "do you honestly think you could teach me to play a decent game of golf in three months?"

Her tone was so earnest that Tommy evidently thought better of his hasty "Sure," adding cautiously: "It depends on what you mean by a 'decent game.' You don't mean medal stuff, do you?"

"Oh, heavens above, no! Just—" she hesitated a moment, then blurted, "just

a good enough game so that Walter won't be always being ashamed of me."

"Why, I should think so," said Tommy. "Of course—this is your first year at it, isn't it? I should say you had a rather better start than the average beginner. But, of course, I don't know how low your Walter's boiling point is."

"And I want to learn to play a good game of bridge, too. I'm just as bad at that as at golf. You don't suppose there'd be a bridge teacher anywhere at this end of the island, do you?" anxiously.

Tommy was dubious. "I've never heard of one," he said. "It doesn't strike me as very likely. Of course there are plenty of sharks at the hotel."

"Of course, if it's just a question of playing, I could play with Felice and Hugh; they could find a fourth and they'd take me on even if I'm not very good."

"You ought to be as good as Felice," said Tommy. "She wasn't brought up on a bridge table, either, and you've got a better bean than she has."

"Thanks for the delicate compliment, Tommy. Felice has played an awful lot since she was married, though. Still, she'd be glad to play with me and I don't think Hugh would mind. I'll see if there should happen to be a teacher here and then if there isn't—"

"There are lots of books on bridge, you know," Tommy suggested.

Betty shook her head.

Tommy laughed. "Playing a lot with good players is probably as good as anything you could do," he admitted. "Make Felice and her husband take you on."

"I don't suppose," Betty hesitated, "that you'd ever like to play with us? We could play out on the porch, that would help fill up your twenty-two hours a day outdoors."

"Ticked to death," said Tommy, "any time I can make it."

"Would you like me to try to make up a game for this afternoon?" Betty asked promptly.

"I couldn't make it this afternoon," said Tommy regretfully. "I'm tied up with golf."

"More lessons?"

"Well, not exactly. There's a—girl up at your hotel that I go around the course with every afternoon."

"Oh, I see," Betty couldn't keep her tone from being disappointed. Tommy's having a girl here was an unexpected obstacle.

"Unless," Tommy suggested, "you'd like to play after five o'clock—say from five till dinner time."

"Oh, that would be great. Felice is always bored to death between tea and time to dress for dinner—I know she'd love it."

"I'll stroll over around five," Tommy promised, "on the chance."

"Fine!" said Betty. She was definitely beginning to make the dream come true.

The three were waiting for Tommy on one of the broad hotel verandas at five. It was a bit cool for the summery clothes that Betty, back in middle-western Hadley, had thought she would need for Bermuda, so she had borrowed a dress of Felice's, a peach-colored woolen. Felice's own white wool was as impeccable as the dress she had lent Betty, as coarse-woven, as smartly-tailored. Betty glanced down at the three pairs of white buckskin shoes, expensively trim and expensively light of weight, at Hugh's twelve-dollar English woolen stockings, at hers and Felice's, ribbed and heavy, too, but fitting over their ankles with the slim trimness of the best silk.

"Wonder who Tommy's girl is?" Felice observed from her perch on the veranda railing. Tom was coming up the long board stairs beside a girl now, carrying her golf clubs.

"She's not such a dressy crowd, if you ask me," observed Felice.

"She's not, at that," Betty admitted, adding loyally, "she must be all right, though, or Tommy'd never be bothering with her."

"Hello there, Tommy Smith! Who'd ever have dreamed of seeing you here?" Felice greeted him, as he left the girl at the hotel door. And, then, presuming upon old friendship, "Who—who—who's your lady friend?" [Turn to page 58]



Oh, Boy.... I know they're good — and good for me!

away down South, where they certainly know what's what at mealtime, you'll find bottled carbonated drinks occupying an honored place on the table. It's a custom that's growing. And rightfully so.

"The average diet," DR. E. H. GOLAZ, of the Texas State Board of Health reminds us, "is badly deficient in liquid. Attractive, palatable, handy, bottled carbonated beverages should be present on the American table as a part of the daily meal."



OTHER SCIENTISTS support the counsel of Dr. Golaz. The sugar in these drinks, they tell us, by natural action becomes what they term "invert sugar," and its high energy value is quickly assimilated into the system. This accounts for the instant bracing, invigorating effect you've often noticed.



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..... up in rock-bound New England some folks call for tonics and ginger ales in Dixie the cry may be for soda pop. Some call them charged or soda waters and the list of brand names is infinite. The big thing to remember is that if the drink is carbonated and bottled it is good and good for you.

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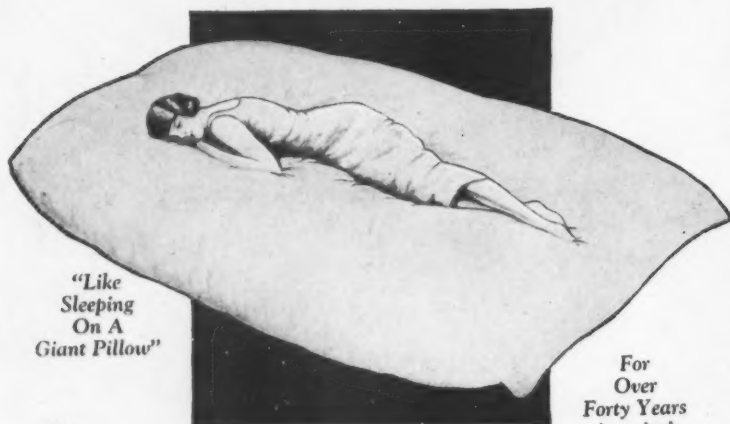


Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . tonics in New England . . . soda water in Dixie . . . soda pop in the Mid West . . . soft drinks in the Far West and we all know the ginger ales. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!



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The Sealy is tuftless because it needs no tufts. A patented Sealy "Air-Weave" Process inseparably knits millions of tiny, long staple, white cotton fibres into a giant buoyant batt—a great mass of resiliency that is over five feet high before it is compressed into the Sealy tick.

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The pure, clean, air-woven cotton of the Sealy only requires an occasional sun bath to keep it fresh, sanitary, and buoyant.



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Greater comfort—more lasting service. It is double deck—like a spring upon a spring. Ninety-nine coils of the finest tempered steel spring wire are united upon an all-steel, round-cornered frame. A cross-laced, helical top forms an even surface which conforms noiselessly to your body. A patented brace prevents rocking, sagging, or swaying. Fits wood or steel beds.

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Air Woven, of long fibre, virgin cotton.
(A PATENTED SEALY PROCESS)

DO YOU BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?

[Continued from page 9]

By LUTHER BURBANK

life or any other judgment because of what he believes, but because of how he lives.

Let me say first that I am not selfishly concerned about the immortality of my own soul—my own mind or intelligence or spirit. The fact of the persistence of a universal and first intelligence does not prove immortality of the soul any more than immortality of the soul would prove the existence or permanence of the first intelligence. And it seems to me that time spent in worrying about his soul and his after-life has prevented many millions of men from doing their work in the world, standing up to circumstances, facing out difficulties, conquering personal weaknesses and faults, and has kept them from rolling up their sleeves and glorifying God by doing something for themselves and their families and the race! I do think that we have had too much anxiety about the end of the world and not enough about the first of the month!

But since a large proportion of human beings seem so constituted that they have to debate and speculate on that question, and since I am so repeatedly and urgently asked to give my opinion, I will do it, though it seems to me unimportant at best.

I do not believe in a heaven for believers and a hell for unbelievers. I believe in a heaven on earth for the man who does his work as well as he can and who doesn't shirk the hard jobs and complain that God isn't giving him a fair deal. I believe in a hell on earth for the man who cheats and shrinks and quits, and I have seen many men in that hell and, in spite of being impatient with them, I have pitied them.

It is difficult for me to believe that man alone goes on forever if animals and birds and flowers and trees and useful plants die and are no more. I would rather think of all this life—this Mind—being immortal and going on forever doing

ing the work that is set out for it to do, and doing it as well as it can and each generation doing it a little better than the one before.

But I have no faith in a hereafter because I do not need to concern myself with it. I do not expect to go to a heaven where all is bliss and light and eternal rest, nor do I expect to go to a hell where all is fire and brimstone and torment. I do not believe that I will be re-born as a wolf or a statesman or a Russian count, any more than I believe that I will be transferred to Mars or some other planet to start life over again and have more work to do. Any one of them may be in store for me, but I do not believe in them nor guide my life according to principles that I think may win some such fate for me, because I feel no need to speculate about it or wonder about it or concern myself with it.

I have a great and abiding faith: the faith that work and honesty and sincerity and love are what make the world progress, following the law of this Mind I have been writing of. The faith that to leave some impression for good on your fellowmen when you are gone is the highest of heavens; the faith that to have had life and an opportunity to work and serve and laugh and love little children and have them love you, is a golden reward in itself and makes other rewards superfluous. And, far from desiring to shatter the faiths of others, I wish that I might do something to build faith in them, and strengthen and hearten others in a faith not built on legend or superstition or fear or a formula or a hypothesis, but built on the proclaimed truth which all life, through Nature, thunders in our ears, but which is not heard, either because we will not hear or because of the din and shoutings of the warring sects and creeds that cry: "Our God is the one true God, and there is no other God but ours!"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

world. Even when all the reasons are in, there is something—there is everything!—still to prove. We don't have to prove mother-love, we know it. And so may we come to know that higher love, the love of God, and the knowledge that some day His kingdom is to come. But how convey it?

For the utter unbeliever, here are three simple questions. The first: What human life stands supremely, without challenge, as the most important we know—Buddha? Confucius? Why, even these great oriental prophets had no such pressing, personal message for their believers, as have the words of Jesus Christ now, today, everywhere, for everyone of us!

What is the secret of this manual laborer, who lived for but three obscure years of teaching, in a small, far distant village, whose friends were peasants, who died a criminal's death, two thousand years ago? What did He say?

Why, He said strange and puzzling things. That pride and bloodshed were weak things after all, that the gift of peace was for the humble and the charitable and the merciful. That equity and logic might not save us, but that when

we became as little children, then indeed our groping hands should find our Father, and we "should not taste death forever."

And—third and last question: Are these absurdities true? Has it been to lies that the broken, hungry, seeking soul of man has been clinging, for two thousand years, or do we indeed love most the gentle, the charitable hearts we know? Do brute force and hate and revenge awaken the best in us, or do we all seek love—love—more love, and admit, in every hour of our lives, that love *does* fulfil the law? Do we not still pass by the logical, the brilliant, the statistical and unhappy intellectuals, and choose to find our friends among the simple and the good?

Stop trying to create God, you don't know Him. Stop trying to fit Him into petty scientific laws that won't last out this generation. His Kingdom is the only real Kingdom—that of the undecieved heart. Learn through your heart of Him, rather than demand that He shall learn through your brain, of you. In silence and humility and solitude listen for that unfailling Voice. Seek and ye shall find! Knock and it shall be opened unto you! Ask and ye shall receive!

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

self. His inner being and "the purposes of God" are beyond him. Man's consciousness is greater therefore than the things it encompasses or can encompass. Matter and energy are of one order; God and human consciousness are of another. God and the soul of man are therefore higher than the manifestations of force that man knows.

Suppose that the physicists are right—that God and man are energy. It is humanity's part in our little but widening understanding of the purpose, which makes us eager to know more that we may obey the Divine purpose which indeed makes us children of God. Energy may be indestructible. It passes from form to form. But the purpose back of energy, the spirit of a planned growth from the simple to the more complex,

is changeless. It is immortal. Is it not logical to hold that man's spirit, wrestling in love toward fellowship with God's hidden plan, is more lasting in the universe than the changing and perhaps passing energy which God directs? "I know," cried Job, amid pain, amid the wreck of his mortal hopes, amid such dread calamity that left him no anchor to material happiness, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" Is it not that very faith itself, that belief in purpose stronger than energy, faith which reaches out to touch the Divine direction of things and holds it firm by something stronger than force, is not that very faith an evidence of immortality? "I go to the Father," said our greatest Brother, "for the Father is greater than I."

No More Dull-looking Complexions

I can tell you how to have that indescribable charm of fresh young girlhood. I want to give you my secret for

Youthful Beauty Instantly

By Madame Jeannette de Cordet
Famous Beauty Specialist

NOW you can have more beauty—beauty that is young-looking and natural-looking—and you can have it instantly. No more dull-looking complexions—you can flash into new vivacity and youth with this special twin treatment for beauty.

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom, used together, will transform the most sallow of skins into fresh loveliness. Select the shade of this powder that exactly matches your skin—for these shades are perfectly blended for the various types of skin-tones. Then select the tone of Pompeian Bloom that looks exactly like your own coloring—and you will be amazed at the improvement in your appearance.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch—delicately perfumed—a powder that spreads evenly, spreads with an enchanting smoothness. It has the extra virtue of staying on for hours at a time, making frequent powdering unnecessary.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks exactly like your own coloring. It remains on your skin unusually long. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable—and comes off on the puff easily.

Whatever your type—whatever your age—you can stand before your dressing-glass and see your skin assume the velvety texture and delicate tones that all women desire for their skin!

My way to "Youthful Beauty"

First, cover the skin evenly with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It imparts the rose-petal softness of youth.

Then, a touch of Pompeian Bloom for color. Do you know that color in the cheeks gives the eyes a youthful sparkle? Now dust over again with your powder to soften and blend the rouge. Result? Youthful Beauty—instantly.

The shade charts show you exactly which shades of powder and rouge you should use for your own type of beauty.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters. Price 60c per box. (In Canada slightly higher.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom

SHADE CHARTS

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER comes in: *Flesh*—a decided rose-pink shade for the fresh youthful skin.

Peach shade (formerly called *Naturelle*)—a delicate creamy-pink.

Rachel shade is a rich creamy tone designed especially to meet the requirements of the skin that is known as *brunette*.

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POMPEIAN BLOOM, a perfected rouge comes in: *Medium*—a soft warm rose shade that gives natural color to the average skin.

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Light and the *Dark* shades are two other desirable tones of *Medium* Bloom.



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Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom will be sent with the beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, entitled "The Bride," is painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, and is faithfully reproduced in colors. Actual size 27 x 7 inches; art store value easily 75c. Madame Jeannette's booklet of helpful beauty suggestions also sent.

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Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

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DOCTORS say we need to eat more bran—more "bulk." You can get this healthful "bulk" into your cooking by using Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Muffins, griddle cakes, waffles, breads—made with ALL-BRAN—are more delicious and much better for you.

ALL-BRAN is far better to use in cooking than ordinary tasteless brans—its appetizing flavor adds goodness to any dish. And it is 100% effective because it is 100% bran. It accomplishes results no part-bran product can equal.

There are many delightful ways to serve ALL-BRAN. Sprinkle it over soups. Use it in puddings, cookies, dressings. Cook it in with other cereals. Serve it with milk or cream—and add fruits or honey. Comes ready to eat.

Order a package from your grocer. Insist on genuine Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company, world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep, Krumbles and New Oats. Other plants at Davenport, Iowa; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.



—as a cereal
Serve ALL-BRAN with milk or cream—and add fruit if desired. Let it soak a few moments in the milk to bring out all its nut-like flavor. Sprinkle it over other cereals too. Just two tablespoons of ALL-BRAN eaten daily—in chronic cases with every meal—will relieve constipation.



—bran waffles
1½ cups of flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons ALL-BRAN, ¼ cupful of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 4 tablespoons of milk, 4 tablespoons of melted shortening. Sift the flour, salt, sugar and the baking powder together; add ALL-BRAN, milk, and beaten egg. Beat well. Bake in hot waffle iron.

—bran muffins

2 tablespoonfuls shortening, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sour milk. Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, then dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for 20 minutes. Yield: 12 large muffins.



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Today we know that no diet is complete without some uncooked foods daily

DO YOU BUY YOUR FOOD WISELY?

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

THIRTY years ago it was believed that a chemist could analyze any food and tell its nutritive value. The vitamins had not been discovered then. No one knew the importance of having the right amounts of the various mineral elements in the diet. Nor was the difference between proteins of good quality and proteins of poor quality understood. No distinction was made between fruits and vegetables, except in their chemical composition.

People were told in those days that the wisest and most economical way they could spend their money for food was to buy beans, cornmeal and wheat, which would furnish more protein (the building material of the body) and carbohydrate (energy for work and warmth) than would milk, eggs, butter or meat. They believed that meats, eggs, fruits and such vegetables as spinach, cabbage, lettuce and tomatoes were luxuries, which added only flavor and variety to the diet. So when it was necessary to economize on food, they did not buy these.

Even as recently as fifteen years ago, the majority of people did not know they should eat some fresh, uncooked food at frequent intervals, if they would keep in good health.

Today, we know that a diet consisting entirely of cooked food is incomplete, no matter how great a variety it may contain or what its chemical composition may be. Indeed, one of the most remarkable facts that has been established by modern research in nutrition is that any diet which is made up of even as many foods as all the cereal grains (wheat, oats, corn, barley and rye) together with peas, beans, potatoes or sweet potatoes, turnips, radishes, beets, carrots and any of the fruits, cannot properly nourish children while they are growing or adults so that they will live long and remain youthful.

We have come to regard fruits and vegetables in a different way from that in which they were treated thirty years ago. In the first place we make a great difference between leafy vegetables and the root and tuber vegetables and fruits. All the leafy vegetables are much more nearly complete foods than are any of the other vegetables or fruits.

This has been proved partially by the fact that there are many kinds of grazing animals which have lived for countless generations on a diet composed largely of the leaves of one or more kinds of plants. There is no creature which can live entirely on any of the tubers, roots or fruits.

The leafy vegetables are all rich in calcium, which is the principal element in lime and one of the bone-forming substances. We must have calcium in suitable

amounts all through life if we are to be healthy. Children need more of it than adults, for they are storing it

away in their rapidly growing bones. Grown persons need a certain amount of it passing through the body fluids every day. The only other foods besides the leafy vegetables which are rich in calcium are milk and such milk products as cheese.

The leaves are more nearly complete in the amounts of the vitamins they contain than any other vegetable foods. When fresh and uncooked, they have in them all the vitamins needed by man, except the vitamin D. No food contains enough vitamin D. We must rely on the fish-liver oils for this vitamin. When we do not get enough of vitamin D in our diet, the only thing which can compensate for the deficiency is exposure to sunlight. Either sunlight or the fish-liver oils will protect the child's bones from rickets and the adult's bones from the abnormal development known as osteomalacia.

The vitamin C (which protects from scurvy) is destroyed under the ordinary conditions of cooking, and since one develops the incipient symptoms of scurvy if deprived of this vitamin for about forty days, some raw food should be eaten preferably once a day.

Although scientists have not yet completed their studies of the values of the proteins of the different kinds of leaves compared with each other and compared with proteins of other kinds of foods, there can be no doubt that these proteins are of high value.

Certain particular foods contain proteins which are extremely valuable as supplements to the proteins in other foods. The defects in the proteins of all cereal grains are much the same and that they are of little more value when combined than any one of them if eaten alone. Certain cereal grains and certain legume seeds (peas and beans) make remarkable combinations of protein. Pea proteins and wheat proteins, for example, are greatly improved by being eaten together. Corn and pea proteins, on the other hand, do not enhance each other's value very much.

Beef, milk and meats are very effective in improving the proteins of the cereals and hence those of our principal bread grains. Milk contains more calcium than meat. The chief differences between the various kinds of meats lie in the fact that the glandular organs contain more vitamins than such muscle cuts as ham, steak or roasts.

Note: For a more complete guide in selecting food, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Doctor E. V. McCollum, in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



For instance—St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., where the Mayo brothers work, uses aluminum cooking utensils exclusively.

The BEST COOKS use Aluminum

Hospitals are enthusiastic advocates of aluminum ware. They approve its long life—its economy in the long run. They testify to its admirable cooking qualities. They find it easy to handle; easy to keep hygienically clean.

But, more than any other quality perhaps, it is the safety of aluminum for all cooking that is first in the thoughts of the hospital executives who equip their kitchens with aluminum utensils.

Housewives prefer aluminum for the same reason. They know they can trust this pure, clean, shining metal. And to add to their satisfaction they have the knowledge that aluminum cooks everything well.

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ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Your gums need calisthenics, too!



MANY of us find time for regular exercise to keep our bodies in trim. And even when the "daily dozen" is forgotten, our muscular tissues in the course of a busy day get some work and stimulation to keep them healthy. But our gum tissues get none. They are robbed of exercise by our modern diet. Our food deprives them of the healthy mechanical stimulation they need to keep them sound. And this, the dentists declare, is the basic cause of the stubborn gum troubles we hear so much about today.

How soft food injures gums

Natural food, with its content of coarse, fibrous materials, was meant to stimulate and massage the gums through the act of mastication. But these soft, delicious eatables we prize so highly have lost their invigorating properties. They are stripped of their roughage. They fail to keep the blood within the gum walls in lively circulation.

That is why gums soften and become prey to disease. "Pink tooth brush" is only a fore-runner of more stubborn troubles.

The counter measure— Ipana and massage

What is more natural than that the dentists should turn to massage of the gums as the remedy? And, further, thousands of them direct that the massage be performed with Ipana Tooth Paste after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

For Ipana contains ziralol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well-known to the profession. Its special properties enable Ipana to aid in the toning and strengthening of the weak, undernourished tissues.

Use Ipana for at least one hundred brushings!

You'll find Ipana's flavor a delicious surprise. And Ipana will keep your teeth white and brilliant. The ten-day trial tube will readily prove these things. But the better plan is to get a full-size tube at the drug store. Use it faithfully for a whole month, and see how your gums respond to good care!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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BETTY USE YOUR BEAN

[Continued from page 52]

"She's a Miss Raswell," said Tommy. "Miss Mary Raswell, from New York. She has a position here in your hotel."

Of course. That explained to Betty her odd feeling of having seen the girl before. Nothing odd about it; she had seen her before. At a small desk behind the hotel desk, working on account books. Betty recalled Miss Raswell's face with an odd sense of distaste. A hard, tightly held mouth that never widened, even when she smiled. Still, Betty reluctantly admitted, it might be a face that would be attractive to men.

The bridge game was highly successful, so much so that Hugh insisted on keeping Tommy for dinner and making an engagement with him for the next day.

"He plays a splendid game of bridge," Hugh told Felice and Betty, after Tommy had gone that night.

After the games of a few afternoons, however, Betty realized that a kindly fate was evidently taking a hand in making her dream come true. Hugh was eager, determined to play bridge with Tommy, would fairly beg him to stay for dinner with them at the hotel in order to have an extra rubber after dinner. Betty realized that she was learning as much about bridge as she could possibly have from a teacher.

They usually had fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner alone together, the evenings Tommy stayed. On balmy evenings Betty and Tom would wait on the veranda, often perched side by side on the railing; on chilly evenings, they would find some corner near the fire that would be blazing in the ballroom.

And during these snatched quarter or third hours, Tommy would explain to Betty the why of all the bewildering conventions and signals of bridge. The more he explained, the more Betty realized that Tommy really did understand the game. And Betty found that, once she really understood the reasons of a bridge convention, it was no longer difficult to remember it. She had been helpless and dazed trying to play with Walter's friends, she soon came to realize, not so much because there were so many new rules, conventions and signals, but because she had not really understood what any of them were about. Tommy was undoubtedly teaching her bridge as well as golf.

"What about this Mary Raswell, Tommy plays golf with every afternoon?" Felice demanded of Betty a week or so later. "Do you think Tommy's crazy about her?"

"Oh, no," said Betty. "He told me all about her. She's a girl that he says is a natural born golfer, the real thing, you know, the kind professionals and champions are made out of. And there's a rich Scotch widow, down at the other end of the island, who's mad about golf. Every so often she gets interested in some young player that she thinks is a comer and stakes them for two or three years. She's picked two or three who have turned out to be local champions and she's crazy to find some young woman that she thinks is worth backing. Tommy thinks this Mary Raswell might interest her."

If it were not for Mary Raswell the afternoons would doubtless have stretched out in pleasant continuation of the mornings. When Tommy met Betty at the little white golf-house at ten, his daily two hours of work was done. There would be an hour's golf lesson, then they would spend the time until one o'clock luncheon in loafing.

Sometimes they bicycled out along the smooth white roads; one morning they spent absently trying to play on a saw, as a musical entertainer at the hotel had done the evening before. Another morning they spent on the beach, skipping stones and discussing with spirit and good nature which way would be quickest for Tommy to pick up enough Spanish for commercial purposes in case his firm should send him to Buenos Aires.

Betty found her afternoons a sad let-down. Bridge with some of Felice's acquaintances, pretty young women in flowered chiffon or tailored silks, faultless young women who knew the right people everywhere. Golf with one or the other of the young men at the hotel who would talk to her of the shows he had

seen in New York and try to kiss her when they reached the secluded little dip of land at the eighth hole. A good deal of a bore, after the mornings.

Afternoons were satisfactory in one way, of course. They showed Betty how she was making the dream come true.

And then suddenly, after two months, Tommy announced one morning:

"I'm afraid we'll have to cut out the golf lessons after today, Betty."

"Oh, why?" Betty's cry of disappointment was as genuine as that of a child deprived of a favorite plaything.

"I'm getting to feel too well. I can't justify this two-hours-a-day for the firm any longer. Got to dig in and do more work now. I'm sorry as the dickens."

Tommy seemed honestly regretful of his returning vigor.

"You're going to keep on with Miss Raswell afternoons?" Betty unexpectedly heard herself asking.

"Oh, sure," said Tommy. "This Scotch woman's been over in Edinburgh for six months and she's getting back next month. I want to see Mary ready to knock her cold."

So he called her "Mary." Betty said nothing. She was oddly, passionately indifferent to Mary Raswell.

"You don't need any more golf lessons, anyway," Tommy added.

"You mean I've learned all I can?" Betty asked incredulously.

"Not at all. I mean that you're ready to begin to learn, now. If you want to."

"Begin to learn?" Betty repeated, puzzled. "What have I been doing all these two months, for heaven's sake?"

"You've been being taught."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"What's the difference? Betty, use your bean! Almost anybody can be taught in golf—or bridge or almost any other game, for that matter—to play a defensive game. Can be taught not to do everything wrong. You don't completely flub so very many shots, now, you know. You very seldom pull any bad bones in playing bridge. But that doesn't amount to anything, except for defense. If you really want to play the game sooner or later you get to the point where you've got to take the offensive."

Betty looked puzzled. "And how do you do that?" she asked. "Except by just playing the best you can?"

"By beginning to look ahead, planning your own campaign, not being dependent on what the other fellow does."

Betty swished her midiron thoughtfully across the tall grass.

"I think I see what you mean," she said finally. "In bridge, for instance, you look over your hand, see what tricks there are in it, figure out about what tricks the chances are that your partner holds, what ones are probably out against you. Then you dope out whether you've enough to gain to pay you to go ahead and make the trump, and take your chances."

Tommy nodded. They walked slowly back toward the hotel. At the door, he gave Betty her bag, declined her invitation to stay on for lunch, he'd have to get back to work.

"But you'll drop in around five or so for our bridge game?" she urged.

"I'm afraid I can't. I'm terribly sorry. It's a sad business, this getting well."

Betty laughed politely. And then, seriously: "Well, even if you say I don't need you any more, I'm going to miss you terribly. I suppose we will see you from time to time, won't we?"

"Oh, of course," said Tommy.

But it wasn't "of course" or else he had meant the "from time to time" to be rather long times.

Betty, left to Felice and Hugh, the faultless flowered ladies and the well-groomed eligible young men, found three and four and five days at a stretch boring beyond belief.

And how she found herself disliking Mary Raswell! It had begun mildly enough with the impersonal opinion that Mary was a rather cheap and grasping person, but it had gone rapidly on from impersonal opinion to intensely personal dislike. The sight of her on the golf course of an afternoon, her middy sleeves rolled up over strong, shapely white arms,

swinging her club with an easy, accurate snap that sent her ball straight and true and swift as a rifle shot, was enough to spoil Betty's whole afternoon.

She seldom saw Tommy any more, just a hasty greeting called across the golf links, an occasional meeting and brief chat in one of the shops.

At last the boring last month was over, steamer tickets home were reserved, Felice's giant trunks packed. Their last day. Felice came home from town with the announcement that she had met Tommy on the street and made him promise to come that evening for a farewell bridge game and dinner.

Betty dressed absently that evening. She decided upon a dress Felice had given her, apricot color and distinctly smart. But she fell to wondering about Tommy and Mary as she dressed, and went through the motions automatically. Facing herself in the long mirror, she found that she had absently put on not the smart apricot frock but an old cream-colored net that she had brought from Hadley. For a moment she considered changing, but then decided not to. It was a becoming enough dress.

A wistful, sad thing it was, this dressing for a farewell. It would be a farewell; she was going back to marry Walter; Tommy probably would stay and marry Mary.

After having dressed the part for a sad and wistful farewell, it was a frightful let-down to find Tommy so cheerful about it. He flattered Felice and joked with Hugh, complimented Betty alike on her beauty and her bridge, played an absorbed game, himself.

A little after seven, the cards were reluctantly put away. There was to be dancing that night, so Tommy went back to his rented room to change to evening clothes. Felice and Hugh retired to their suite for one of Felice's lengthy toilets.

The veranda was almost deserted when Betty returned to it, alone. Tommy would be sure to be back before Felice and Hugh were. Valiantly she tried to summon more spirit and gaiety, to remember that tomorrow she was starting home to Walter, that she had made her dream come true—And all the time, the unhappiness grew, deeper, more hopeless, more frantic.

She heard voices, a man's and woman's, absently for some little time, in the hotel office, through the open window at her back, heard the voices without heeding them. Then suddenly she caught a phrase that brought her absent thoughts to quick attention. It was Mary Raswell's voice, flat, metallic.

"Nothing doing," she was saying firmly. "Come around and talk to me after the widow's bet her money on me. Till she does. I'm keeping my eye on the ball."

There was a masculine rumble, earnest, pleading.

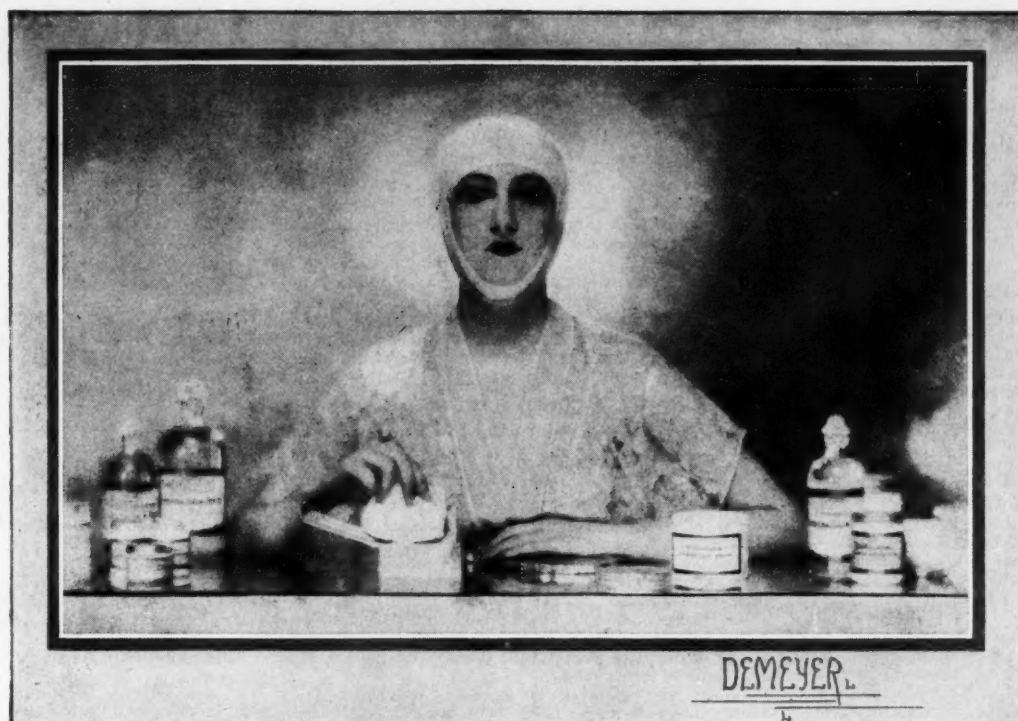
"Oh, be yourself," Mary advised the speaker impatiently. "If you had a chance like I've got you wouldn't be taking any chances with it, either. There'll be plenty of time for holding hands when I don't have to use nine hours a day sorting mail or pushing plugs into a switchboard."

The man's voice again. Betty could not hear just what he said but Mary laughed scornfully, reassuringly. "Oh, him!" she answered. "You don't need to worry about him any. I'll put the skids under him quick enough once I'm solid with the widow."

Betty rose sharply, her thin satin slippers made no sound and she hurried angrily away from the window. This girl had been talking about Tommy, this vulgar, selfish, grasping girl. Boasting of using him and then casting him off, just as Betty had felt she would do. Betty felt a rush of hatred rise against Mary Raswell that set fires in her amber eyes. And yet with the anger, came a great sense of relief.

The moon was really out when she and Tommy strolled out between dances onto the silver-lit veranda. They sat down, side by side, on the white balustrade. Tommy lit a cigarette and Betty told him exactly what she had heard Mary Raswell say.

She had wondered whether Tommy would be angry, perhaps even angry at her, too, as one often is at the bearer of unpleasant words, whether he would be hurt or whether he [Turn to page 73]



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BY E. J. KEMPF, M. D.

pathology on the influence of emotions and beliefs upon health and disease and the influence of health and disease upon beliefs and emotions, has shown that belief in immortality, or the possibility of immortality in some form, is necessary to protect the vital functions in the struggle to make life worth living.

The slightest ray of hope, illusions, or belief in the return of love relieves this tension and pain. Hence belief in immortality in some form, wherein the sacred wishes will be fulfilled, is man's most effective insurance against eventual despair.

BY BASIL KING

a factor. To take that which has come to us vibrant with a secret of existence against all odds, and wilfully snap it out is unlike any other of the economic processes of nature. Nature admits of change, but always insists on continuity. Death in the sense of an end puts a stop to continuity. That other death in which we see only a new opening towards immortal life is, of course, but one of the agencies through which immortality carries on.

BY REV. BERNARD I. BELL

exist outside that area. Science can say nothing about ultimates, because ultimates are not three-dimensional. Despite even the psychologists, science cannot declare to us human destiny; still less dare it speak about God and eternity.

When I was a rationalist and nothing more, I came to understand that future life is probable, because without postulating it, life here is absurd. The rational probability of immortality is tremendous. When I was found by God, that probability became certainty. A mystical experience, in prayer, meditation or sacrament, or through direct act of God unaided by man's conscious cooperation, is simply a super-reasonable realization of contact with a Divine Person who both exists and cares. It is as unintellectual (*not un-intelligent*) as falling in love. The two things are not unlike. Each involves the discovery of a hitherto unknown being. When a man mystically perceives that Personality does exist outside the world of sound and sense, then he knows the reality of eternal life; knows that within it he himself now is and that within it he will always exist, for weal or woe.

BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.

and blessed life in man were it not vouchsafed him by his Creator. The Divine Parent who will not allow an electron or a throb of energy to be wasted will not cast His own children as "rubbish to the void."

BY REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH

prevent him who will reward or punish man with mingled justice and mercy, after death. The fact that God is wholly a spirit, that He has no body, that I cannot even imagine in this life what He looks like—does not prevent me from knowing on grounds of reason, that He is Infinite Intelligence, Will, Benevolence and Power.

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

and extreme of existence in jungle, air, sea and civilization before I die, and bargaining through it all with the one commandment which I find necessary—Try not to hurt another person. I feel quite firm about one point: with Androcles, "I really don't think I could consent to go to Heaven if I thought there were to be no animals there."

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

young womanhood, I began to think for myself. With increasing sophistication I was embarrassed by what I thought might be my "narrowness." Was not a belief in immortality simply man's escape from the dreadful thought of dissolution? Did I not believe because I could not bear to think that my soul must die?

The search for truth continued. I read and pondered. And at last I came to this—that I could not accept a Christianity without immortality in it. Not once in the gospels does Christ say that death is the end. Again and again He proclaims: "I am the resurrection and the life . . . whosoever believeth in me shall never die."

For one who rests in that belief, the thought of immortality is not difficult to grasp.

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

the supreme sacrifice of crucifying their flesh for others—why do men make it, allegorizing God's compassion, unless they know that they themselves are little gods, and share God's faculty for pressing endlessly forward? It seems to me that when we try to pry God's withheld secrets, He must pity us as a little vulgar—impertinent as monkeys. In a world which has been so over-explained that sometimes it seems no more than a jumbled mass of mechanism, we should be grateful that He has left us some mysteries to dream about. The greatest of these is immortality.

BY BEATRICE M. HINKLE, M. D.

Objective knowledge throws no light on the subject. Therefore, the conception of immortality among the many depends entirely upon belief and, among the few, upon subjective knowledge.

The idea of immortality alone gives a meaning to tragic human life with its struggle, its sorrows and pain. While this is no reason for the truth of the idea, it reveals the source of the wish, and it is the wish that is the mother of all man's achievements. Out of the wish he creates the vision, and led by the vision he struggles towards its attainment.

Immortality is not a free gift to man like birth and

DO YOU BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?

[Continued from pages 10-11]

death, but a possibility to be attained through genuine love and service.

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

so terribly wish to be true. For the most part I am content to be agnostic, gathering what answers in my case for the serenity of the mystic's faith, in the confidence that at any rate a few years, or even a few hundred years, of "immortality" may come to a man through the grateful memory of the race. This seems to me, on the whole, a far worthier incentive to right living and good deeds than the fear of Hell or the hope of Heaven. It is enough for me that in this brief moment of my emergence from the flux of things the chance is given me for the one glorious adventure called Life. If I can seize that moment, it is enough.

BY RT. REV. CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

tuition, that the life here is part of that life which is beyond the shadows. Eternal life is one: the seen is entwined with the unseen; the unseen, with the seen.

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

essence of man survives the ruin of the body it will do so whether or not; and (2) because it seems to me a matter not susceptible of rational discussion, and those who say they "believe" it should ask themselves whether they do not mean that they *hope* it.

But I also think that anyone who comforts himself with a hope of some persistence of personality after death need not be discouraged from this idea, unless he is using it as a club to beat others with.

As for any self-aware continuation of this particular entity, myself, I can see no evidence for it; nor, barring my natural sentimental interest in my own ways of thinking, any special reason for hoping it.

BY H. A. OVERSTREET

to us that things are not what they seem. The apparently solid matter in front of us for example, is not solid at all, but a system of electronic charges. Now to the ordinary mind the most real reality is what we see and touch. But that may not be the most real reality at all. To a more accurate seeing, the most real reality may be thought, purpose and will.

What, now, is an individual person? He is a focus, so to speak, of thought, purpose and will.

Will he survive death? We do not now know. What is the function of death? We do not now know. But that this present focussing point of thought, purpose and will is simply to be cast on the ash-heap of the universe, we are less and less able to believe.

We are already scientifically convinced of the indestructibility of matter. We shall, I think, also become convinced of the indestructibility of those peculiar forms of reality which we call thought, purpose and will. Death may usher them to a complete re-birth, from which all memory of the past has vanished. Or it may usher them to a re-birth from which only part of the past has vanished. We do not know. Science is emerging from its period of rather crass materialism. It is realizing that there is a profounder reality than so-called matter. It is, therefore, not impossible to believe that in another generation, through accurate experimentation with super-normal physical phenomena, we shall be able to tell, with some measure of precision, what happens, through death, to this most real reality of all which we call the human personality.

BY EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

loves, it is also an idea which adds to one's sense of importance. For all these reasons, the doctrine of immortality is so interwoven with those feelings and memories and fictions and hopes, which together go to make up the feeling of "Self" that it is almost impossible for any of us to think about it impersonally and courageously. It is one of those ideas to which the judgment, true or false, is inapplicable; for it belongs to the poetic appreciation of reality.

BY VERNON KELLOGG

But scientific men as a class do not believe in the existence of spirits. They do not accept them as scientifically proved, and few are inclined to accept them on faith. Personally, I do not like to stop there, I want to believe in immortality, and I so strongly want to that perhaps I do. I am honestly confused about this. But if I do believe in immortality I do so on a basis of faith, not on a basis of scientific proof.

BY FREDERICK PIERCE

part of the mind cannot but convince one that it—the "Unconscious"—has connections with both past and future which are closed to ordinary consciousness. The voluntary acceptance of certain death for altruistic motives is not confined to those who have a religion promising eternal reward. It is just as likely to be manifested by some one having no religion at all—but having surely, as I believe, something which we all have, an instinctive, unconscious knowledge that death is only change, not end.

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

the world may appear, the more incumbent it is on him to create in it the atmosphere of love.

I do not want a future life for myself alone. It is always those who love most devotedly who long for it most deeply. But it is on the basis of my own experience of life and its companionships that I hope for life to come; not for consolation, but for consummation.

If I were to face death today, it would be with a deep,

instinctive assurance of future reunion with those I love.

BY JUDGE FLORENCE ALLEN

flesh, the blood, and the bone which physically compose them. It is the breath of life within. This force has never been located, nor dissected, nor analyzed, and probably it never will be; but we see with our eyes and hear with our ears, and know with every one of our senses that it exists. When we have this spirit in us we are capable of emotion and action, thought and feeling. When it is not within us we are capable of none of these physical phenomena.

Now where does this spirit go upon death? We see the body die and change to dust, but we do not see the spirit die. We know that the spirit did live; we know that energy continues in one form or another, and we have no evidence that the spirit dies with the death of the body. So I presume we can really say that we have reason for our belief in immortality. But the reason that we cling to our belief is that we have to think that the souls of those whom we have known and lost are not really dead—that somewhere they live.

BY REV. JAMES M. GILLIS

genius for being wrong. Wisdom is hidden from the wise and revealed to the "little ones."

Those, therefore, who profess to teach truth—poets, philosophers, prophets—make their appeal to the mind of Man. God himself submits His Truth to the adjudication of the human intellect.

A true prophet recognizing that the heart of Man is not only the touchstone of truth, but the repository of truth, probes the heart in search of truth. He digs up the treasure and presents it to Man. And Man cries out "he has revealed myself to myself. His word is true." Christ was the supreme Prophet, partly because "He knew what was in man and needed not that any man should tell him."

Remembering these things, I remain undisturbed when an occasional philosopher or scientist denies the immortality of the human soul. I take refuge with the prophets, who with Christ, report that the revelation of immortality is written both on the mind of God and the heart of Man. (To agree with God and Man is to know the Truth.)

BY BISHOP FRANCIS J. McCONNELL

human life could go on after death, but in such case would eternal life be worth living?

If we can whole-heartedly believe that God is like Christ—that Christ has told us the truth about God and has set that truth on high in his own life—then God feels toward men as Christ felt toward them. We could not imagine a Christ-like God calling men into existence to mock them with a few brief tantalizing years and then to blot them into nothingness. If Christ has the truth as to God's Fatherhood of men, such treatment of men by God is morally inconceivable. It would put God's Fatherhood below the moral ideal of human fatherhood and thus empty Christ's word of all meaning.

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

promise of reward or threat of punishment to do my best, and, if I did, I should regard the man who did his best without them as a better man. (The immortality I crave is the immortality of thought and act that shall live after me.) The immortality I desire for those I love is accomplished when they live in my mind and heart. Whether or not they live in "another world" is not important to me, because if they do not, I shall not, and so neither of us shall suffer loss. Love confers immortality; desert achieves it; religion has nothing to do with it. Credulity is a poor measurement of Christianity; I prefer emulation. Most creeds have abandoned the idea of Hell. Is it a further departure from religion to abandon the idea of Heaven? And does not the fact that we turn aside from belief in punishment, but not from faith in reward, seem significant and symptomatic? I do not know or care whether I shall live after death, any more than I know or care how long I shall live *before* death. The important thing is that I shall live helpfully . . . however long. Continuance before or after may be a pleasant or an unpleasant surprise, and neither matters. What does matter is not the continuance of my soul . . . my ego . . . any more than of my body, but the impersonal persistence of what they have accomplished. My religion is a philosophy of living rather than a concern with death. The "immortality" that interests me is the immortality of high ideals, unselfish service, clean living, clear thinking, and good work well done.

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

it in good running order so that it will do my work. Some day I shall find that I have used it up—worn it out—and I shall cast it aside and it will be thrown on the rubbish heap. But they will not throw *me* on the rubbish heap because I am not material flesh and blood and bones and nerves that can be used up or worn out. I am something else.

BY EDWIN BJORKMAN

think about the ultimate issue of my present self can satisfy anybody but myself. In any immortality of the kind promised by the old creeds, I have no faith whatsoever. To me, Heaven and Hell are fairy tales, full of symbolic significance, but having little if any relation to what we term reality. I suspect, without fearing it, that when I reach the punctuation mark known to us as death, I, as I am now known to friend and foe, shall sink back into that universal store of vital energy from which powers beyond my own control have momentarily projected me. Yet I do not believe this cessation of a certain form of existence to mark the final end of all that was me until then. Immortality, like everything else, is relative. The human body is immortal in comparison with the cells that form it. The race is immortal in comparison with the individual, and life in its totality represents eternity when contrasted with the million or billion years allotted to the human race.

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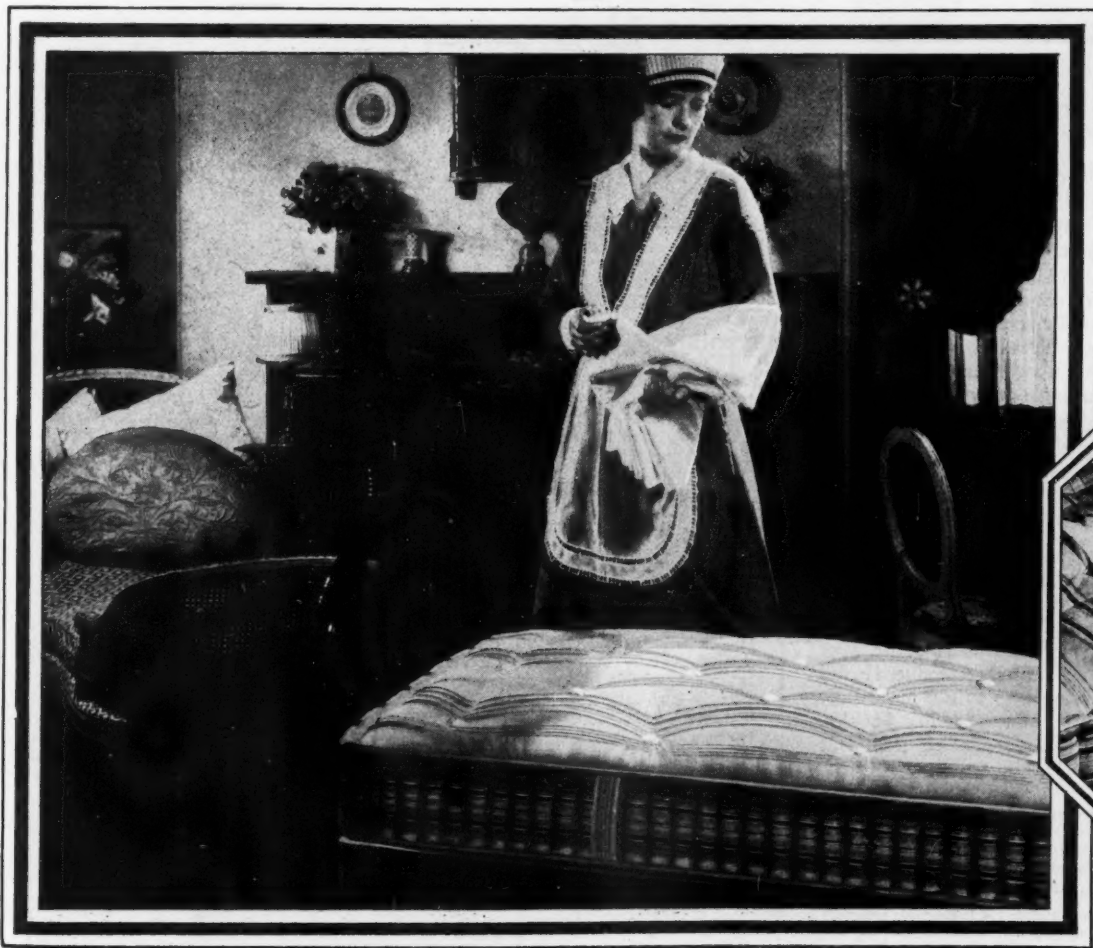
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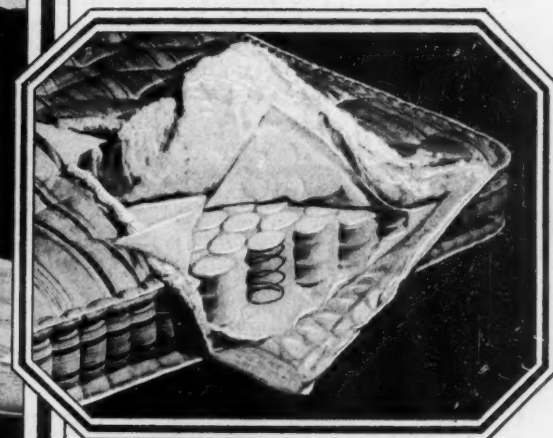
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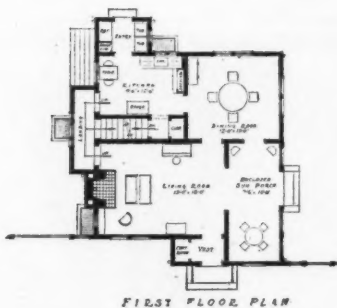
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City _____
State _____



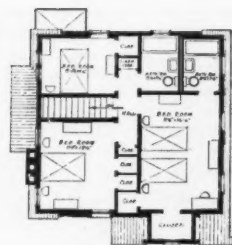
THIS HOUSE WINS FOURTH MENTION IN McCALL'S COMPETITION

WON BY BASIL S. GEORGES AND ALFONSO CAMPANELLI

Collaborating with MARCIA MEAD, McCall's Architectural Adviser



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

THOUGH it has Greek and Italian originators, this charming little cottage is a real American, for its creators have learned to express themselves in the American spirit.

We may search the world over for inspiration in building, but the work of our early American forefathers always makes us feel at home, and through the greater part of our country it is appropriate.

This little Colonial farmhouse is reminiscent of some of the early cottages of New England and Virginia, except for the second story "dormers" as we call them. The early Colonial home builders did not know this sizeable type of dormer. It is a wholly modern motif and it is a dangerous one, but the architects have taken care of this feature very cleverly.

It is such attention to details which makes a design good. Builders are prone to "improve," as they think, upon the architect's plans in changing such details, not knowing that they are thus spoiling

the design and appearance of the house.

In buying standard plans there are often some things which you would like to have different. There are always some changes which can be made in the design of a house without detracting from its beauty, while other changes might ruin it completely. Do not make changes nor allow your builder to make them without consulting the architect. In using McCall's Magazine's Home Building Plans, our Architectural Adviser will be glad to help you.

The fence suggested here with its attractive gateways makes this cottage home even more delightful and being in line with the front walls of the house will not intrude upon the parking space. Such an arrangement with proper planting will prove very happy.

The total cubage of this house is 18,000 cubic feet, and though the cost of each cubic foot will vary a little in different localities a fair average of the cost would be about forty-five cents per cubic foot.

Two complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for the Fourth Mention House will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans and specifications, \$5.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs send for McCall's Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four to seven room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet \$15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

They have learned the way to keep the radiant *MOUTH of YOUTH*



How brilliant, how enchanting you seem to others now!

Your gleaming smiles, your joyous laughter, win the admiration of all who know you. You know you are more charming when you have used Pebeco.

"Pebeco is more than a tooth paste," so many users say. "It is necessary to perfect and complete care of the whole mouth. Its very taste is assurance of its help and protection."



PEBECO keeps the Mouth Glands Young

THE dazzling whiteness of your teeth, the healthy hardness of your gums are lovely charms of youth.

You can have them always if you keep your mouth glands active. For these are the real guardians of the whole mouth. They should be supplying day and night the fluids which neutralize acids and prevent decay.

But these important mouth glands slow up.

Modern diet, with its soft, easily swallowed foods, restricts the natural fluids which the mouth glands should produce. Without hard chewing to exercise them, your mouth glands falter. Even in childhood, discoloration and decay begin, gums start to soften.

To correct this, Pebeco was especially perfected. Its principal ingredient renews the normal action of the mouth glands, keeps them vigorous day and night. You can taste the important substance in Pebeco that does this. As you brush your teeth, you get its sharp keen tang, its slightly salty taste, gloriously clean!

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.



Where the mouth glands begin to slow up even in childhood

Often before we reach our teens, soft foods have caused the mouth glands to produce less and less of their natural fluids. Gradually they cease to wash away food deposits, to counteract day and night acids forming in the mouth.

Pebeco contains the special ingredient that restores the normal youthful vigor of the mouth glands, renewing each day the smiling, healthy Mouth of Youth. The numbers show where the mouth glands are, three on each side.

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Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

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For more than a decade, thousands of women have recognized in Armand the supreme achievement of the perfumer's and cosmetician's art. Always they have made an appeal to women of refinement and culture. Armand files hold in confidence thousands of missives confirming this just fame.

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To every friend of Armand this expresses appreciation, good-will and assurance of a continuance of that high quality which first merited her interest.

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ARMAND, DES MOINES

Armand
Cold Cream
Powder

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checked hat box



IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE?

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers"

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

I CANNOT pass by the general subject of contagious diseases without mentioning at least a few more details that may help to relieve some of the fears that every mother has of these dread childhood enemies. With a little timely precaution, a great deal may be done to minimize the dangers, and especially is this true in cases where a person is known to have been exposed to any of the contagions. I cannot emphasize too much the need for a proper quarantine, should the unfortunate time come when a disease has overcome all precautions.

To begin at the very beginning I will try to explain what is meant by a contagious disease. It is understood that there exists an illness due to a specific micro-organism in one person which may be conveyed to another and reproduce itself in an individual who is unprotected from the disease in question; by unprotected I mean that the individual has not had the disease before, or has not been immunized through vaccination, or other means, against it.

Four of the contagious diseases—scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and smallpox—may now be prevented or made much less dangerous through immunization.

Measles and whooping cough are probably the most contagious. German measles and chicken-pox take next place as to communicability. Scarlet fever is less contagious according to my observation than any of the foregoing.

That carriers may be instrumental in conveying the disease from the infected to the unprotected is well known, but as a means of transference the possibilities have been very much exaggerated. In the vast majority of the cases, I am convinced, the disease

is contracted through personal contact.

A carrier may be a person, a toy, a book or an article of clothing. The so-called incubation period, which is the

period between the time of exposure to the disease and the development of the disease, varies considerably in the different diseases. Thus in diphtheria an individual may carry the diphtheria germs in a viable condition on the mucous membrane of the throat or in the nose for weeks and the disease may never develop. And again it may develop

very rapidly after an exposure of a day or two.

Absolute quarantine of diphtheria and scarlet fever can be carried out effectively if these suggestions are followed out: The child must occupy a room alone with the mother or nurse; all superfluous furniture and decorative curtains should be removed; a bare floor is best; the meals should be served on a tray and placed outside the door of the isolated quarters. The utensils containing the food are removed by the attendant in charge and placed for a few moments in boiling water. Clothing and soiled bed linen should be placed in boiling water to which one ounce of carbolic acid has been added in strength of one ounce to a gallon of water.

Before removing the child who has recovered from a contagious disease, he should be given a tub bath, a vigorous washing with soap and water and a shampoo. It is my custom, too, to send carpets, mattresses and pillows or any article that cannot be washed to the cleaners. The floor and all woodwork should be washed with soap and water, and papered rooms should be repapered: Following out such a routine I have in many instances confined the disease to the patient.

I appreciate, of course, that these details are impossible in many cases. When careful quarantine is not possible, however, this ideal should be kept in mind.

ANGELO PATRI SAYS—

A LITTLE child has a dignity that must be respected if he is to become a self respecting personality. By respecting his dignity I mean keeping a well balanced sense of proportion in dealing with him.

He cannot talk like an adult but neither is he silly or incompetent and there is no reason why he should be talked to as though he had not good sense. Baby talk is an affront to childhood. None but the clearest and purest speech should be used in the presence of a little child.

A little one cannot defend himself against attack and it is most unfair to take advantage of that fact to toss him into the air, poke and shove him about. Tickling him is an inexcusable indignity.

Children's nerves are highly sensitive and ought to be guarded accordingly. You dislike the person who shouts at you, leaps out suddenly at you from shadowed corners, whacks you on the back and behaves generally as though you were a puddle in which it was his pleasure to splash. A child dislikes this sort of thing even more, and it hurts him more. He should be nurtured in gentleness.

Children resent strangers peering into their faces and asking for kisses. The prolonged scrutiny of adults is very disturbing to children and they should be shielded from such experiences. Childish dignity demands distance, reserve, courtesy.

Adult language is not clearly understood by young children and often they interpret it dimly. The blurred conceptions give rise to fear and fear is deadly to little children.

The fewer long speeches made to them the better.

Children are people and should be extended the courtesy due that estate. Dignity is the basis of self respect.



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For Making
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FRENCH DRESSING
—perfect for all salads

Perfect when you make it in the manner prescribed by the chefs that have made French cooking famous. This is *it*: just three parts of Wesson Oil; one part of lemon juice or vinegar; salt to taste and paprika to color. To make the dressing tart use less oil—to make it milder use more oil.

Then you add whatever seasoning you like when you like it. Perhaps a dash of Worcestershire Sauce or catsup, a pinch of mustard or curry.

The secret is *you* suit *your* taste in all its moods. And the best way to do this is to mix your French Dressing right at the table when the salad is served. That, too, is the correct—the really smart way.



In the beginning most people bought a 30c bottle of O-Cedar Polish—as sort of a trial

They liked it so well the next time they bought they got the 60c size, three times the quantity for twice the money



Today hundreds of thousands of these same people buy O-Cedar in quart, half gallon and gallon sizes: effecting still greater economy



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LACQUERED furniture, now so much in vogue, has an added enchantment when cleaned and polished with O-Cedar. Duco finished furniture, varnished surfaces and the like, has new beauty when O-Cedar is used.



YOUR nearest dealer sells O-Cedar Polish in convenient sizes—30c to \$3.00.



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How many Johnnies and Maries are making life difficult by their wilfulness

MOTHERS CAN STILL GROW!

BY ALIDA E. DE LEEUW

ILLUSTRATED BY SHIRLEY KITE

AS an educator of wide experience on both sides of the Atlantic, Mrs. de Leeuw is well qualified to write on the subject of child training. We are glad to announce that she will write for us from time to time and will also gladly help McCall Street mothers with the everyday problems of childhood. If you wish to ask Mrs. de Leeuw for any special advice write to her in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

NO one likes to grow old, and though we all feel it foolish to grumble at that which must inevitably come upon us, we all sympathize with each other in the feeling that old age must be postponed as long as possible. What we really fear, I imagine, is that we shall become out of date, that we shall become hardened and crystalized and find at last that we are at a standstill.

Of all people in the world, those who need fear the change that comes with advancing age least, are mothers. Any one with growing children about her has numberless opportunities of exercising her mental and spiritual self in such a way as to keep limber and abreast of advancing times. Children grow and change from day to day, from year to year, and the woman whose happy lot it is to care for them, must change and grow too, if she is alive to her problems and opportunities.

There is one little ladder up which those who deal with children may climb, of which I should like to write here. It is one connected with the ever-present problem of obedience.

Looking back over a long life as an educator on both sides of the Atlantic, I remember, as the question most often put to me by mothers and teachers of young children, this: How shall I make my child obey me? And I wonder, as I think of all the millions of homes on McCall Street, how many mothers are at this moment grappling with that particular problem; how many Johnnies and Maries are making life difficult for their parents by their wilfulness; how many of our readers are worried because they are unable to make their children mind. Let me try to give some hints from my experience; they may prove helpful.

There are, of course, several theories current with regard to this problem of making children do as they are told. Many people think that the old idea of "spare the rod and spoil the child" is the wisest one. To such it seems obvious



that for practical purposes it is necessary to arrange things so that children will do as they are bidden, without preliminary arguments. No household, they argue, can be run satisfactorily where children can never be made to obey. On the other hand, there are many thoughtful parents who feel that to "break the child's spirit," as it used to be termed in my young days, is very unwise. That "spirit," a combination of the child's will and judgment, is really the young human's most valuable possession, the only asset he has of which life's ups and downs cannot deprive him. Since he must at some time become an independent person, relying only on himself, the worst that can happen to him is to have that spirit broken. It must be trained, not broken. Being convinced of this, and of the value of this weapon, which he will need so much later in life, when they are no longer with him, his parents do not dare to impose their will upon the child. They feel obliged, even in his early childhood, to allow him what they call his "freedom."

Now, as practical people, we realize that there is much to be said on both sides of this question. We must have obedience and we must not hamper free development. Obviously, in the really successful home, there has to be some kind of combination of these two methods. How shall we manage it? I think, for mothers who will consider the matter and plan ahead, it will not be difficult to adopt what is valuable in each, and to avoid the pitfalls on either side. It is a question of arrangement.

The first stage of the child's life is infancy, and while he is a helpless baby, it is obvious that the parents' will must dominate. You must control your little child by saying "Don't" and "Do." No one is puzzled as to whether he shall argue with a child a year old. The solution here is apparent. But where many mothers make a mistake at this early age is just at this point. [Turn to page 85]

Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings

NEW!
No. 707



Smart, not only at the ankle but right to the hem above the knee—and yet

NEW!
No. 707

There is Onyx Pointex in a new style and at a new price. Style No. 707 is destined to become the most popular number of an already famous nationally-known make of silk stockings.

This new stocking was produced to meet the insistent demands of style-conscious women. It offers not only the trim, smart gracefulness that the Pointex heel brings to all ankles. It offers, also, the allure of a perfectly knitted silken fabric right to the line of the four-inch hem. That means all silk to a point three or four inches above the knee. And yet, it retails for \$1.85.

Ask for Style No. 707 by name and number. And, let us suggest, in the interest of stocking economy, that you buy it by the box—three pairs.

It sells for only \$1.85 Ask for it by name and number—Onyx 707 Pointex

Style No. 707 is a service-sheer Onyx Pointex stocking made in twenty colors. It is sheer enough for evening wear—serviceable enough for any wear.



TWO MARVELOUS NEW PREPARATIONS

for your cuticle



CUTEX CUTICLE REMOVER is the first step in caring for the cuticle. Every trace of dead cuticle must be removed to show the beauty of the nail base.



The new CUTEX CUTICLE CREAM created to supply the missing oils to the cuticle. Used regularly after removing all dead cuticle, it is a simple matter to have perfect ovals.

The new CUTEX CUTICLE OIL is like the Cream—prepared in liquid form. Use as part of your manicure. And also at night until the dry condition of the cuticle is overcome.

"LOVELY oval-shaped nails depend on the beautiful curve around the nail base which comes only when two things are done for the cuticle—One, you must remove the dead cuticle. Two, you must restore the missing oils"—so says Northam Warren, the great authority on the manicure.

And so with Cutex, already being used for removing all dead cuticle, Northam Warren has now especially created these two marvelous new preparations for the second step—supplying the cuticle with its missing oils.

They make the cuticle so soft and pliant it is easy to train to a lovely oval. Immediately the nails are almond shape, the fingers look long and slender!

But remember your nails can't look nice if old dead cuticle is left clinging to

the nails. Even the wonderful new Cream or Oil can't remove that. The only thing that has ever been perfected that will remove dead cuticle is just the familiar Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Then supply the lacking oils to the cuticle with either of these wonderful new preparations. If you have a tendency to excessive dryness, you will find it beneficial to spread on either the Cream or Oil every single night at first.

Mr. Warren will send you samples of the Cream and Oil with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover and Powder Polish. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it with 10c. If you live in Canada, address Dept. F-4, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

Try BOTH
AT ONCE

Send 10c for Introductory Manicure Set containing everything for 6 manicures.

I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Cream, Cutex Cuticle Oil, and Cutex Cuticle Remover, together with the other essentials for the manicure.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-4
114 West 17th St., New York

DO YOU BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?

[Continued from page 11]

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

But as things are well with me my heart is not sufficiently involved to make it a burning question; should things go wrong doubtless I would cry, "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief!"

Moreover I know that I love my loved ones for many reasons which must be evanescent: a way of laughing, even a way of weeping, a way of being angry, even some little physical habit—certainly not immortal, yet a real part of the personality I love; certainly not immortal, yet without them the people I love, cease to

be the people I love, and what does my heart gain from the idea of a personal immortality which changes the person, even if the change is for the better? What my heart wants is what it loves unchanged even for the better.

But there is another immortality: that of the universe. As a scientist, I know that the universe is immortal, and since my friends and I are parts of the universe, we too are immortal. Not as conscious, continuous individual beings of course, but susceptible to change and oblivion.

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

needed. Until we do see it, argument is useless. For, if life is worthless, so is immortality. No one aspires to an eternal inanity.

Life is brief at its longest and broken at its best; but by all the highest promptings of our nature we are urged, even commanded, to live for things immortal; for truth, justice, purity, love—things that belong to the eternal life. Manifestly,

the soul is as immortal as the moral order which inhabits it, else morality were a mockery. Since, in their out-working, the laws of the moral life reach beyond time and the shadow men call death, we have authentic assurance. To discover this truth and live accordingly—laying out our plans and forming our fellowships as citizens of eternity—that is life indeed; that is religion in its true meaning.

BY KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

what does it return? And with what results of experiment?

A man once said, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." That was an honest man. Hand in hand with every faith grows its twin-brother, doubt. To some he seems an enemy, to others a sturdy, anxious sort of friend. The belief, born of a wish, is stronger than its comrade unbelief. (It is easier to sustain the faith in immortality than to support any con-

sistent unfaith), so bitterly does love desire to hold again what once it held.

Lord, informing Spirit, Thou that started the incredible spinning of the stars, Maker, User and Breaker of mysterious tools, I believe in Thy vast immortality into which I shall be reabsorbed and where I may become a part of the loveliness of those I love, help Thou mine unbelief in the small rapturous personal Immortality of this . . . Myself.

WHO ARE THEY?

LUTHER BURBANK

America's great scientist.

KATHLEEN NORRIS

World famous American woman novelist; author of "Mother."

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Famous Kansas journalist, writer and editor of the Emporia Gazette.

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JOHN LANGDON DAVIES

Famous English biologist; author of "The New Age of Faith."

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

Preacher at City Temple, London during the war, Reviewer for McCall's.

When TEETH are Film Free

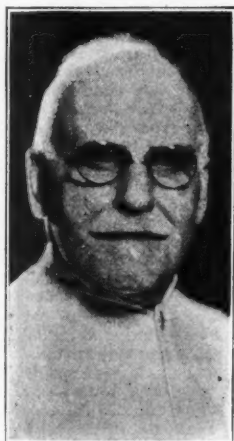
Smiles are Charming

*The new way to combat the film on teeth—
the source of many tooth and gum disorders
—which numbers of leading authorities suggest*

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free



*The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth.
That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally
placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.*



*A method dentists now
are widely urging.*

BY running your tongue across your teeth, a film will be felt—a slippery sort of coating.

Recent dental research proves that film a chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums—the source of most dull teeth, a chief cause of many gum disturbances.

Because old ways of brushing often failed to remove film successfully, a new way in tooth and gum care is

being widely suggested by dental authorities. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

WHAT FILM IS— ITS EFFECT ON TEETH AND GUMS

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved

by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

CURDLES AND REMOVES FILM— FIRMS THE GUMS

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva.

Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those now found in Pepsodent.

PLEASE ACCEPT PEPSODENT TEST

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.



*The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by
Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities.*

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1095, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name

Address

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2441

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Two stuffy noses would be worse than one . . .



..but why suffer with one stuffy nose?

YOUR head feels as big as a house. Your nose is stopped. You wheeze, and blow, and gasp for breath.

How foolish to suffer with a stuffy nose when Mentholatum gives such quick relief! Your tender, inflamed nose passages need the soothing coolness of Mentholatum. Even the outside of your nose is sore and red . . . badly in need of Mentholatum's healing, antiseptic touch.

Apply Mentholatum freely to your stuffy nose. Notice how suddenly you get relief—how the delightful coolness penetrates far back into your poor clogged head. Breathe deeply again.

Every druggist has Mentholatum in jars and handy tubes.



TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon with 10 cents for mailing costs to Dept. 52, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y. You will get a trial package of Mentholatum with a package of Mentholatum Cough Drops.

Name

Address

Have you ever used Mentholatum? Yes ☐ No ☐



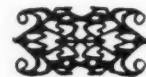
WHEN SPRING PEEPS OVER YOUR GARDEN WALL

BY DOROTHY GILES

Author of "The Little Kitchen Garden"

THE "Youtherie of the Year," so one old garden writer characterized these early weeks of Spring—weeks that open with the crocus, and continue until the lilacs burst into mauve and violet flame. That season has its own special name too, a name sponsored by no less a poet than saintly George Herbert who called those days of early May when the whole countryside is perfumed with the heady fragrance that could, I am sure, have its origin in a flower of no other color than this—"Lilactive."

I have a fondness for these quaint, old, seasonable names. They strike their roots deep into the heart—a good place for roots to spring from whether they be botanical or philological. They have been coined by generations of garden-wise folk who were poets at heart, and who sought, unconsciously it may be, and as so many of the greatest artists have worked—to express their poetry in the terms of everyday thought and speech.



It is such words as hopeful, gallant and wistful that come quickest to one's pen in writing of the first Spring garden flowers.

Blues and cool yellows are the predominant colors. Scarlet and very vivid orange tulips, handsome though they are striking a bizarre note in some modernistic planting, never seem to belong in the Spring garden picture. They are too self-assured, too flaunting, for this hesitant season.

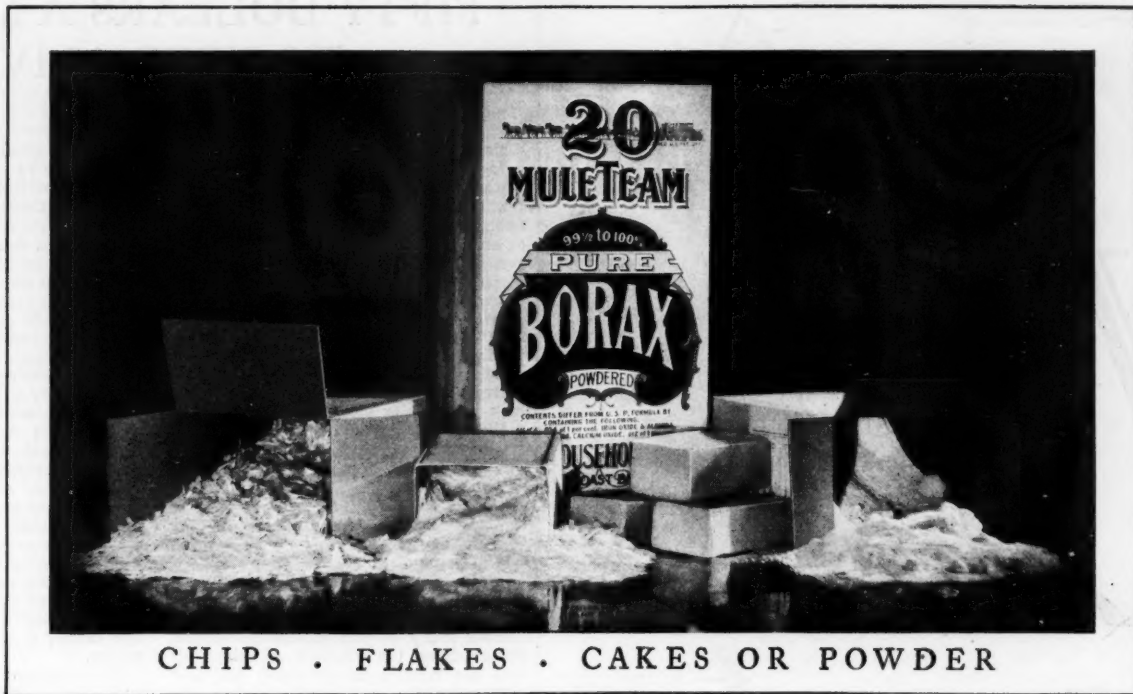
The Spring garden which abounds in daffodils needs a note of rich violet to set off their cool April sunshine tints. This is afforded by violas, pansies, and the less well known aubretias which come in at least four shades of mauve, violet and royal purple. For those who do not know this beautiful early Spring flowering plant, let me add that it grows about three inches high, in dense mats which are closely covered with tiny, wide open flowers. For a rock garden, or for planting at the base of shrubbery along a path it is a rich addition to the garden [Turn to page 85]

APRIL PASSES

BY ANN RICHMOND

April came yesterday down our way,
Jocund and gay;
Her gown the sheen
Of daffodil green,
While her dancing feet
Embroidered the earth with blossoms sweet,
And woke from out of their winter grey
Each burgeoning spray.

I called to her, but she would not stay.
Heartless and gay
I saw her pass.
She is gone, alas!
There is left a pain
Which neither the wind, nor the healing rain,
Nor the white largess of her sister May
Can e'er allay.



No matter which soap you use or for what purpose it will do better work if *Borax* is added to the water

THAT Borax does make soap and water more efficient has been convincingly proved through exhaustive tests made by the Priscilla Proving Plant at Newton Centre, Mass. Every housekeeper will find the facts disclosed by these tests helpful in coping with the home laundry problem.

Ten tests were made by washing duplicate assortments of clothes—one group with soap and water alone and then an identical group with Twenty Mule Team Borax used in addition to the soap. In every case the staff of the Priscilla Proving Plant pronounced the clothes washed in the Borax water to be whiter, cleaner and more satisfactorily laundered than those washed with soap and water alone.

Seven well known brands of soap used

In this very thorough test seven different kinds of soap were separately used—first without the addition of any Borax and then again with Twenty Mule Team Borax having been added to the water before the soap.

Aside from the positive proof of the merit of Twenty Mule Team Borax for laundry purposes, was the overwhelming evidence that no matter what brand or which kind of soap was used, Borax made the

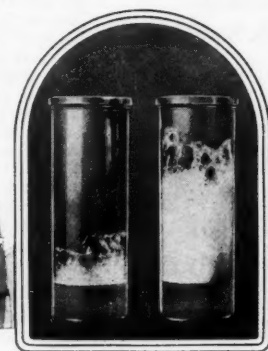
soap and water do better work in every instance.

And this was no reflection whatever on the quality of these seven soaps. It simply demonstrated that no matter how good your soap is, Borax makes it more efficient.

And there's a reason for this

Practically all water carries certain mineral elements which prevent soap from doing its full work. Borax neutralizes this mineral content—overcomes this hardness, slight though it may be. The result is shown in the

Three to five times the
suds when Borax is used



quick formation of rich suds. And plentiful suds are necessary to hold the dirt particles in suspension and insure thorough cleansing.

These scientific tests conducted by the Priscilla Proving Plant showed that on the average the depth of the suds when Borax was used was over three times the suds depth with the same soap when Borax was not used—in some cases even five times greater. So whether it is chips, flakes, cakes or powder that you prefer to use—Twenty Mule Team Borax is needed to secure the greatest efficiency.

This pamphlet will help you

How the Priscilla Proving Plant used Twenty Mule Team Borax and the startling results it showed is all completely described in our pamphlet "Better Laundry Work with Borax" which every housekeeper will find well worth reading. Send the coupon below for this pamphlet which we are sure will be a real help to you in your laundry problems.

As well as being an aid to soap, Borax is itself a detergent and a cleanser. It deodorizes and prevents germ growth. The old and well known Twenty Mule Team brand is on sale at all grocery, drug and department stores. Use it freely for laundry work and many other household tasks.

We also make Twenty Mule Team Borax Soap Chips—a ready combination of soap and Borax. We commend them to you as a highly satisfactory product. If your grocer doesn't carry them, just write us.

PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.
100 William St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of your pamphlet, "Better Laundry Work with Borax", describing in detail the tests made by the Priscilla Proving Plant.

Name

Address

Twenty mule team BORAX

Makes soap and water more efficient





SHEER, delicately colored, with a soft, silken sheen—*new* stockings. Oh! to keep them *new* until they wear out!

With Lux you avoid the *two unseen enemies* of silks—rubbing with cake soap and the injurious alkali in so many soaps, regardless of whether they are flakes or chips or cakes. Enemies that quickly rob your stockings of their original silkiness, their delicate coloring!

ALWAYS wash silk stockings in rich, bubbling Lux suds. With tissue-thin, transparent Lux diamonds there is no ruinous rubbing—no harmful alkali. Lux leaves stockings silky and soft—it fairly gives them *new life*!

Use Lux for your silk dresses and underwear, too—your sweaters and other woolsens. Sold only in the familiar Lux packages for your protection. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



*If it's safe in
water,
it's safe in Lux*

FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH TO KEEP ALIVE

[Continued from page 32]

their presence, I scorned the very thought of lying down during the day. Indeed I pitied my weaker sisters who admitted that they had to lie down every afternoon. I realize now that driving myself, as an electric motor drives an engine was just a form of vanity or egotism. We women glory in our ability to carry heavy domestic burdens, just as a wrestler or prize fighter thrills with his superiority over his weak-muscled brothers; but working from 6:30 or 7 A. M. to 8 or 9 P. M., without relaxing the body is not a credit to a woman, however efficient she may be. It is a blot on her intelligence.

We would not think of running our sewing machine, day in and day out without oiling it. We often allow our talking machine to run down, because we know that if we merely turn it off, leaving it wound up tautly, we may injure the mechanism. Yet we keep our organs and nerves wound up like a spring sixteen hours a day, never letting them run down in relaxation, never soothing them with the oil of the midday rest.

How many of you women on McCall Street have the strength of character and the courage to lie down and rest during the day, in spite of the comments of your neighbors and the amazement of your family?

Long before I reached forty I had stopped taking outdoor exercise of any sort. I fell in with the popular idea that, after thirty-five, regular exercise is unimportant—in fact, it made the mother of growing children rather ridiculous. As the children made less demands on me, and I was able to employ help at home, I decided that I had entered that happy period of existence when I could take things easy. So there I was, a woman who had exercised her muscles with broom and duster, with the beating of rugs and the hanging of curtains, settling into a figurative easy chair for the rest of my life. The highest recommendation for an apartment was the fact that a street car, taken at the next corner, would stop in front of my office. I forgot that walking to my office was the finest possible preparation for the day's work. Instead I considered it a distinct waste of time. When my physicians told me two years ago that I must walk for walking's sake, first a mile a day, then increasing it to three or four, I was horrified to find that my ankles soon gave out and that my heart fluttered abominably. Worse still, I took absolutely no pleasure in walking, but did it grimly as part of the regimen that would keep me alive. You can't undo in two or three years the bad habits of twenty years, and I still find it intolerable, this lying down an hour every afternoon, doing absolutely nothing, and walking with longing eyes on buses and taxi-cabs.

How many of you women have forgotten how to play? I never was more ashamed in my life than I was when a doctor asked me, "What is your hobby?" and I realized that it was "work." While you are still in your thirties or your forties, cultivate a hobby that takes you outdoors. If I had my life to live over again, I'd join a hiking club or a camera club or a woodcraft club, and I'd be as crazy about it as any boy or girl scout. No one but my Maker knows how I have struggled at sixty to play, and it is utterly hopeless, because I stopped doing it at thirty, and since then I have found my recreations in theaters, in concert halls, in museums and libraries, and neglected the great outdoors where Nature does her utmost to keep us well.

How many of you women on McCall Street pay any attention to trifling ailments? How many of you take a pinch of bicarbonate of soda after each meal? If your digestive tract cries out for bicarbonate of soda, there's a reason, and in your secret heart you know you should find that reason. And you really intend to do this some day when you have time. Or you have occasional headaches which you lay to an extra heavy day, or an extra fancy dish you had at a luncheon or dinner, or the loss of a night's rest when someone was sick. But if you are

subject to headaches, however slight, they are not due to accidents; they are warnings straight from nature.

"Just a touch of neuralgia." "Just a twinge of rheumatism." "I have had a succession of colds all winter."

How often you hear your friends in their late thirties or early forties say just such things as these. Neuritis, rheumatism, persistent and recurrent colds—these are not mere ailments. They are symptoms of some organic trouble which is eating into your vitality.

How many of you women have a zero hour? This may come in the night, usually between two and four A. M. You wake up with an odd sinking sensation. Or it may come just before you rise in the morning, and for a few wretched minutes you wonder how you can get through another day. Or it may attack you in the middle of the morning. It rarely comes between noon and midnight, and it usually passes when you have had something to eat or drink, especially a cup of strong coffee or tea, or a sweet, like candy, a slice of cake, or a French pastry.

The explanation of this zero hour is very simple. It is nature's warning of fatigue. The hot drink stimulates you and winds afresh the springs of your activity. The sweet is an energizer and gives you false strength.

Glancing back a few sentences, I feel this reads like the warning of the old-fashioned patent medicine "ad," but I don't care if it does. For if I had known how to interpret those warnings twenty or thirty years ago, I wouldn't be paying fifty dollars a month now to keep alive.

Thousands of women actually believe that it is selfish to "fuss" about their health, to run to a doctor about every little ailment, to complain of being tired. Naturally a woman who has borne and reared children is tired, you say. Well, she shouldn't be, if she has had the right kind of care and has lived sensibly. If her husband complains, she urges him to go to a doctor at once. If she does not feel well, she considers it all part of the white woman's burden and takes her favorite headache cure.

In reality we are never more selfish than when we neglect our health, for in the long run our families pay a heavier price than we do.

A woman wrote to me recently that she was greatly distressed about conditions in her home. She felt she had lost control over her children, because they called her discipline "nagging." Incidentally she explained that she had quite enough to do without being worried by strained relations in her family circle. She does all the housework, except the laundry, in an eight-room house, makes dresses for her seven-year-old child and does all of the family mending. Her two older children, employed by the telephone company, work on different shifts, so she packs lunches for them and takes them to and from work in the family car at different hours. She is purchasing agent for the family, cook and cleaner, nurse when there is illness, seamstress and family chauffeur. I don't suppose she has had a real vacation in years, and now she wonders why, at forty-five, she is so easily irritated, and why her family resent what they call "nagging."

Are you reaching the "nagging" stage? If so, it's not a mental condition, nor inability to discipline your family. It's a case of pure fatigue that may lead to a general breakdown.

However, we are progressing. A new school of medicine is gaining strength and popularity, a school of preventive medicine. All up and down McCall Street are doctors who would rather keep you well than cure you when you become ill. They belong to this new school of medicine. They are the doctors you want to consult.

Nor is this entirely a matter of your own physical fitness, your own happy future, the prosperity and contentment of your family. It is no longer fashionable to be delicate. The modern woman of social position swims, [Turn to page 82]

BETTY USE YOUR BEAN

[Continued from page 58]

would perhaps retire behind a shield of bravado. She was wholly unprepared for the unmistakably sincere nonchalance of his answer.

"Oh, yes," he said carelessly, "that's just about what Mary would say."

For a moment, Betty was dashed into uncomprehending silence. "You mean," she finally asked incredulously, "that her being willing to talk like that doesn't make any difference?"

"Why, no," said Tommy. "If she can be trained into a champion, I don't imagine the Scotch widow will care how many hands she holds in her spare time."

"But you—don't you care?" Tommy's face in the moonlight was all honest surprise. "What earthly difference does it make to me?" he asked.

"But to have had her impose upon you, deceive you—" Betty faltered.

"She didn't impose on me, or deceive me," said Tommy. "I knew she was a poor, ignorant girl with a real genius for hitting a golf-ball and I knew she'd never had a decent chance. No deceiving there—it's true as Gospel. And she didn't impose on me any—I've been just doing what I thought somebody ought to do for her."

"I suppose," she said, "I thought you'd mind because I thought you were really in love with her."

"In love with Mary Raswell! Lord in heaven, no!" Again there was no mistaking the sincerity of Tommy's vehement answer. Tommy, too, looked out into the fragrant moonlight.

Tommy looked back suddenly at Betty, laid his hand over her slim one.

"I never meant to let you guess, Betty," he said, "but I don't know that there's any harm in your knowing. The fact is that there isn't and never has been any chance of my falling in love with anybody else—while you were around."

THE Country Club golf course looked, in March, very much as it had in November. The same hard, frozen ground, the same leafless, windswept trees. It had grown too dark to finish the golf game and Betty and Walter were following their caddy back to the club-house.

Betty, swinging along, striking at the withered weeds with the putter she was still carrying, knew that Walter was an-

noyed with her. He was trying hard to be polite, but Betty, as sensitively responsive to mood as a Stradivarius, knew that he had been annoyed by her golf game. The truth is that it had been just a little bit better than his own. This had been luck, partly; it had been one of her very best days.

"How about a couple of rubbers of bridge?" Jerome suggested, as soon as the four had reached the club-house.

"Fine idea!" Walter and Roberta had agreed enthusiastically. "Nothing else to do between now and dinner time."

Nothing else to do! Betty's mind flew back to the two hours a day she and Tommy had had between golf lesson and lunch time, when the world had seemed so full of interesting things to do that a lifetime had seemed too short.

Roberta spread out the cards for the first cut with that businesslike deftness that had once so terrified Betty. It didn't terrify her any more, though. She had found that the mediocre players and even the poor ones were quite as likely to be brisks as the really good ones.

"Look here, Betty," Walter protested, aggrieved, the first time she ignored one of the conventions, "you can't bid Four Clubs with a Three No Trump bid against you—it's suicide."

And when Betty went blandly ahead and made her four clubs, winning game and rubber, he was still more aggrieved. Tommy, she thought suddenly, would never have been aggrieved.

"You come to the point when it's time to stop playing a purely defensive game. When it's time to take the offensive, to look ahead, to use your bean—"

Tommy had said something like that. And Betty was suddenly beginning to do it. Not in any game but in life.

"Betty, use your bean."

Betty thought she was doing just that now as she sat quietly at the bridge table, feeling sorrier and sorrier for Walter's wife. She thought she was planning ahead, cool-brained, intelligent. And perhaps she was, with one part of her. But there must have been some other part, too, some part that was warm, primitive, pure instinct. Else why should her hands shake so as she tried to shuffle the cards, just because she had begun to plan the letter she would write that night to Tommy!

AS A MAN PRAYETH

[Continued from page 2]

At Fifty-five Years of Age

Our father help Mary to bear the trial that has come to her. Help her not to become bitter or hard because of it, but to grow finer and more understanding. If it is thy will let her love win her husband back, but if not give her the strength to give him up, but don't let it warp her, dear father, or make her petty.

At Sixty Years of Age

Comfort the children for the loss of their dear mother. Comfort all those who mourn, and make them believe in thee and thy world of light and happiness beyond, where Eloise is gone. Take her in thy loving arms, dear father, and make her well and happy again.

Oh God I ought not to complain, but the loss of my dear one is heavy upon me. Give me courage to go on alone.

At Sixty-five Years of Age

God help me to teach these grandchildren of mine, before I die not to expect too much or too little of their fellow men. God help me to teach them to forgive because they are going to need considerable forgiving themselves before they get as far along the road as I have gone. And help me to keep out of their way and not be a nuisance to them.

At Three-score Years and Ten

Oh God I thank thee that my time is come and I am going to join Eloise. Don't let them mourn for me. They wouldn't if they knew how lonely it has been without her. Just putting in time. Comfort them, father, and use the love they have for me to lose their hold on the things that do not matter. God bless them and keep them.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 31]

misfortune. If they are never to have a chance, just what do you mean when you say that a wise and just God loves them?"

"Or, at the other end of the scale, the great souls, the trail-blazers, the pioneers, the martyrs, the saviors and cross-bearers of the race. Supposing the Cross is the end, the final scene of the drama—just what do you mean by a righteous God? There would be something the matter with a God who left it so—blowing us out like candles as he will."

"This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter: there are two philosophies, two religions, on earth which invite the allegiance of men, Hope and Hopelessness.

Which will you take this Easter Morning? As for myself, I am sure that we are not dust but spirit, sure that the universe is not aimless but purposeful, sure that God does not make us to kill us, sure that Christ is not dead but risen; sure that dust to dust was not spoken of the soul."

In this direct and forthright fashion a great preacher faces the august issue of death and destiny, dodging no difficulty, and finds a reason for faith, a basis for hope, even the Great Hope which arches over the lives of our living and the graves of our dead. For such leadership of faith we thank God.



While her master lived Aunt Jemima refused to tell a soul the recipe for her famous pancakes

Once she alone knew it

—this recipe today the most popular in all the world

FROM the very first every one wanted to try it. Far and wide the women on those old-time southern estates heard the news of her recipe. Yet no one could find out how she mixed her ingredients.

Today this same old-time recipe of Aunt Jemima's is used by more women than any other in history.

Down on the plantation only Aunt Jemima herself could make those golden-brown, tender pancakes that became so famous. No other cook succeeded in matching their flavor.

Now millions of women are following Aunt Jemima's recipe—making light, fragrant pancakes just like her own. Today her ingredients, proportioned exactly as she used them, come to you, ready-mixed in

Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. No cook book gives her recipe. Her special flours cannot even be bought in stores today. We grind them in machinery designed for that particular purpose.

It is so easy today. No chance to go wrong! Just mix a cup of milk (or water) with every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir!

You will notice new interest in the faces at table when you first serve these cakes, so tender, so wholesome. And how much you, yourself, will enjoy that matchless plantation flavor! Plan now to test Aunt Jemima's recipe ready-mixed. Use the coupon below to send for trial size packages of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and of her Prepared Buckwheat Flour or get full size packages from your grocer.

Now—a chance to test this famous recipe

Trial size packages of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and Prepared Buckwheat Flour mailed on receipt of 10c with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions. Send coupon today



The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch
Dept. D-15, St. Joseph, Mo.
Gentlemen: Send trial size packages Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, Prepared Buckwheat Flour and recipe folder. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....





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Cleanable Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Dish"

WOULDN'T you love to have a fresh, new, gleaming-white refrigerator this summer? Think what a joy . . . what an inspiration . . . in your kitchen! Think how much better everything would taste coming from these large, airy, wholesome food chambers! And how easy to take care of this porcelain Beauty—just a quick wipe with a damp cloth! Why not visit your Leonard dealer today and select the kind of a refrigerator you've always wanted? Of course you can afford it—the Leonard "pays for itself in the food that it saves!"

Unexcelled for ice or electric refrigeration because super-insulated. A leader in the industry for 45 years. Two million in use today. Send for Mr. C. H. Leonard's interesting and informative little book on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators", addressing Dept. 404. A Catalogue and sample of porcelain will also be sent to you.

LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Division of Electric Refrigeration Corporation

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EQUIPPED FOR INSTALLATION OF THE ELECTRIC UNIT

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 30]

United States so heartily disliked as she is in the England of today. The reasons for this are many and need no recital here, but it is distressing to all who wish for close Anglo-American union to find that when Ireland is no longer a subject of contention, other issues successfully bar the way to complete rapprochement.

During the Great War, and immediately after, Ireland seemed to be on the way to a prosperity she had never known before. The causes for this were that the war touched her but lightly, and she obtained good prices for her dairy and other products. Then came the struggle between the republicans on the one hand and the free staters on the other.

But lovers of Ireland, and who does not love her that has come within the charm of her native sons, see a brighter day in store for her. She is forging ahead toward political amity and economic independence. Preparations are under way to harness her rivers and force them to yield the power which the lack of coal has hitherto withheld. The Shannon enterprise alone bids promise of developing

sufficient power at minimum rates to give impetus to the industrial life of the state.

Thirty-five years ago that great and unselfish Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, founded an agricultural cooperative movement. He believed that under intelligent direction the farmers could do far more for themselves than the government could do for them. He held that the State should supplement but not provide a substitute for voluntary effort. This conclusion was in conflict with the general conception as to what an agricultural policy should be. He gave of his own money and time unsparingly, with the result that rural Ireland realized that cooperative organization was the key to the problem confronting the Irish farmer.

And Ireland has almost completely dropped out of English as she has out of American politics. Her citizens now have an opportunity to live up to the expectations of their ardent admirers and well wishers. The Ireland of yesterday was an Ireland from which to emigrate—the Ireland of tomorrow should be an Ireland in which to live and prosper.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 31]

on a pile of fagots a few hundred years ago. There is a description of *Elmer's* first church in which Lewis contrives to blacken the preacher forever with a most despicable seduction of the deacon's daughter. Then follows the preacher's descent into business, and his meeting with *Sharon*.

With *Sharon* out of the way the preacher fails as an evangelist and somehow contrives to get into the graces of another denomination. The last half of the book chronicles his steady rise to the pastorate of a powerful church in New York City and his certain prospect of some day lobbying the national congress at Washington for the moral elevation of a nation.

It would be false to say that Lewis is attacking religion in this book. But it would not be libellous to say that he is

hitting the evangelist and the yellow journalist preacher with every ounce of punishment he commands. Since Lewis is our champion heavyweight bruiser among the novelists (one has only to remember the black eyes raised by *Main Street* and *Babbitt*) it is only fair to warn the reader that *Elmer Gantry* is the toughest and most ferocious of his novels.

The novelist even gives a great deal of his pains to tracing the counter life of a sincere and honest preacher, and one with every grace and attribute so lacking in *Gantry*. Needless to say, this man is eventually beaten up and driven from town, blinded and crippled by thugs from *Dr. Gantry's* congregation.

There is no use recommending *Elmer Gantry*. It is going to be read by everybody.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 30]

they should be sung. Their concert manner is informality itself. At the appointed hour three men and three women, neither badly nor strikingly well dressed, file out upon the platform and sit around a table, with music books before them. At an almost imperceptible gesture from their leader, they begin to sing. Your first feeling is one of slight disappointment; for their voices, while good enough, are by no means exceptional. Almost any large American church choir could furnish six voices as good or better.

But I have never heard any church choir that could sing the way these six people can. What they do is done so perfectly that it looks and sounds easy. No conductor brandishes an admonitory baton before their eyes. A lifted finger, a raised eyebrow or a nod from Cuthbert Kelly—who is the basso of the sextette as well as its leader—are all the signals

they have to rely upon. But in precision of attack, in exactness in rhythm, in rightness and delicacy of phrasing, in subtle control of light and shade, this group of six singers is a revelation. Their diction is so crystal clear that even in an elaborate contrapuntal passage, with possibly three different sets of words being sung simultaneously, one hears, not the unintelligible muddle that proceeds from the average chorus under such circumstances, but three clear strands of poetry, separate and perfectly understandable.

They are to choral music what the Flonzaley and London String Quartets are to instrumental music, for their work possesses the same fluidity and transparency, the same satisfying homogeneity that is born of the perfected blending of several congenial personalities. Hear *The English Singers* when you can, for until you have heard them, you have not heard part-singing.

THE NEWS EVENT OF THE MONTH OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

[Continued from page 29]

in their whole-hearted desire to face the realities of the international situation and to contribute what they could to its solution.

The report of the Findings Committee representing the general conclusions reached at the conference will soon be published and promises to be a very interesting document. Some points in it were the subject of considerable debate and disagreement, but the fact that a report embodying such far-reaching conclusions could have been carried at all is encouraging. It is explicit in its condemnation of the influence of individuals representing commercial interests in the conduct of our foreign affairs. It condemns the too great caution and conservatism of our State Department in em-

barking on an active policy of cooperation with other nations for the solution of international problems.

The reactionary part played by the United States Senate in defeating treaties of arbitration is emphasized in the report. I think that it would be hard to deny that the Senate, for no better reason than its fear to be shorn of some fraction of its powers, has obstructed the progress of international understanding more perhaps than any other one body in the world. But not even the Senate can stand for long against a popular demand. The responsibility for giving back to the United States her leadership in the struggle for better understanding between nations rests with the American people.



"Oh, but you should try *this* one!"

Two cooking experts....
both talking at once...began to
exchange Grape-Nuts recipes.

THEY were wonders, those women. They were not only cooks—they were artist-cooks. And they were presiding, with justifiable pride, over a small private demonstration of a certain food. Not Grape-Nuts—but somehow, in a lull in their activities, these two cooking experts forgot about the food they were demonstrating and began to talk about Grape-Nuts.

"Like it?" said one of them. "I adore it! I can't begin to tell you the number of different ways I use it. I'll let you have my recipes. Some have been given to me and some I've made up for myself."

"I wonder if you know the recipes I have?" said the other promptly. "Just the other day I discovered a new way..."

They were off! The air was full of recipes...custards and puddings and candies and cakes; croquettes and omelets, fritters and salads and soups and sandwiches... And the only interruption to the deluge was when one or the other of them turned, now and then, to the respectfully-listening group of bystanders and begged them to believe that everything you used Grape-Nuts in—*everything!*—was made a great deal more delicious by the wonderful Grape-Nuts flavor.

It's a discovery that a great many women have made for themselves. There's something about the nut-like taste of these golden kernels—their malt-barley flavor—their crisp, brown crunchiness—that makes them perfectly irresistible. Women discovered this, in the first

place, when they ate Grape-Nuts simply as a breakfast food... so now they've gone on finding more and more uses for it... The Grape-Nuts recipes given on this page may be new to you—but they are all firm favorites with the women who sent them in to us. Do try them!

And remember that Grape-Nuts has remarkable food value. Eaten simply with milk or cream, it is an admirably balanced ration. Combined with other foods, it increases their value to the body because of the essential elements it supplies. Grape-Nuts contains dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

Grape-Nuts Breakfast Puffs

1 egg
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 ½ teaspoons sugar
1 cup flour
½ cup Grape-Nuts

Beat egg very light. Sift together twice salt, sugar and flour. Add this mixture alternately with the milk to the beaten egg. Beat with a Dover beater until batter is full of bubbles and very light. Have muffin pans (preferably iron) very hot. Grease with butter. Stir Grape-Nuts into batter and fill muffin cups three-quarters full. Put into hot oven (450°F.) for twenty minutes. Then reduce heat gradually until puffs are thoroughly done. The total time required is about fifty minutes or one hour according to the size and material of muffin pans. The puffs should be crisp hollow shells of golden brown crust. This recipe makes 12 small puffs.

Grape-Nuts Raisin Pie

¾ cup Grape-Nuts
¾ cup raisins seeded and chopped
1 ½ cups brown sugar
2 ½ cups hot water
¾ cup cider vinegar
3 tablespoons butter

Mix in order given, and cook for ten minutes. Cool. Put into a paste-lined plate and cover with half-inch strips of paste placed half an inch apart to form a lattice top. Trim edges neatly, moisten and finish with a half-inch strip of paste around the edge. Bake about forty minutes. The oven should be hot (450°F.) for the first fifteen minutes, and then the heat should be reduced. (400°F.)

Grape-Nuts and Vegetable Casserole

1 cup Grape-Nuts
1 cup cooked green peas
1 cup cooked sweet corn
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon paprika
1 cup milk
2 strips breakfast bacon cut in two-inch lengths
A shake of cayenne pepper

Mix vegetables and seasonings. Arrange in layers alternately with the Grape-Nuts in a buttered casserole. When dish is filled, pour in the milk. Arrange the pieces of bacon on top. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 40 minutes. Increase heat to crisp bacon and brown top. This recipe serves six persons.

And that delightful crispness of Grape-Nuts—that, too, performs an important service for your health. It encourages chewing—*real* chewing—and so gives exercise and stimulation to the teeth and gums. Dental authorities tell us that we should always include in our daily diet crisp foods which must be chewed.

Get Grape-Nuts from your grocer. He sells it, of course. Or let us send you the following:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts, and an interesting booklet—*free!* Mail the coupon below and we will send you, free, two individual packages of Grape-Nuts. With them we will send a booklet containing Grape-Nuts recipes and a series of menus for delightful breakfasts.

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Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts" by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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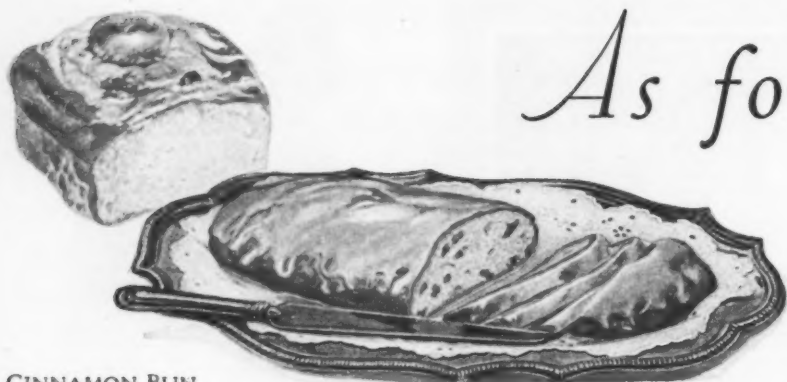
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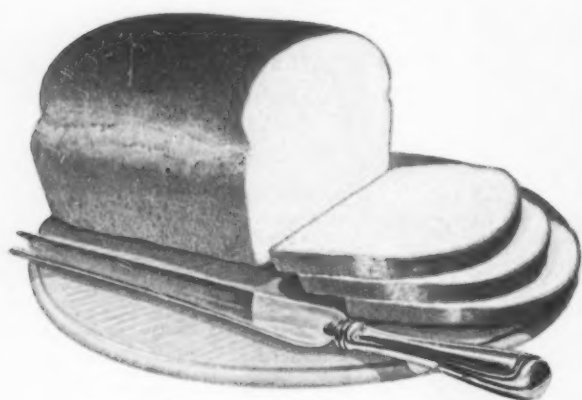
As for VARIETY

NEW breads for breakfast—new breads for luncheon, for tea and for dinner! Dainty breads—rich breads—breads that are really desserts! How much easier it is to plan interesting menus now that you have this wide choice. Your own baker makes every one of the loaves, buns, rolls, rings and coffee-cakes you see here and dozens of other fascinating varieties, using the finest



CINNAMON BUN, crisp and delicately spiced and frosted with vanilla icing

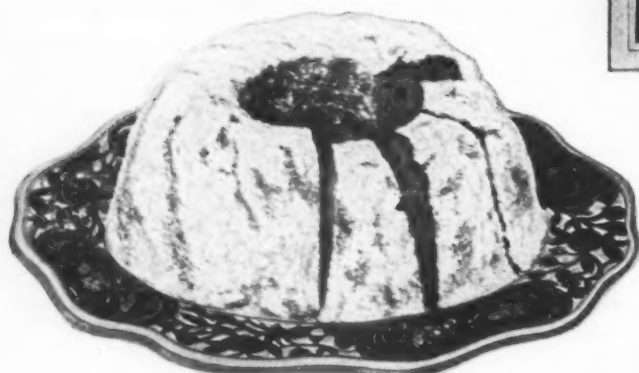
Candied orange or lemon peel, citron and raisins make SAXON CAKE (Stollen) a real delicacy



Its tender brown crust has a nutty flavor; WHITE BREAD slices beautifully



BUTTERFLY BUN is rich and brown and buttery under its delicate frosting. The DINNER ROLL is crisp. The PARKER HOUSE ROLL has a rich butter crust



Ground almonds, lemons, citron and mace give FORM CAKE its wonderful flavor



EVEN AT TEA the successful hostess must avoid monotony! Indeed whatever meal you plan you will find it helpful to keep in mind the wonderful variety of breads you can now get from your baker or grocer.

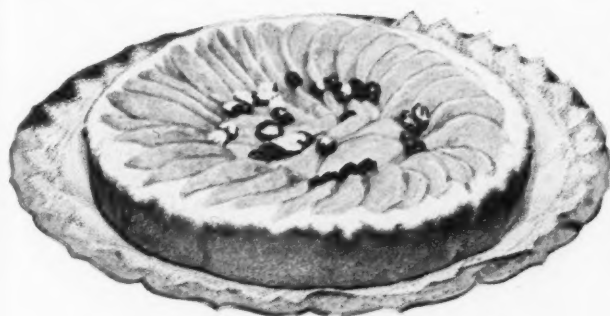


A delicious mixture of fruits is used in FILLED COFFEE RING

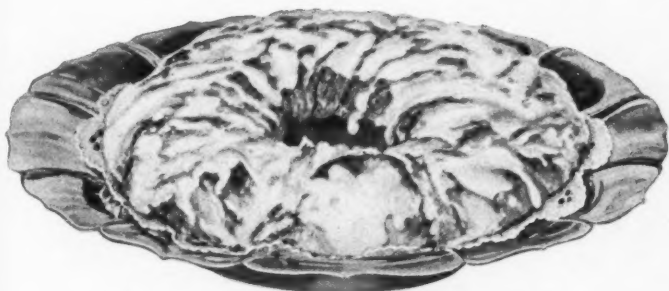
YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES

IN BREADS

ingredients and the utmost skill and care. Just ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials"; these breads are always so fresh and fragrant and delicious they make you feel like a hungry child again. Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as your own family used to do when everybody baked at home. The Fleischmann Company.



APPLE CAKE, is covered with delicate slices of apple, luscious raisins and powdered sugar. Delicious for breakfast, for luncheon, for dinner and for supper.



The most popular of all your baker's coffee cakes is BRAIDED COFFEE RING. It is equally delightful, with coffee, with milk, with tea or cocoa



Just perfect for picnics and for late suppers! SANDWICH ROLLS are fragrant, brown and tender crusted. They save such a lot of time and bother—you simply cut them open and spread with sandwich filling

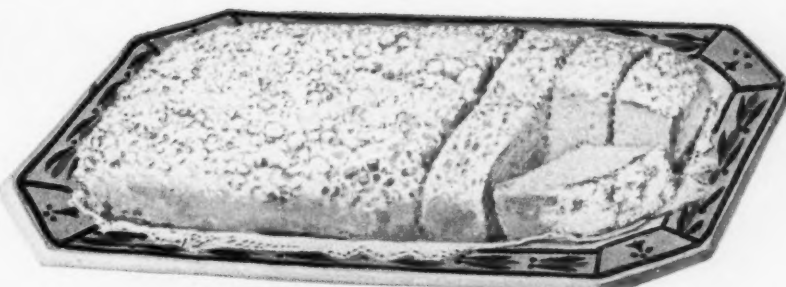


PECAN ROLLS, frosted with caramelized sugar and tender pecans—what a joyful change! Every day during Lent, spicy, fragrant HOT CROSS BUNS. (Above to the left.) Sugar and spice and luscious fruit—no wonder RAISIN BUNS taste so good! (Above to the right.)

BUTTER HORNS, so rich and buttery brown they melt in your mouth! (Below)



RAISIN BREAD filled with plump, luscious fruit—with or without icing



STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE spread with butter and sugar and spices in rich crumbly lumps



FREE! New ways to make meals interesting without baking at home. Send for the booklet which tells all about the new breads, how they are served, and how easily you can get them.

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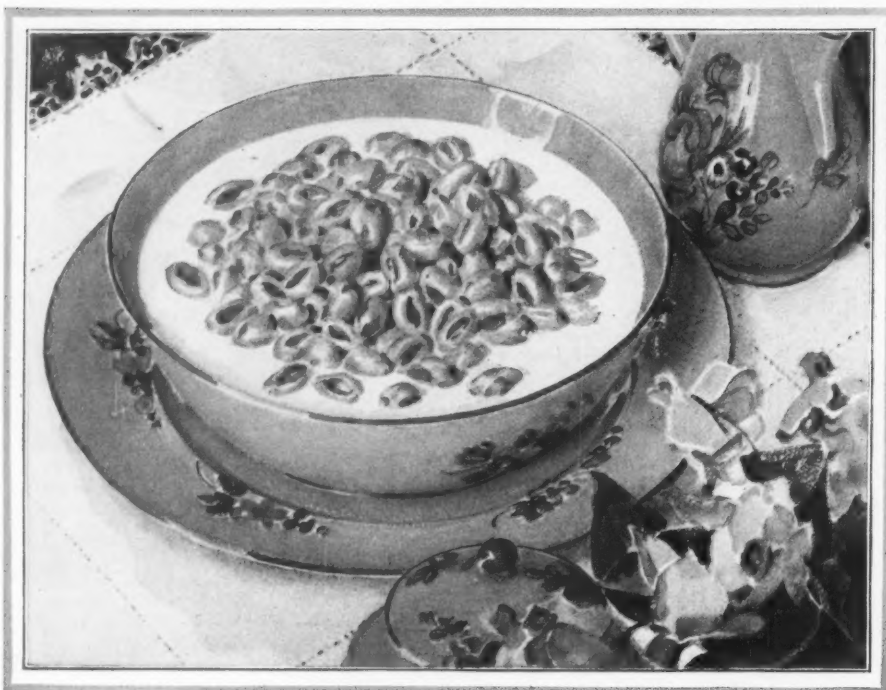


With These as the MORNING'S TEMPTATION

No Breakfast Can Be Dull



Charming variety to dispel that breakfast gloom—the most unique grain foods known, to prove food that's "good for you" can be extraordinarily delicious, too.



Puffed Wheat, with cream or "half-and-half"—or served with any fresh or preserved fruit ... combines the enchantment of a change with the elements of a well-balanced diet



Each grain is steam puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.

THE ART of attractive breakfasts is variety, just as it is the science of winning back a fading appetite. Dieticians now point that out. Point out that breakfast, a tremendously important meal, is too often, because of the usual monotony of the same dishes served over and over, a neglected meal.

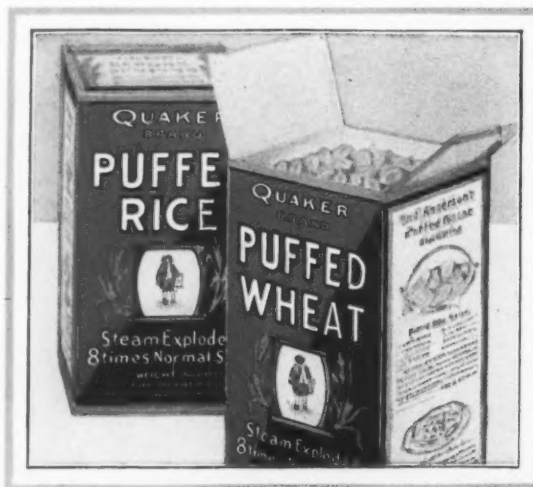
The old idea was to force the appetite into accepting needed foods. The new idea is to tempt it by serving something "different," something unique and totally unlike the ordinary dishes.

Try this, and you'll be surprised at the difference in your own acceptance of breakfast and your children's.

Grain foods that supply the great adventure of variety

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. There is no other like

them. They are different from any other known—alluringly, wonderfully different. They taste like toasted nutmeats; tempt like confections. Children who resist ordinary cereals revel in their unique deliciousness.



Almost 20% bran—but you would never guess it

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but to eat it you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Many delightful ways to serve

Serve with milk or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tid-bit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or, as a before-bed snack that will supply nourishment without imposing on the digestion.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

THE GRASS ORPHAN

[Continued from page 18]

edged into a corner of the tonneau. Then she turned to him quickly.

"It's all very funny. And it's all very sad. We mustn't see each other again. We're quite thoroughly through with each other, and you wouldn't want to begin over again for anything in the world, would you, and yet right this minute you want awfully to kiss me, don't you? Me, too! The very thought of you, dear Peter, gives me a very sick headache, and yet it's so queer! The way I miss things! Little things . . . Unimportant . . . What's that?"

They both looked up quickly. Not far off a whistle had sounded—a long, muffled "Bob whi-i-te—"

"Tell him to stop the car!" It was like an echo reaching them. Then, the little whistle that sounded in response.

"Lenore!" Camilla sprang to her feet. "Dismiss him, Peter."

She was several yards off, tapping her foot impatiently when the car rolled away. Peter approached her hesitantly.

"What's up?"

"Can't say. But I feel panicky. I'm afraid we'll have to play the sneak."

"Don't believe I could stomach that."

"Got to. Come along."

And over the grass, in and out among shrubs and trees, she walked quickly, quietly, oblivious to the dew-laden enchantment of the night. At one corner of the house low-spreading trees and bushes grouped themselves into a sort of copse. Camilla tiptoed slowly.

From somewhere near at hand came an incoherent murmuring:

"—Tomorrow morning, Michael—"

"Absurd! I don't fancy this midnight prowling."

"No other way . . . They only just went . . . Taking me away . . . Marry . . . Tomorrow . . ."

A gruff jumble mounted into sharp distinctness. "Exactly eight dollars and forty-seven cents, Lenore."

Faint laughter then, and a faint confusion of whispering that teemed with tenderness and made Camilla tremble. She stopped short when a little avenue opened all at once among the bushes, and gave upon a vista so exquisite that it seemed like something a poet might weave into the fabric of an old-world romance.

A faint light gleamed through a casement window upon a little balcony. Against the wall, on either side of the balcony, a trellis hung heavy with a vine. And always the night breeze swished softly, tossed a girl's hair, whipped the lace scarf playfully about her shoulders.

It was all indistinct, other-worldly. The tall figure at the foot of the balcony became discernible only when Lenore's whisper mounted a little. Then the figure stirred.

"All the humdrum part, Michael, that will take care of itself. But a honeymoon is different! A honeymoon must be in the grand manner. And I want a most awfully stunning wedding ring."

He laughed as if it hurt him to laugh. "I've got eight dollars, little fellow, and forty-seven—"

"And I've got the wedding ring! It's Cammie's. It deserved better of life than to be there neglected. I've got it here."

"No go, Lenore." Again there sounded the note of stony finality. "There's always a line drawn somewhere! Even the sort of person who's dabbled in the mud, and enjoyed it, and gotten off none the worse for it—even that sort of person can't take a precocious infant, no matter how precious an infant it may be. And I'm going now, Lenore."

"You're going in exactly five minutes, my blessing, if you wish to, then. But for five minutes you're to listen to me."

She leaned over the railing.

"Now then, Michael! I've had a busy day! First, there's the place to get married without any fuss. It's an hour away, and Minna's nephew works in the courthouse in the village. That'll make it easier, because he'll be a witness, and Minna'll be the other."

She clasped her hands tightly now. "Minna knows a nice Jewish gentleman on Sixth Avenue who has a pawnshop. He was quite nice, and he gave me lots of money for my pearls. So I leased a place! Such a place for a honeymoon,

Michael! I paid a month's rent down, and another for security, and I've got a hundred and sixty dollars left."

Lenore went on more quickly:

"This place, Michael, it's Peter's place! And he's given it up. He told Minna to lease it. And he stored all the most precious things in the cellar. Minna and I fetched 'em up this afternoon. And oh, Michael, please, Michael, the trellis is strong!"

Lenore's whisper rose into a new jubilation over the swish of the breeze.

"There's a sunken garden, Michael, with marble Italian things, and little birch trees. There's the biggest room, and one side of it's all windows. We'll have dinner there tomorrow. And the things we fetched up from the cellar . . . Beautiful . . . Old . . . Old Italian altar cloths, and a treasure chest that used to belong to some little Spanish bride—"

In the path of light cast from the open window the boy's face appeared, curiously set and grim for a lover's face. The kiss he gave her was quick, and rough, not like a lover's kiss. Half-angrily he kissed her into silence. "No more talk. It's no go. And it's unkind."

She only laughed and sank further within the span of his arm. "Oh! but there's something else in that room! And you've got to listen, because it's why you must marry me, Michael! You see, ever so nice people were ever so happy there in that room! So there's something left, and it's alive, and it's like music! It's an echo, it's a ghost! It's a little ghost that's homesick for you and me—"

She stopped short, closed her eyes.

Michael's grim face twisted in an agony of indecision. Quickly, then, he sprang over the balcony railing, caught her in one arm, gripped her chin with his free hand, and pressed her head back over his arm. When at last he released her it was as if he were pushing her brutally aside.

"I'm going now—" he spoke rather shrilly—"And before I go I suppose I must mouth a truth or two that will sound like awful rot under these silly stars. They're truths, none the less—all about parents knowing best, and formative years, and an impressionable young girl, and a ne'er-do-well who isn't even sure his love's sturdy enough stuff to weather the next few years."

"What sort of people are Peter and Cam to have charge of this impressionable young girl?"

There was that in the bland inquiry which halted him even as he stepped down a rung in the lattice work, that which made it seem as if she were blushing in hot shame from head to toe.

"Michael, you were saying that night how all the poets kill their lovers off to avoid a tragic ending. Michael, I've seen a tragic ending, and, oh, it was horrible! Oh, I don't blame them! Only they're not my sort of people now. I don't belong to them. I belong to—to what's left in that room there . . . To that, and to you . . ."

She bent over him where he stood a little below her now.

"I am very young. We're both young. And that would be the pity of it! In a year or two we won't be quite so young any more! Even if nothing happens . . . But things do happen. Cruel things."

That something like a blush of shame deepened in her voice.

"There's a breaking point. I've watched . . . other people . . . I'll watch my father, maybe, turning into a surly sot. And I've seen other women. And some day I'll see Cammie—my wonderful Cammie!—some day I'll see her smirking up into some man's face! I tell you I've seen them . . . Women—perfectly nice women—with daughters too . . . And the daughters—well, girls like that come to conclusions . . ."

A few yards off a woman shivered in the darkness. Peter Tevis fumbled for her cold hand, took it firmly in both of his.

"Now I've no doubt," Lenore continued, "that girls like that often find life amusing. I'm sure I'd see to it that I did. Only, wouldn't it be a pity, dear?"

And all at once—then something happened. There was the graze of a shred of lace swept by the wind over Michael's face to blot out the bewilderment there. There was a weary, [Turn to page 80]



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The SON



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Velvet folds, so easily chafed they need this powder-lubricant

GLOSSAMER layers, silken-soft—delicate, tender creases. That's what babies' skins are made of. Tiny bundles of flesh, sensitive to the slightest rubbing—skin-folds that need protection to save them from angry chafing.

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Like healing cream, it smooths into chafed surfaces, anoints roughened areas with the effect of a soothing lotion. Yet it is the daintiest of powder, fluffy, flaky, clean—invaluable to sprinkle on the body after the baby's bath, before he takes his nap, every time diapers are changed. A super-soft protective, it prevents painful rubbing and chafing.

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Other precious aids to comfort are blended with the talcum base—delicate perfume; a boracic compound which serves as a mild skin-healer, neutralizing the acids expelled by the folds of skin. The result is a powder soft as a whisper, a caress to the tenderest body—a healing agent used by more mothers, hospitals, and eminent physicians than any other baby powder.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, without a flaw or blemish, give him the protection that will keep him always beautiful. Keep his skin healthy every day—soft, pliable, safe—free from discomforts, with Johnson's.



Each baby powder tin bears the Red Cross mark of hygienic purity. Make sure that you always get Johnson's.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.



YOUR DRUGGIST is more than a merchant

THE GRASS ORPHAN

[Continued from page 79]

contented sag of his body toward the girl until his head rested quietly, rising and falling with the rise and fall at each quick breath, of her slender breast. Her lips parted.

"Delight!" she breathed.

Gingerly he raised his hand to brush a lock of hair from her eyes. "Get on a coat or something. We'll start now. It's almost morning. Hurry!"

"All set?"

"Your clothes—"

"Got 'em right here, my blessing. Had 'em here on an off chance right along!"

Lightly she slung a coat over his shoulder, and handed him the bag, but retreated when he made to take her in his arms.

"Maybe it wouldn't hold the both of us at once. You first, Michael. I'll tag along."

A moment later the brisk chug of a motor drowned the notes of a woman's sobbing that rose softly from among the bushes where Peter and Camilla stood.

"Stop crying, Cammie."

"I'm not. Only my baby's gone, and without so much as a kiss for good luck. She's not Lenore any more, and he's not Michael. They're Michael and Lenore now . . . Something different. Another blithe crusade!"

They stepped slowly from the outer darkness into the living-room. "Peter," Cam whispered. "It seems such a little while ago that all that sort of thing was happening to you and me. Such a little while ago! And such a little while left!"

Through a long silence these two peered drowsily at each other, like persons waking from an ugly dream to the rose and gold of daybreak. At last he spoke:

"We made a sweet job of that kid, Cammie."

Clumsily he outstretched his hand, and brushed her cheek with it.

"I want my old job back."

For a full minute he waited until almost imperceptibly she nodded again. Matter-of-factly, then, as if it were an everyday occurrence, he caught her tight, and kissed her hard, kissed her tremulous lips and fluttering eyelids, again and again, clumsily, abstractedly, his big fingers tangling in her hair until the stately braids tumbled over her shoulder, and hung to her knees.

A single hair caught onto his waistcoat button. Camilla's laughter rang lightly.

"One of the gray ones!" The breeze was tossing the shining silver length until it appeared to dance triumphantly. "One of the one or two gray ones, and it's a good omen! For mind you, Peter, I still hold that what I saw in the mirror there was all the viler and the more outrageous because that female was young, and it happened to be the day I discovered my first gray hair!"

He held her off at arm's length. "Get into a coat, Cam. It occurs to me that by the grace of a God who's in good humor tonight, the bishop is summing in Connecticut. We'll rout the old gentleman from his reverend bed, and see if he'll do the stunt over for us."

His face fell when quite audibly she sniffed. "I suppose it would be droll to be married by a bishop in pyjamas . . . Your plan has its points, but it lacks dignity, Peter. Much nicer if you'd see him in the morning, and arrange it beforehand."

While she was speaking, his eyes clouded miserably and made him look for an instant like a bitterly disappointed small boy.

He reached for his hat. "All right then. In the morning."

But she stepped up to him, smiling. And lightly she rapped her knuckles against his forehead. "Thou art Peter, and on this rock . . . Peter, you're my life's blessing! Peter, you're a jackass!"

She spoke with a note of light, guarded banter. But he happened to look up, and into the mirror. And in the mirror he saw how the gleam of rose and gold had deepened on her face, how her parted lips were tremulous with smiles, and her drooping eyelids with tears.

And in the mirror he saw, too, that a single fire-fly had strayed to the stair-landing above them, and that it was hovering over a flower-box there and that it seemed to twinkle, and wink, like a tiny beacon . . . Friendlily.



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Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to instant restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

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Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it, not only as a restorative, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, nerve-strain, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

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All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

For two months prior to taking Ovaltine I had not been sleeping more than two or three hours a night. Now I go to sleep any time I desire and wake up refreshed. It has helped me wonderfully.

*Jennie E. Walker,
Logan, W. Va.*

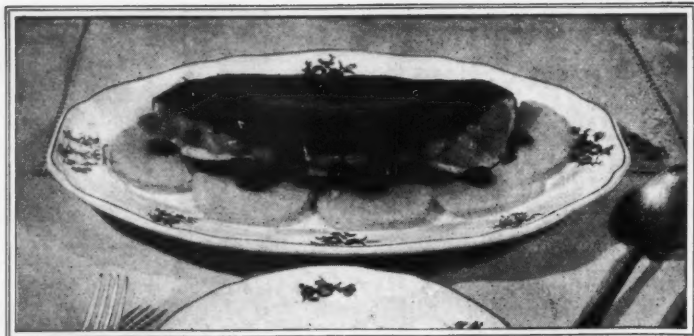


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(One package to a person)



Mixed fruits make a tempting filling for a sweet omelet

TRY "OEUFs"—AS PARIS COOKS THEM

[Continued from page 72]

scoops out the centers. Then she fills them with a mixture of hard-cooked eggs cut in pieces and combined with a cream sauce delicately flavored with onion and chopped parsley. She then sprinkles them liberally with grated cheese and browns them in a hot oven.

OMELET—A FRENCH MASTERPIECE

All these dishes have been mere digressions on our way to the omelet, which is perhaps one of the real masterpieces of the French kitchen. There are two kinds of French omelets. The first is made by beating the whole eggs together and is the omelet served most commonly as an entrée. The second is the puffy omelet, made with the whites and yolks beaten separately. This kind is used for dessert.

We Americans usually think of soup as the best way to use left-overs. But the French cook's omelet is quite as thrifty a method. All sorts of surprises may be folded in the center. There may be potatoes, sautéed a golden brown, noodles or macaroni with cheese, braised celery, buttered peas, cooked tomatoes or small cubes of toasted or fried bread. You never know just what to expect. Bits of meat are usually beaten in with the eggs, but when vegetables are used, they are warmed separately and spread over half, just before the omelet is folded. Try cooking this kind of omelet in olive oil, adding tomato sauce instead of milk to the beaten eggs.

Every time Madame serves us a fruit omelet, a little sigh of joy goes up from the younger members of the family and we Americans wonder why we serve it so seldom in our households. It is such a good dessert, especially after a light luncheon of soup and salad. Perhaps we are afraid it will not stand up in all its lightness while we are eating the rest of

the meal. We will tell you farther along how to prevent its falling.

FRUIT OMELET

6 egg yolks	6 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar	Apple sauce
1/2 cup fruit juice	Cinnamon
	Powdered sugar

Beat egg yolks, adding 2 tablespoons sugar, and fruit juice instead of milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Heat 1 tablespoon butter or shortening in frying-pan or omelet pan. Pour in omelet mixture and cook slowly until fluffy, firm and a golden brown on the bottom. If you like a dry omelet, put the pan in the oven or under the broiling flame for a minute or two before folding the omelet. Spread half of it thickly with warm tart apple sauce, and serve. Sautéed apples, may be used for the filling, instead, and as a garnish on the platter, with a tart jelly spread on top of the omelet. A mixture of fruits, such as canned cherries and pineapple, heated together and drained, is a very tempting filling, using 1/2 cup juice in the omelet, and garnishing the platter with slices of pineapple and whole cherries. If berries are used, it is better to fold some of the sweetened berries inside the omelet and pour the rest over the top.

Here is the promised remedy for an omelet that falls. Soak one cup of soft bread crumbs in one cup of milk or fruit juice and add to the beaten yolks of 6 eggs. Use no extra liquid. Fold in the whites of the eggs which have been beaten with one-fourth teaspoon salt. Cook as directed for the fruit omelet, using olive oil or butter. Serve on a hot platter, garnished with parsley, crisp bacon or jelly.

The bread crumbs will give sufficient body to any omelet so that it will not be spoiled, even if the members of the family are late for luncheon.

FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH TO KEEP ALIVE!

[Continued from page 72]

dances, plays golf and takes hikes at an age when her grandmother wore a shoulder shawl and a cap. It's smart to be athletic, and in many circles scant patience and sympathy are felt for the woman who is not able to take part in the recreations of the hour. I overheard a group of busy housekeepers planning a pleasure trip. But they looked at each other a bit guiltily, for they had left out two members of their little circle who perhaps needed the rest and change most.

"It does seem mean, but Mary would be sure to have one of her awful headaches and some one would have to take care of her at the hotel," said Mrs. Morton apologetically.

"And Lucy Thorne would talk of nothing but her neuritis. Most likely she'd have her arm in a sling the second day out," sighed Mrs. Ferris.

"I don't want to seem heartless, but we're planning a pleasure trip, and there is no reason why it should be ruined by two complaining women."

And there you have an undeniable fact put into simple words. There is no place today in the social sun for semi-invalids who might become healthy women.

Another group of women were discussing a suitable club activity or community service. Some one suggested a clinic for children of pre-school age. One woman said briskly. "I think we over-emphasize child health in this town, when half of our mothers are below par. What we need is a health clinic for women."

This club leader voiced a modern sentiment. "If I could re-live my life and be elected president of a woman's club, I would make health a major topic of study, and I would have one field day a month devoted to outdoor exercises, picnics with games, walks, hikes, woodcraft, a camera competition, whatever was voted most popular. Then I would say to myself, 'Well, I have not been president of this club in vain. When these women reach sixty, they will not have to pay fifty dollars a month for the privilege of being alive.'"

*Do the little folks
clap their hands
when you say
PUDDING?*



**And this delicious new
PINEAPPLE TAPIOCA CUSTARD
is fine for "grown-ups" too**

ONE spoonful — and the youngsters will finish this dish with delight. That's important. For you know that food eaten with enthusiasm is far on its way to perfect digestion.

And Hawaii's delicious fruit adds a savory touch to a great variety of otherwise commonplace dishes. It gives refreshing new appetite appeal to sweet potatoes, poached eggs, rice, omelets, pork sausages, cooked wheat cereals and many other every-day foods.

The two forms—Crushed and Sliced—are identical in quality and flavor. Each is Hawaii's finest fruit packed two ways for your instant use—each in various sizes of cans.

Pineapple-Tapioca Custard

By Mrs. G. L. Woodworth, Cazenovia, N. Y.
"I heat a pint of milk in double boiler," says Mrs. Woodworth, "add ½ cup sugar, ½ cup quick-cooking tapioca and ½ teaspoon salt, and cook 15 minutes. Then I beat an egg, add a tablespoon cold water and beat again. I pour hot custard over it, return to boiler and cook a moment, stirring. When smooth and thick, I beat in a cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, then chill thoroughly and serve."



This free booklet gives many simple ways for turning conventional foods into tempting menu treats. Send for your copy today.

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Please send me, free of charge, your new book,
"Hawaiian Pineapple as 100 Good Cooks Serve It."

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LET'S SERVE IT IN A CASSEROLE

[Continued from page 48]

EGGS IN MUSHROOM SAUCE

¼ pound mushrooms ¼ teaspoon paprika
4 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons minced
or shortening parsley
2 tablespoons flour 1 ⅓ cups milk
¼ teaspoon salt 6 hard-cooked eggs
Bread crumbs

Peel and slice mushrooms. Sauté in butter or shortening until slightly browned. Add flour, salt, paprika, parsley and milk, and cook until thick, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Place alternate layers of halved eggs and sauce in greased casserole. Sprinkle top with crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in pan of warm water in moderate oven (350° F) until brown on top. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

ESCALLOPED SHRIMPS

1 cup bread crumbs 2 cups cooked or
1 cup cooked tomatoes canned shrimps
1 tablespoon minced 1 green pepper,
parsley shredded
¼ teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons butter
Paprika or shortening

Sprinkle bottom of greased casserole with ½ cup bread crumbs. Cover bottom with tomatoes, adding parsley, salt and paprika. Put in a layer of shrimps, then a layer of green pepper which has been sautéed in butter or shortening. Repeat layers of tomatoes, seasoning, shrimp and green peppers until all are used. Cover top with remaining half cup of bread crumbs. Dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with paprika. Cook in moderate oven (350° F) about ½ hour. Makes 5 or 6 servings.

EGGS AND ASPARAGUS AU GRATIN

6 hard-cooked eggs 1 ⅓ cups milk
2 tablespoons butter 1/3 cup buttered
2 tablespoons flour crumbs
¼ teaspoon salt Asparagus tips, cooked
or canned
¼ teaspoon celery salt
1/3 cup grated cheese

Cut eggs in halves lengthwise. Make a white sauce by melting butter, stirring in flour, salt and celery salt. Then add milk and cook until thick, stirring to prevent lumping. Sprinkle bottom and sides of greased baking-dish with half the crumbs. Place a layer of eggs in bottom of dish, cut side down. Pour some white sauce over eggs, then add a layer of asparagus tips. Repeat layers of eggs, sauce and tips until all are used. Sprinkle top with paprika, and remainder of crumbs mixed with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) until cheese is slightly browned. Makes 6 servings.

LOBSTER IN INDIVIDUAL CASSEROLES

1 ½ cups flaked 3 tablespoons butter
lobster 1 ½ tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon lemon ½ teaspoon salt
juice ¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon nutmeg 1 cup milk
½ cup minced ¾ cup buttered
mushrooms crumbs

Sprinkle lobster meat with lemon juice and nutmeg. Sauté mushrooms in butter. Add flour, salt, paprika and milk and cook until thick, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Sprinkle bottoms of greased individual casseroles with half the crumbs. Alternate layers of lobster and sauce. Sprinkle tops with remainder of crumbs. Bake in pan of warm water in moderate oven (350° F) about 15 minutes or until crumbs brown. Makes 5 or 6 servings.

CHICKEN AND RICE EN CASSEROLE

1 green pepper, cooked chicken
shredded ¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups cooked rice ¼ cup paprika
1 1/3 cups chopped 1 cup milk
1/3 cup crumbs

Sauté green pepper in a little shortening until tender but not brown. Put a layer of cooked rice in bottom of greased casserole. Cover with a layer of chicken, and green pepper. Repeat layers until all is used. Season with salt and paprika and pour milk over all. Cover top with crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a pan of warm water in moderate oven (350° F) 15 minutes. Salmon, either fresh or canned, may be used instead of chicken, if desired. Makes 5 or 6 servings.



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How easy it is to be happy
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The honeymoon seems hardly over before we find the young couple all settled in their new home.

Already they are having company . . . giving teas, dinners and week-end parties . . . They seem superbly happy, with enough of everything to go 'round, no matter how big their parties are.

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Good looks count every hour of the Day



No matter what you do, where you go, what you wear—a good complexion helps you to make on others the attractive impression every normal woman seeks to make. For example one of the most famous Paris Dressmakers, Madame Vionnet, says: "The complexion is an essential background for clothes—make the most of it." Think of her words when you buy clothes and when you wear them. With the use of D & R's Perfect Creams you can have a complexion worthy of Vionnet's best frocks.

The picture to be left, of Vionnet's favorite mannequin illustrates so well the importance of the complexion in the mode.

"Few men care for the Amazon with brick red face and leather skin," says Grantland Rice, America's greatest sporting writer, "a natural glow or glint which sun and wind can give, adds directly to attractive looks when proper care and attention is given to the skin." Protect and beautify your skin with D & R's Perfect Creams. They'll do the whole job safely, easily.



ND the process is so simple. Make a practice of using Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream regularly.

Every night before retiring apply a generous amount to the skin of your face and neck. Massage it gently into the pores, permitting it to penetrate, and cleanse your skin of all impurities. Remove with a soft cloth, and let the skin rest for the night.

During the day, too, before going outdoors the same treatment should be followed. D & R's Perfect Cold Cream not only cleanses the pores, but refines and pro-

tecs the texture of the skin, keeping it soft and lovely. It is beneficial every hour of the day because it is so carefully made of ingredients of the highest possible quality.

And for those who desire a powderbase the use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream will keep the skin looking fresh throughout the busiest day. Both creams are made with the skill and perfection that comes only from long years of experience and high ethical standards. Begin their use today—and keep at it faithfully.

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THE SUPREME GOAL

[Continued from page 15]

solace of protection.

"When He had finished He stood up, the whole multitude rising, too. In the confusion of these crowds I slipped away. I did this partly because of a boy's shame of his own emotions, partly because I was anxious not to embarrass one who had been so good to me. But once more going forth alone I did so with a lighter heart. Jesus of Capernaum had been my friend. If I never saw Him again that friendship would still be the invigoration of my life.

In the days that followed, among the throngs which pressed about Him everywhere, I forced myself in, scanning His beloved countenance and hanging on His words, though keeping myself unseen.

"Near the house in which He lodged was a garden of olives in which I could lie and watch His door. If He came out I followed Him, keeping out of sight, but always with the distant vision of Him to encourage me. So it came about that I learned His ways, and often knew His errands before He set out on them.

"To do something for Him who had done so much for me was that on which all my desire was set. For this I worked and saved money. Each day in a vineyard brought me in half a denarius. Work being scarce, and my pay sometimes refused me after I had toiled for it, it was long before I had the three whole denarii I judged to be enough. Then on a day I learned that it was His purpose to journey next morning to Nazareth in the mountains, where He had lived earlier. Furthermore He was to travel by Himself which would give me my opportunity.

"As I lay in the garden near His house, watching before dawn, I saw Him come forth, turning His face toward the mountains. Immediately I ran to the market which was opening for trade. There I purchased a basket in which I placed two wheaten loaves, a small round cheese no bigger than an apple which was a dainty of that countryside, a cake of dried raisins, and a few fresh figs.

"Arrived at Nazareth I made my way to the synagogue. It being already noised abroad that He was in their town every seat was taken. Some of His relatives were there, and many who had known Him as a boy.

"Presently He entered, calm, noble, head erect, the embodiment of strength and beauty. Making His way to one of the cross seats parallel with the end of the platform, where all could behold Him, and whence He could behold all, He sat down. Every eye was fixed on Him. When the moment came He stood, signifying that He would read from the Book of their Prophet Isaiah. And this was the passage which He chose:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, for He has consecrated me to preach the good news to the poor, He has sent me to announce to the prisoners their release, and to the blind their recovery of sight, to set the down-trodden at liberty, to proclaim the year of the Lord's favor."

"On His handing back the scroll to the attendant there were some who murmured their applause. Other some showed indignation that one whose father had been the carpenter of their town should assume such pretensions. Near where I sat a group of young men whispered and laughed behind their hands.

"Nevertheless, like all others wherever He appeared, they watched to see Him work a miracle. Blind being there, and lame, and paralytic, they hoped He would heal as He had healed in the cities roundabout. Not only did He do nothing, but He told them why. 'Even in the Kingdom of Heaven, He said, the solitary worker's faith is not enough. It must have helpful cooperation. Where it is met by foregone distrust it is rendered ineffective. The prophet is never without honor except among his own kin and in his own country. It was to no widow in Israel that Elijah was sent, but to a woman of Sarepta, a Sidonian. No Hebrew leper was healed by Elisha, but Naaman a Syrian

"No sooner had they seized His point than the synagogue was in an uproar. Surging around Him they raged, denounced, and threatened. But lifting their hands to strike Him, no one struck. There

was that in Him, a majesty, a sacredness, which forbade the grosser forms of insult. The worst they could do was by weight of numbers to force Him from the synagogue into the street, crowding about Him in such a way as to compel Him up their hill. 'To the rock! To the rock!' were the cries around Him. He alone, superb and secure, was calm with the tranquillity of strength. Never angry, never resentful, never moved to avenge Himself by so much as a frown, His might of serenity must have moved the highest gods, if such there be, to envy and imitation.

"Of the Nazarenes all dropped from His path, while He went up to the brow of the cliff whence they would have hurled Him down. I, Galba, watched Him with the rest, but when they went back crestfallen to their homes, I crept through bushes which hid me from sight and followed Him. Soon I perceived Him seated on a rock, gazing over the wide plain lying far below, called in the Jews' language Esdraelon. His back being turned to me I could slip away in search of my basket, which was concealed hard by, and with this in my hand I approached Him humbly.

"In His face as He looked toward me there was all the light and love that could ever have blessed mankind. 'Dear boy,' He smiled, 'have you followed me?'

"On my knees before Him, I held out my basket as an offering. 'Only, Master, because I saw you were alone, and feared you might be hungry.'

"I am hungry,' He admitted, 'not having broken my fast since yesterday. Let us eat together.'

"Nay, Master,' I pleaded, 'lest there be not enough for two.'

"Once more He shed on me the sunlight of His smile. 'In the Kingdom of Heaven there is always abundance. You shall see.'

"Oh, Master,' I cried, 'where is this Kingdom? Is it far away? Could a Gentile boy ever enter into it?'

"As we ate He explained the Kingdom, simply, and in words I could comprehend.

"With parables and examples, He made clear to me, till I think I seized it once for all. And before asking anything of myself He told me something of His own boyhood in that very town of Nazareth, on the very spot on which we sat. He had been a boy like any other boy; He had loved His games, His studies, His young friends. But very early in His life, so early that He could not recall its beginning, His mind had been preoccupied with the thought that God was His Father; and if His Father, then the Father of every other boy; and if the Father of every other boy, then the Father of all men and women everywhere.

"So in sweet confidential talk the afternoon of that strange Sabbath passed. He asked me of myself.

"Never forget,' He bade me, 'that in my Father's house is your home. This means not a far-distant home which you can reach only through the gate of death; but a home for your immediate use. If you have not found it hitherto it is because you have not known how to seek it.'

"But, Master, where shall anyone in Jewry give a home to a Gentile boy?'

"In my Father's house are many mansions. Provision is there made for everyone. You shall see.'

"On the morrow as we descended toward Capernaum He told me of a Roman captain in that town who was among His friends.

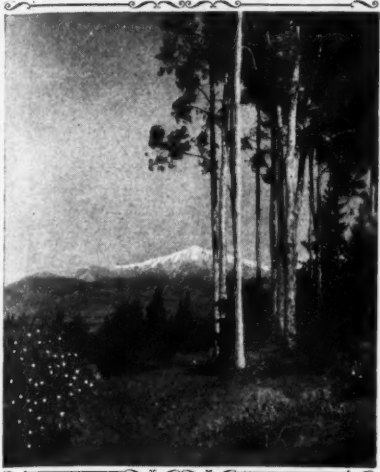
"This man,' the Master continued, 'is still at Capernaum. He loves me; he is my friend. Whatever I ask him he will do for me, and for you.'

"Thus it came to pass that I entered the family of Publius Verus Lucillus, becoming to him as a son. My one grief was that when the Roman power moved my foster-father from Capernaum to Tyre we went out of the sphere in which our Master worked. For nearly a year in Tyre little tidings of Him came to us, and what we then received was worse than none at all.

"We were told that the approaching Passover would not go by without His being put to death as a rebel against the Roman authority.

"Then was my

[Turn to page 86]



View from Smiley Heights—near Redlands.

Every Woman Needs At Least One Summer Like It

HOUSEHOLD cares, the responsibility of families, social requirements—have left you in need of change, new interests and rest.

But mainly change—complete, absorbing change of scene, change of people, change of type of country even. You need not go abroad, or outside the United States.

Summer is the period that Californians like best, because it's the rainless season and no day is spoiled for fun. Evenings are so cool that nine nights out of ten blankets are required.

The average mean summer temperatures in a central city for the past fifty years (U. S. Weather Bureau records) are as follows: June, 66; July, 70; August, 71; September, 69—a grand average of 69 degrees for fifty summers. Humidity is always low. Where else could there be a finer summer climate? And where else so much to see and do?

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Famous ocean beaches, quaint Old Spanish Missions, mountain trails for horseback riding, renowned golf courses, fishing, hunting, camping grounds, enormous moving picture studios, or canyon nooks with cottages where one may merely lie in hammocks and read and rest all day in pure, sweet air, offer wide variety.

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MOTHERS CAN STILL GROW!

[Continued from page 67]

Today mother says, "Don't touch those scissors." Tomorrow, when baby again thinks this bright object an attractive plaything, mother is perhaps tired or busy with something else, and neglects to enforce yesterday's command—it does not seem at the moment so very important. As a matter of fact, nothing else is half so important. What happens? Baby, being more observant than she thinks, draws his own conclusion as to the necessity for obedience, and the first seeds of "wilfulness" are sown.

A piece of advice that I have always given and found satisfactory is this: Give very few commands; leave the child to do as he likes as much as possible, but if once you have said "Don't" about any particular thing, then stick to it. The busy mother does not realize how often she goes contrary to this suggestion. The very early years of a child's life are all important. The older I grow, the more convinced I become of the truth which underlies the saying, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Habits formed in early childhood—babyhood even—strongly affect and often even dominate the whole course of a lifetime.

As the child grows older, perhaps when he begins to go to school, you should change your attitude towards obedience. If you have followed out the plan of making him instantly obey you in his infancy; if you have been careful during those early years to give only reasonable commands, then you will find him very manageable now. You may safely begin to give reasons for your commands. I suggest that, except in emergencies, at this stage you tell the child why you ask him to do this or that. Instead of merely saying, "Don't go near the stove," you explain why it is wiser to stay away. There is butter in the frying-pan and it may splutter and spot Mary's dress or get into her eyes and hurt her. Children are very much interested in such explanations, and gradually your new attitude will give them a feeling of being taken into your confidence. In emergencies, still give the direct command. Habit will then assert itself in the child. Don't feel that because you are willing to explain when there is time, you are depriving your child of the freedom which is his due if, when you see danger approaching, you order him peremptorily to obey your will. On the other hand, be more careful than ever to use your authority only when it is really necessary.

WHEN SPRING PEEPS OVER YOUR GARDEN WALL

[Continued from page 70]

picture in the Spring months.

Let us consider the creating of a tiny Spring garden border, five feet wide, a garden which might lie along the path and have for its background a thicket of white flowered shad bush (*amelanchier canadensis*) and magnolia *stellata*, forsythia with its graceful golden bells, and for a high note two Japanese flowering cherry trees. In front of this shrubbery, let us plant in groups of five, daffodils—the tall trumpet and chalice cupped sorts at the back of the border, some early flowering tulips, Proserpine, Le Reve, and De Wet; hyacinths, pale pink and clear porcelain blue, several clumps of dwarf bearded irises, interspersed with plants of perennial candytuft (*iberis sempervirens*), white arabis and purple and mauve aubretia. Then, along the path's edge a mingling of scillas, crocus, grape hyacinths, white trilliums and many violas and pansies.

Do you see the picture? The pink of the Japanese cherry blooms is echoed in the tulips, and complemented by the blues and purples and cool yellows of the many bulbs. For most of April and up to the time the lilacs bloom this little border would welcome you with delight. Later the bare spaces from which the bulbs depart could be filled with sturdy annuals—zinnias, marigolds, petunias, verbenas, stocks to give Summer bloom.

Premier Salad Dressing

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A perfect mayonnaise



A tempting breakfast Eggs Benedict-Premier

Ham and Eggs, always a popular breakfast dish.

You can give this old standby a new appetizing flavor. Quickly prepared.

Toast one side of bread squares. Butter untoasted side. Cut thin slices of boiled ham to fit toast. Reheat ham and place on untoasted side of bread. Poach egg and place on ham. Spread tablespoon of Premier Salad Dressing over egg.

Let us send you our recipe book of delicious and tasty dishes.

Try

THESE RECIPES

Scalded Eggs with Premier Salad Dressing
6 eggs, 3 tablespoons Premier Salad Dressing, 4 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, pepper.
Beat eggs slightly. Fold in Premier Salad Dressing and water. Season. Melt butter in frying pan and pour in the mixture. Stir over very low heat until thick. Serve at once on toast. Garnish with broiled bacon if desired.

Premier Omelet
1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons cornmeal, 3 tablespoons Premier Salad Dressing, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper.
Scald milk in double boiler. Add salt and cornmeal. Stir until thick. Cook ten minutes and add Premier Salad Dressing. Add to the beaten yolks of the eggs. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Add more seasoning if needed.
Pour into greased baking dish and bake in slow oven 300° F. until firm (about 20 minutes).

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Gentlemen:
Please send me your recipe book of uses for Premier Salad Dressing.

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Banish wrinkles from your skirts

If you wear sanitary garments only once in a while, you are missing a great convenience and a still greater help to smartness. Kleinert's Sanitary Lingerie is designed to be worn every day! It's daintily made of the best materials and trimmed becomingly; it fits faultlessly beneath your tightest frocks. And in addition to giving you complete confidence under all circumstances, these pretty aprons, bloomers and step-ins—



because of their protective rubber panels—prevent the skirt wrinkles which are so disastrous to good-grooming For years women have been insisting on Kleinert's Dress Shields and now, for the same reason, they find it worthwhile to buy genuine Kleinert's Sanitary Garments—the name for guaranteed



Kleinert's Gem Dress Shield—the utmost in underarm protection.



Kleinert's Seamless Sanitary Apron—rubberized to within a few inches of the waist.

Kleinert's
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Kleinert's Sanitary Step-in—with adequate rubber panels, especially good for active sports.

Kleinert's stands for protection.

THE SUPREME GOAL

[Continued from page 84]

foster-father sore distressed, and being on influential terms with Pontius Pilatus, the governor in Jerusalem, he determined to travel thither and see what he could do by means of intercession, taking me with him. Wherever we lay at night we made enquiries as to the fate of Jesus of Capernaum, but not till we reached Bethany, on the outskirts of Jerusalem, did we learn that He had been crucified on the previous day.

"Of our mourning I will say nothing. Entering the city my foster-father sought Pilatus, the governor, whom he rebuked right bitterly. After that he stretched himself out upon the earth, refusing food and comfort. Left to myself I coursed the city, seeking of all and sundry such news of my Master's end as I could learn. Out to the Hill of Calvary I went, getting confirmation of the tales I had heard from the three empty crosses still standing there. Near by was a garden where they told me He had been laid. A tomb I found, beat my body against it, and shed tears.

"The Jews' manner to bury differs somewhat from ours in that a chamber is hollowed in a rock which is often a solitary boulder. In this way a door is formed which slopes upward and outward from the ground. This curving portal is so exactly fitted that when closed it is one again with the rock itself. Dashing myself against this hard rounded surface I wore myself out with weeping.

"But by the time that it was fully night with the moon shining amid the glades of olive, cypress, and cedar, I had exhausted my tears and grown calm. All I could think of was that the adored form lay but two or three cubits away within the impenetrable stone. Had I been permitted one last glance at the face and eyes which had never been turned on me otherwise than in love, it seemed to me that my sorrow would have been lightened. But all was gone. All my consolation was to know that I was there, so near Him, though He had gone so far. I was seated now in the grass, and yet so close to the tomb that at any minute I could touch it, while the light of what they call the paschal moon bathed round about me.

"This moon was soon to set. Where the open spaces of the garden had been bright they became blurred with darkness. The sycamores and cypresses which had stood out clearly against the purple sky now mingled themselves with it.

"For these reasons a faint seam of light marking the line where the door of the sepulchre had been cut and refitted was the more visible. It was such a seam as will often be observed round a closed door in any dark room where a candle is burning on the other side. How long I had noticed it before becoming consciously aware of it I cannot tell. Indeed, it seemed to me that it had been there throughout the night, that my heart had perceived it, though my eyes had been holden.

"I was not startled. I had little sense of the unusual. In my thoughts of Jesus of Capernaum there had always been so much of light that it did not seem strange that He should shed a radiance even in His grave. Then an even greater marvel came to my attention. For a space of perhaps the breadth of two fingers the door of the sepulchre lowered itself gently. Remaining fixed for a few minutes it closed again. Had I been on the top of the rock instead of at its base I could have peered within. A few minutes later this effort was repeated, the door standing open at its highest line for perhaps the width of a man's hand. While it did so the glow of the light which streamed through the aperture was strong and unflinching, like that of no earthly candle. The action was noiseless, as if some one possessed of a kind of strength of which I had no knowledge was doing his best to roll back the slab from within.

"On the fourth attempt the door remained open for at least two cubits, so that had I stood upright I could easily have looked behind it. As it was I lay prone upon the grass, amazed and excited, but too much overawed to forestall by a second that which might soon be revealed to me. But on this fourth attempt the opened portal did not close again. Bal-

anced on its base for a time, it finally lowered itself, softly, easily, soundlessly, till in full width and length it fell beside me in the grass.

"And there He lay, my Jesus of Capernaum, tall, straight, vigorously framed, swathed in white, His features hidden by a gravecloth. Even to a boy—I was then fourteen—the majesty of His presence was heightened by the mystery and solitude of the grave. Here was that shrine of eternal loneliness, in which the busy, crowded life of man works out to the peace of everlasting nothingness, as the body gives itself back to its primal dust. Except for this disclosure to me, made with I knew not what intent, Jesus of Capernaum would lie here within the bosom of the rock while the ages rolled over Him and over Him, and till in the turmoil of new epochs His name would be blotted out. But there was grandeur in that destiny, the spirit free at last of torment and futility, proof against pain forever.

"As far as I found a reason for my being permitted to see what I saw it was some kindly act of compensation for the denials which had shut me out from a share in the last days of the man I loved. I was to be allowed at least to view Him as He lay at rest. What great mystic power granted me this favor I could not guess. Great mystic powers were beyond my ken, even the agency we name God being unknown to me except as the Father of Jesus of Capernaum. Nevertheless, this boon had been granted, and so I lay prone, absorbing the details of the tomb in a manner never to forget them. Presently the great stone door would shut again, and the line of light fade out in the common day.

"Then beneath the graveclothes I suddenly saw a hand raised. It rose—and fell. It rose—and fell again. At the same time within the crements there seemed to be a stirring. It was such a stirring, sweet, faint, as you will sometimes see in an infant's frame before he wakes from sleep. Then for long minutes there was nothing, only the rigid outlines swathed in white.

"Next was a freeing of the hand. Bound as it was it detached itself easily, gracefully, with no sign of struggle, but by means too quick for me to follow. There was again a stillness, while the hand lay outstretched among the graveclothes, long, slender, bronzed even in its pallor, as I had so often seen it, but with a great healed wound in back and palm which might have been the mark of a wooden nail. That this wound should have healed so soon was in itself a matter of surprise. Nothing but awe held me back from seizing the hand and kissing it.

"And presently it moved. It moved restlessly, aimlessly, at first, till suddenly it brushed the facecloth from the face. This it did as if impelled by a power outside the mind's direction. I mean that I saw no sign of mind, of breath in the body, or of consciousness. The beloved features were calm, and younger than I had remembered them. Quietly upturned, clearly cut, the crisp growth of beard, of the color of gold in which there is a strong alloy of copper, bearing its witness to His natural strength, they were the features of one whom the darker powers could never, as I see it now, have kept within their grasp.

"But as I was thinking this there came a quiver of an eyelid. Later there was a twitching of the lips behind the beard. By and by the breast began to heave with a gentle breathing. He lived! He might once have been dead, but now He was alive again, even as I was myself! 'Master! Master!' I was crying in my heart, but no sound broke from me.

"Then the eyes opened. They opened like those of a new-born child. At first they seemed to see nothing, only to look. They looked ponderingly, wisely, as if judging of what they saw by other standards than ours. In color they were blue, but of that deep-sea blue, the blue of the richest sapphires, which is often black. For a time I feared that if they were turned on me He would no longer remember me. But when they were so turned, the action was again with a little child's lack of conscious— [Turn to page 89]

Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicaps

One Can Now Have Peace-of-Mind, Poise, Immaculacy



The filmy frocks that women used to fear are now worn in security. This new way brings positive protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exacting the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



Yes your baby's growing up

*But in this
she needs you still*



WHEN she was a baby your first thought was for her. Your days—long days, tired days—were filled with the busy routine a baby makes necessary.

And now she goes to school! Your most anxious years are past . . . Yet school authorities have found that your little school girl has certain special needs only you can supply!

One thing they point to as of particular importance is the *school day breakfast*.

What do school authorities know about what your child should eat?

Test after test on all kinds of children has convinced them of this: That the children who do

the best school work in the mornings are the ones that have a *hot cereal breakfast*.

In Kansas City, for instance, the usual number of failures among first year children was enormously reduced by a diet of milk, green vegetables, fruit, hard breads, and a *hot cooked cereal* for breakfast.

In Philadelphia, children who were given a bowl of *cooked cereal* at morning recess showed distinct improvement in better weight, better blood and a better school record.

And so it goes. That is why in school rooms everywhere today you can see this Breakfast Rule displayed on the wall:

*"Every boy and girl needs
a HOT cereal for breakfast"*

Here is where she who was your baby still needs your guiding hand. She cannot be left to the whims of her own appetite. *You* must see that every school morning she gets the benefit of a well cooked cereal—Cream of Wheat.

The reasons why for 30 years authorities have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal cereal for children are these:

First, children love its creamy deliciousness, and it is so easy to vary it by adding wholesome raisins, dates or prunes when you cook it.

Second, it is chock full of just the mental and physical energy your child's success in school demands.

Third, it is so easily digested that its wonderful store of energy is quickly released. Cream of Wheat contains none of the indigestible parts of the wheat which make extra hard work for the stomach.

There is probably a box of Cream of Wheat in your pantry now. Won't you begin tomorrow morning the *regular* serving of this favorite old food? You will see for yourself the benefits that follow—new energy for study, for play.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English Address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

To mothers and teachers



Watch him shoot the basket! Health habits build the energy that wins. Every school day eat a hot cereal breakfast — Cream of Wheat.

Do you want to get the enthusiastic interest of your children in forming the hot cereal breakfast habit? If so, send for attractive colored poster to hang in your child's room. Posters are designed to make a "personal success" appeal both to boys and to girls of different ages. There is a 4-weeks' record form which the child

keeps himself by pasting in a gold star every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast. We will send posters and gold stars free, also booklet on children's diet and sample box of Cream of Wheat to mothers. Quantities for school room use free to teachers. Mail coupon to Dept. G-7, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name
Address
Girl? Boy? Age? If teacher, number?

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C. of W. Co.



This little girl has learned to read well because she eats the right food. Every school morning she eats a hot cereal breakfast — Cream of Wheat.

THE SUPREME GOAL

[Continued from page 86]

ness. At last there came a smile. It came slowly, but it came radiantly. Never, I think, could such a smile have been vouchsafed to any other creature in the world. 'Master! Master!' I cried, this time aloud. 'Dear little boy,' was the response. 'Sweet it is to me to have you here.'

"Beneath the coverings I could see the other hand seeking to free itself. 'Master,' I pleaded, 'may I not aid you?'"

"No, dear child. This is work which I must do alone. In conquering death I may use no help but the Father's. If I did, a large part of its meaning would vanish from my task."

"But what is its meaning, Lord?"

"The proving to my brethren that there is no death. Telling them would not be enough. I must show them the powers the Father has endowed us with by using them. Even so most of them will not believe me. They have seen me on the Cross; they looked on while I died; they watched while loving hands buried me. Nevertheless, few of them will accept the fact that I have risen even when they see me and talk to me as you are doing now."

"Were this great triumph of man over death to be wrought for my sake alone it would not have been worth while. Merely to magnify me would not be to help my brethren. The thing they must learn is that what I have done they too can do. There is no need for them to pass through the horrors of pain and the grave in order to reach the next step in being; they can, at the appointed time, migrate of their own free will, as the birds fly north and south. My task is to show them that it can be done."

"But, Master, I had the temerity to object, 'I see not how it can be done, even though I see you doing it.'"

"His smile was one of piercing sweetness. 'Dear boy, I said not *how* it can be done but *that* it can be done. That it can be done I can demonstrate to the eye. How it can be done is for each to discover for himself. Live sinlessly; heal the sick; cast out evils. He who does that will put off the life of time and put on that of the ages as a man casts aside an outworn cloak and robes himself in one more glorious.'

"But, Lord," I murmured, 'will any man after you ever be equal to these things?'"

"Not perhaps for thousands of years, as time is counted in the mortal world. Men in growing numbers will applaud the example I give them, but make no attempt to follow it. That it implies sinlessness, or a state as near to sinlessness as may be reached, will in itself keep men and women from awakening the powers which as yet are asleep in them, and will remain asleep for ages and ages to come. For ages and ages to come the seekers after truth will strive to find the way behind the veil by means of no great efficiency, advancing here, and losing ground there, but making little progress anywhere. My way they will reject because it is too difficult. Till all other ways have been tried in vain it will remain too difficult, but by that time a new race of children of God will have been born. Then shall they return to what you, beloved lad, are witnessing this morning. They will see at last that once and for all the experiment has been made, and set themselves to learn how. That *how* there will then be no reason to explain, since all but the vicious will not only love God, but will understand Him."

"Even as He spoke I began to see a change in Him. Hitherto He had been Jesus of Capernaum much as I had known Him. Some slight difference there was, such a difference as you will see between a man whom you have only known in sickness when you see him well; but it was no more than that. Now all at once He began to glow as if light was His raiment instead of such clothes as mortals wear or put on their dead. It was not fire or flame or anything that burned; rather it was a self-illumination."

"Nevertheless, He still continued to sit upright and to speak to me. 'Above all things take heed to this, dear lad. It is not knowing about the Father that will prove to be eternal life; it is knowing Him. Understanding Him you will have in

your hands a portion of His power. You will be able to rule your life, rather than live by the rule of chance or circumstance. To me who have carried out the Father's will all power is given in heaven and in earth. To you it will be given in like manner, according to the measure of your obedience.'

"What happened next I saw not, even though I was looking on. It was action too quick and transcendent for my eyes to follow. He left the tomb. He was standing before me. Between the moment in which He sat addressing me and that in which He stood above me, my eyes on a level with His feet, there was not, as far as I could judge, the briefest interval of time. But there He was, moving as I had seen Him move, only on feet of light."

"In the tomb the gravecloths lay empty and discarded. The facecloth was wrapped and apart, even as He had placed it. Tall, erect, majestic, but loving and kind beyond all comprehension of thought, He stood before me in raiment like unto sunbeams."

"Beloved boy," quoth He, softly and strongly, 'you have followed me with a very sweet affection. Now I shall do the same with you. You will not see me, but I shall be there, helping you through a long mortal life that will mingle both joy and care. Always remember that I shall never leave you nor forsake you.'

"And then, as I knelt, my hands clasped, looking up at Him adoringly, my eyes were unable to keep the vision. It was not He who vanished; it was I who could no longer behold. The beauty was too great; the radiance too intense. He did not fade, nor leave me, nor disappear. The inability was on my side. He grew too glorious. That was all."

"In the garden it was dark, with the first hint of dawn in the darkness. There was now no light from the tomb, nor had I any companionship. Moreover, two Roman guards who seemed to have lain near by in a drunken sleep, awoke and began to curse. Unseen by them I slipped away. Near the gate I passed three women who were entering. I heard one say to the others, 'The spices have we brought, the ointments, and the linen; but who shall roll away for us the door of the sepulchre?' Hiding behind a sycamore I waited till they had gone by."

"But when I told my foster-father of how I had spent the night, and of what I had seen in doing it, he bade me keep it secret. Already he had heard whispers in the court of Pilatus that some trouble was afoot. The report had gone round that the body had been stolen while the soldiers slept, and the governor feared a scandal. So enjoining silence, and himself believing that Jesus of Capernaum was dead beyond resurrection, my foster-father gave the word that we should set out that self-same day for Tyre."

"Ere long we were transferred from Tyre to Rome, from Rome to Londinium in the province of Britannia. Here my foster-father died, and I grew to manhood, marrying a British wife. All my offices being in this distant portion of the Empire I heard no more of Jesus of Capernaum till the other day. Then, strange to relate, an old man, a wanderer, came to our town to deliver what he called an evangelium. His name, they told me, was Joseph of the town of Arimathea, in the Jews' country."

"All this way he had travelled, holding meetings in town after town, to deliver his message that a man had risen from the dead. At once I sought him out. 'Can it be,' I asked, 'that the man of whom you would tell us is one Jesus of Capernaum?' 'The same,' quoth he. 'Have you already heard of Him?' 'Not only have I heard of Him,' quoth I, 'but I have known Him. Not only have I known Him, but in a garden in the Jews' city of Jerusalem, three days after His death, as the Jews reckon time, I saw Him as He'"

And here the manuscript breaks off.

Note. All quotations from the New Testament in the above are taken from the American translation into modern speech by Dr. Goodspeed.

"Like having Fresh Coconut always on hand" say cookery experts of this new fresh-canned coconut

FRESH coconut, ready-grated, always on hand, that's what all housewives would like, of course.

And at last they can have it! For now fresh coconut is being put up, all shredded and ready to use, with every bit of its original tenderness and flavor.

It is so moist and tender, so rich and delicious that you can hardly tell it from the meat of a fresh nut that you had grated yourself.

When you buy coconut after this, always ask for Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style.

Use it in your own favorite recipes, or in the many delightful ways that the Franklin Baker recipe book tells you about, and coconut dishes will become your most popular sweets. Serve them frequently, for coconut put up in this way with all its natural moisture and its valuable proteins and vitamins is among the most wholesome and nutritious of foods.

COCOROONS: Beat 2 egg whites with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt until stiff. Whisk in 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time. Add slowly 2 cups cornflakes, then 1 cup Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon flavoring. Drop onto waxed paper on greased pan and bake 10 minutes, moderate oven.



Cocoroons

The old familiar kind, too

And of course we can also give you the old-fashioned shredded kind, at its best. Baker's Premium Shred Coconut is made from the meat of specially selected coconuts—sugar cured. It is daintily and finely cut, carefully prepared and packed in double-wrappings of waxed paper, insuring freshness.



Coconut Butterscotch Pie

MRS. DELLA THOMPSON LUTES, Housekeeping Editor of Modern Priscilla and director of the Priscilla Proving Plant, makes this delicious butterscotch pie with the new fresh-canned coconut

FREE RECIPE BOOK AND TRIAL CAN: The new Franklin Baker recipe book sent free on request. If you cannot get Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, at your grocer's, the Franklin Baker Co. will send a trial (half size) can and the recipe book for ten cents stamps or coin. Address: Dept. C-4, Franklin Baker Company, Hoboken, New Jersey.

Please write name and address plainly.

BAKER'S
Canned COCONUT
Southern-Style

Packed in tins with all its freshness and flavor



By discovering the three telltale places where age shows first on a woman's face and then by correcting them by scientific treatments and exclusive preparations, Dorothy Gray became one of the world's most famous beauty specialists.



DOROTHY GRAY numbers among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register. The results she accomplishes at her famous Fifth Avenue Studio can now be duplicated in your own home.

DOROTHY GRAY

You can erase years from your face... with these simple treatments

She discovered the 3 telltale places where age shows first and developed scientific methods for correcting these age signs



Double Chin



Relaxed Muscles; Crepey Throat



Lines and Wrinkles

PREMATURE age, often due to illness or worry can be overcome now. You can look years younger. And the process of rejuvenation is simple, delightful.

Formerly one had to come to New York City and take treatments at Dorothy Gray's Salon on Fifth Avenue where this noted specialist has worked so many youth miracles upon thousands of faces.

Now in your own home, you, like thousands upon thousands of other women, can erase or combat those unhappy lines of facial age.

Dorothy Gray's treatments for the conditions illustrated, combining balanced and effective skin foods and astringents, achieve almost magical results. By strengthening the principal facial muscles, thin and withered skins can be made plump again, sallowness can be made white, the actual color of youth can be restored, lines and crow's-feet can be erased, fat chins can be reduced, a drooping chin line can be overcome.

Dorothy Gray has a special treatment for every facial problem. Her three basic treatments, for the conditions pictured above, her preparations and treatments, are now on sale at the toilet

goods counters of the better department stores and quality drug stores, with very definite and easily followed instructions. Also her complete line of preparations may be bought separately.

Inquiry regarding corrective treatments may be made to clerks at department and drug stores or you may write direct to Dorothy Gray, explaining your facial condition and she will recommend the correct treatment—or mail the coupon below.

THREE BASIC TREATMENTS

TO erase the three telltale places where age shows first, Dorothy Gray has assembled a complete treatment for each, including the correct preparations as used at her Studio. Each treatment is packed in an attractive box, with full directions for home applications.

These three basic treatments can now be purchased at the toilet goods departments of the fine department stores and leading drug stores throughout the country.

The preparations contained in these treatment boxes can also be purchased separately, if you choose.



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753 Fifth Avenue 1637 Boardwalk 1009 Conn. Ave. White House
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Please tell me how:

- ☐ to treat a double chin.
☐ to treat relaxed muscles and crepey throat.
☐ to erase lines and wrinkles.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 21]

the waiting roadster he wondered if there could be anywhere in the world a finer couple.

Mrs. Paddock's voice came from the front door: "Joe, if you're going to church you must hurry and get ready."

"I don't think I'll go this morning, Laura."

"Not go! Nonsense, of course you are going. Miss Gordon is to sing—Mrs. Trevor has a cornet solo—we have the Goodwin Male Quartette—and Professor Levinski gives a special organ number. Come on, you have just time to dress."

THE work horses, in the barnyard, dozed peacefully after their day of rest in the pasture and their evening meal of grain. The chickens had gone to roost. Grandpa and Grandma, from their easy chairs on the veranda, watched the colors of the sunset fade—the western sky grow dim—and the dusk of twilight deepen into the darkness of the night. "Well, Mother," said the old gentleman, with a great yawn, "I don't know about you, but I'm ready to call it another day."

She answered with a little sigh of contentment: "I was just thinking it must be near bed time."

They were about to enter the house when Grandpa heard a strange sound.

"What is it?" whispered the old lady.

"It's there at the end of the veranda, whatever it is," he whispered in return.

He quietly closed the door and they stood in the darkness listening. Suddenly, as the sound came again, the old lady started forward. But Grandpa held her back. "It's some one crying," she said in a low tone. "Some one is in trouble."

Grandpa went down the steps and around to the end of the veranda, with Grandma following close behind.

Crouching on the ground, almost hidden in the vines, they found a woman moaning, sobbing, almost delirious with fright or pain. When Grandpa spoke to her and touched her on the shoulder she cried out: "No—no—" and tried to drag herself away.

With a firm hand the old gentleman lifted the poor creature to her feet and together they tried, with gentle voices, to reassure and calm her as they helped her toward the door of the house. Grandma turned on the light. "Georgia!"

The girl's dress was soiled and torn—her stockings grass stained and ragged—her hair disheveled—her eyes wild—and her face scratched and tear washed.

They helped her to a couch, and Grandpa spoke firmly to steady her: "Georgia, you must control yourself! You are all right. Tell me was it an automobile accident? Was anyone else hurt?"

With an effort, the girl answered: "It was an accident all right—not automobile though—there's no one else—I—I ran away from Jack—Jack Ellory. It was my fault—he's just like all the rest—I might have known. Oh—what a fool I've been!"

They half carried her back to the couch. Hetty appeared. Grandma explained briefly that there had been an accident, but that no one was hurt, and sent her to make tea. Grandma was urging the girl to take the hot drink when they were startled by a knock at the door.

Georgia clung to her grandmother like a frightened child. Staring at Grandpa, with terror stricken eyes, she begged: "Don't let him in. Please don't let him in. I hate him—I hate him—don't let him come near me."

The old gentleman, kneeling, took her in his arms. "There, there, child. No one is going to get you here." He strode across the room, threw open the door, and stepping out, closed it behind him.

When Grandpa appeared on the veranda, closing the door behind him, the figure of a man, vague and shadowy in the darkness, drew back toward the steps. The shadowy figure spoke in a voice uncertain with emotion: "I am Jack Ellory, Mr. Paddock. Is Georgia here?"

"Yes."

The younger man's voice was not lacking in sincerity as he ejaculated: "Thank God!" He removed his hat and wiped his forehead. "I thought she might be here."

Grandpa was grimly silent. Jack moved uneasily. "May I—could

I see her?"

"No."

The young man turned and started down the steps.

"Wait!" The word was a stern command.

Jack halted and in three long steps Grandpa stood over him. "I want to know one thing, young man."

"I understand, sir. I have not harmed Georgia." He suddenly raised his head, and with a pleading gesture, continued: "Good heavens, Mr. Paddock, I've known her ever since we were little children. She's been the one girl to me always—since before we went to kindergarten together. But this afternoon I thought—I mean I lost my head—I misunderstood—I thought—oh, how can I explain?" His voice broke with something very like a sob.

Grandpa's hand went out in the darkness to rest upon the younger man's shoulder, and Grandpa's voice was gentle: "We'll take care of her, Jack."

A little later, when Grandpa had telephoned to Georgia's parents, Grandma helped the girl to a warm bath, and after robing her in one of her own, old-fashioned night dresses, tucked her into the white bed in the cheerful guest room.

But when the old lady would have turned out the light the girl begged: "Please, Grandma, don't leave me. I can't sleep—I'm afraid—I—I must talk—I must tell you—"

"Why, of course I'll not leave you, dearie, if you want me. I'll just go and tell Grandpa that you are all right so he won't come blundering in on us when he is not wanted. I'll only be gone a minute."

When she returned she drew a chair close beside the bed, and, seating herself, took the girl's outstretched hand.

When Georgia did not speak for a little, the old gentleman said, "Start at the beginning, dearie. I don't mean the 'way back' beginning—the real beginning I suspect is farther back than any of us realize. Start, say, this morning—or last night maybe. You and Jack were out to a party somewhere last night, were you—and danced 'till pretty late?"

"Yes—it was late when I got home. He came for me again this morning. We were to go to the country for a quiet afternoon—just us two. He got a box of lunch, and—"

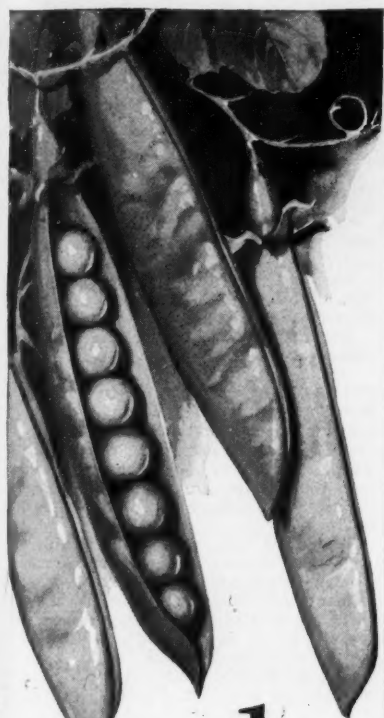
"And a bottle of liquor," said Grandma, in her matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes—and we came out the State Highway and turned off on the old east road that runs by the woods, you know. We left the automobile and went into the woods. Jack had a flask with him and drank. I only took a little—I never was so happy and contented—no noisy crowd—no one to bother—just Jack and me. And then, I—I don't remember how it happened—I was teasing Jack just for fun—and all at once he caught me in his arms. He never did that before. I—I was frightened. I fought him and broke away and ran. I didn't know where I was going—I just tore a way through the woods and brush—I was crazy. He called and called and tried to follow me. But I hid and wouldn't answer, and yet, all the time, I could hardly keep myself from going back to him. And that frightened me more than ever. And so when he went another way I ran again. I felt I must get away from the sound of his voice. I ran and ran—until I couldn't hear him any more. Then it began to get dark, and I didn't know where I was. And then I saw the house."

The girl was trembling again as if with a chill. "Oh Grandma, Grandma, what is the matter with me? I don't want to be bad—I'm not bad. But when Jack came on the porch I knew who it was—and I wanted to go to him. If you and Grandpa had not been with me I would have gone. I was afraid of him, too—but I was more afraid of myself."

"There, there, dearie—you mustn't let yourself get all worked up again. Of course you are not bad."

"He said he wanted me," murmured the girl. "I thought he meant that he loved me, and I was glad. Then I knew that he only wanted me just as he wants other women. I always thought he was different with me. I know [Turn to page 91]



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Just be sure you say
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peas**



GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 90]

now he is just like all men and thinks of me just as they all think of all women."

"Yes, child, Jack is just like all men as you are like all women. That is the first thing that you must understand clearly. It is as Jesus said: 'He which made them at the beginning made them male and female.'"

"But, Grandma, Jack never treated me like that before."

"And was it all his fault, Georgia?"

The girl turned her face away.

The old lady continued: "I've noticed for a good many years now that men in general try to live up to what their women expect of them."

Georgia's reply was a troubled confession: "When he didn't act like other men toward me I—I tried to see if I could make him."

"What fools we women be," murmured Grandma. "What blessed fools."

"I suspect—" continued Grandma—"that it has been the same since the time of Adam and Eve. I don't believe any cave girl was ever hit with a club and dragged away by the hair of her head when she did not invite the attack."

"But it seems to me, Grandma, that the whole world has gone sex mad. Men and women, when you were young, were not so—oh dear, I don't know how to say it—I mean they were not so independent—so much alike—so promiscuous."

"I'll admit there was not so much of this new freedom that the women of today brag about," returned Grandma. "You see, to us, God, spirituality, religion, morality, were real. Strange as it may seem, immorality was actually immoral. You and Jack have cut loose from those old-fashioned religious anchors. You are trusting to luck. You invite disaster. If you don't go to smash it will be an accident. Your grandfather and I had something beside sex attraction. You young people of today haven't anything but sex. The girls of my generation could have gone sex mad, too, but they had religion to keep them sane."

"But Grandma," cried the girl, "how can we have a real religion? Where are we going to get it? Why, our own minister, even, is a nasty man who is always making jokes about love and marriage."

"I know, child, but we women who have to mother the race have always had to hold fast to religion in spite of the preachers. God is the same always. And preachers or no preachers, if the women of this generation let go their hold on God and the spiritual realities of religion they will breed a race of moral degenerates. Until these advanced thinkers, who sneer at religion, can produce a laboratory baby they better not loosen the world's grip on God. For human beings, sex love uncontrolled is degeneracy. And, so far, my dear child, the only control the world has ever known is spirituality."

Some time passed before the girl spoke. She lay so still that once Grandma leaned forward over the bed to see if she were sleeping. Then she said: "Grandma, do you think Jack will ever forgive me? Will he want me—I mean will he care for me as—as I want him to care—as he did before I let the bars down?"

"He will care more than ever, dear, because, you see, you put the bars up again. He knows it was an accident. But you must never lose control again." The old gentleman kissed her. "I'm going to leave you now, dearie. If I were you I would just make a little prayer—ask God to bless your love for Jack—to be with you and make you strong for him and for the sake of the home and children you hope to have."

But to Grandma, a few minutes later, Grandma said with amazing vigor: "If Laura Louise Paddock, and all these other down-to-date mothers, would give half the thought to their daughters that they give to their new fangled culture our modern girls would have a chance."

WHEN Georgia and her grandfather arrived at the girl's home on Thursday the old gentleman refused to go in.

"Can't stop today, Georgia—haven't time—several things to see to—and you know I always have to get back to the farm before dark." [Turn to page 92]



The flash of CLEAN beauty

Your teeth show it; your mouth feels it—after brushing with this dual-action dentifrice

mouth—teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequaled cleanness; removes the causes of decay.

At a glance in the mirror, the admiring looks of others—both tell you that your teeth look more beautiful after using Colgate's. The sensation of tingling health, the fresh feel of your gums and teeth—these tell you that your mouth is cleaner.

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Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful, bubbling foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes the entire

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A normal healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. "Just keep your teeth clean," says science, "and don't fear imaginary afflictions of teeth, mouth, or gums."

Colgate's contains nothing that will appeal to the dentally ignorant or the gullible. It cleans; cleans thoroughly!

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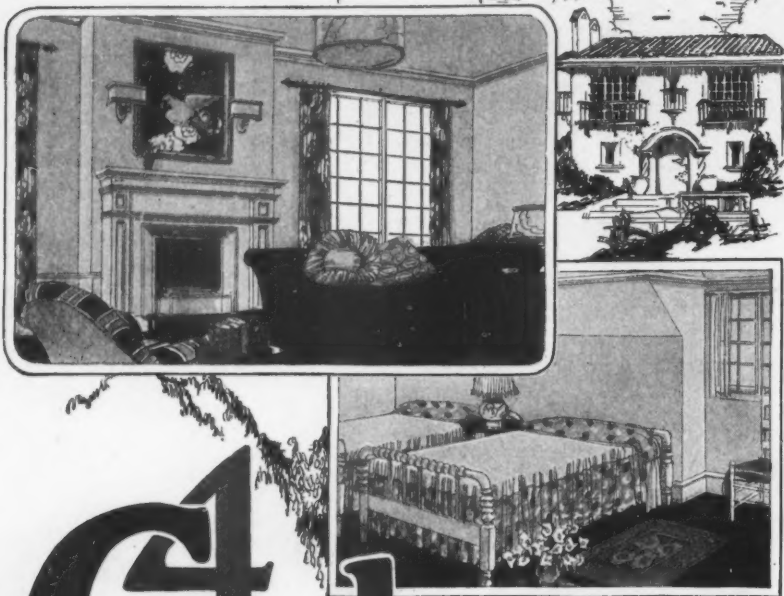
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GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 91]



4 Colors

That Make Beautiful Interiors

Ask your dealer to show you the Alabastine Rustic Tan—Oyster Blue—Antique Green—and Peach. These distinctive color creations are in the neutral shades—those beautiful, artistically correct wall colors now so much in vogue.

With Alabastine colors you can quickly transform any room into a dream of loveliness. The 20 colors and white, by mixing, give every opportunity for individual color schemes and treatment. Alabastine is so easy to apply you can do the work yourself. Mixes in a moment with warm or cold water, and can be used on any surface—plaster, wallboard, brick, cement or canvas. And it won't rub off; yet it washes off readily when removal is desired. No other wall coating compares with the good looks, fast colors, lasting wear and sanitary qualities of Alabastine.

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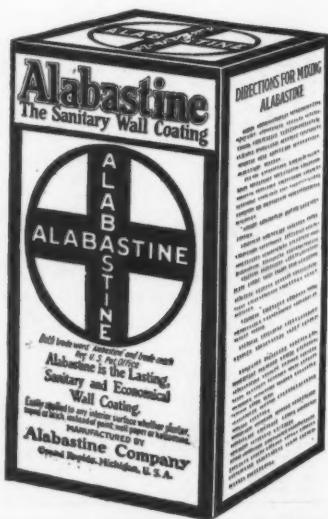
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Instead of Kalsomine or Wallpaper



"But you can't go without even saying 'howdy' to Mother," protested the girl. "Wait just a minute and I'll tell her you are here."

She ran into the house to return a few seconds later. "Mother is not home," she said. "She didn't know I was coming, I guess."

When Grandpa had driven slowly and carefully away the girl went to her room. As she moved about, unpacking her bag and preparing to change her dress, she hummed a little tune. Two or three times she paused before the photograph of Jack Ellory on her dresser, and looking at the face of the man she loved, she smiled—as a woman always smiles at the man she loves.

With Grandpa's help, the girl had freed herself from the tangle of unwholesome doubt and suspicion. She saw her feeling for Jack clearly—understandingly. She knew now what she would do.

She would tell him frankly that she was to blame for what had happened, and ask his forgiveness. Then she would cut out all the wild parties. She would go with him for tennis and decent dinners and dances whenever he wanted her, but there would be no more of Tony's Place and Sundown Inn. Her set would guy her—but Grandma was right—if she wanted Jack's love she must fight for it.

The front screen door slammed. The girl went to the open door of her room and heard her mother's voice in the hall below. She was about to call a greeting when she heard another voice. She put out her hand and caught the door frame to steady herself.

Her mother's voice came again: "No, really, you must not come in. There is not a soul in the house but cook. Georgia is at the farm, as I told you."

The other voice—a man's voice—answered: "Please don't be so hard-hearted, Laura. I promise to be good."

"But Edward, think of the neighbors—what if some one should come?"

"Confound the neighbors! Think of us! Have we no rights?"

"You naughty man! Well then—but you must promise to go in half an hour."

"You darling!"

The door shut. "Edward!"

Georgia crept toward the head of the stairs and looked down to see her mother in the arms of Astell.

They moved on into the living room and the girl heard her mother's protesting: "No, no, Edward. You must not. You promised to behave."

Weak and trembling, the girl crept back to her room.

What should she do? What *could* she do? A few days ago she would have walked boldly down the stairs and confronted them. But with her own experience so fresh in her mind she could not. She felt her own guilt more keenly than ever. Queerly, she felt that she understood her mother as she had never understood her before. A voice within her cried exultingly: "You were right in your estimate of men and women. Grandma is all wrong. Grandma belongs to a past age. Your mother is a modern woman—so are you. Grandma's philosophy and beliefs are not for the women of today."

She must do something—she *must*. She started toward the stairway but in the doorway of her room she hesitated. How could she face them. Sounds came from the living room. On a sudden impulse she slammed her room door. Then she stood listening.

Her mother called from the hall below. She did not answer. Her mother's voice came up from the foot of the stairs: "Is that you Georgia?"

The girl opened her door noisily. "Did you call, Mother? I am dressing. I must have been in the bath when you came in. I'll be down in a few minutes."

"All right, dear—glad you're home."

The girl heard the front door open and shut. Then her mother started up the stairs. Fearfully, the daughter waited, half hiding herself in her closet as if searching for some article of clothing. Would her mother come to her room—would she dare? Mrs. Paddock passed hurriedly on to her own room and shut the door.

The girl smiled grimly. "Oh well," she said to herself, "I know exactly how she

feels."

She looked at the photograph on her dresser and laughed. "Good old Jack." Then in desperate haste she dressed. When she was ready she knocked at her mother's door.

"You can't come in just now, Georgia," said Mrs. Paddock. "I'll be down presently."

The girl answered with a sneering smile: "Oh, all right Mother. But I'm going out—have a date—so long—see you later."

She ran downstairs and out of the house.

GRANDPA Paddock drove to his son's grocery store where he was told that the groceryman would not be in until evening. Leaving an order for groceries for which he would call later, the old gentleman went on to Jack Ellory's place of business. Jack, seeing him drive up, hurried out to the curb.

The young man, embarrassed and nervous, was stammering incoherent words of greeting when Grandpa said anxiously: "There's something gone wrong with my car, Jack. Acts all kinds of ways—like she had the heavens and stringhalt and spavin and mebbly a touch of colic."

The automobile man laughed. "Run her into the shop, Mr. Paddock, and I'll have our veterinary look her over."

Leaving the car in the hands of the shop foreman Grandpa and Jack retired to the private office, where the young man faced the old gentleman with a look of serious inquiry.

Grandpa smiled reassuringly.

"Well?" said Jack.

"I brought Georgia home this afternoon. She's all right."

Grandpa seated himself and the younger man dropped into a chair with a sigh of relief. "I certainly made an awful fool of myself, Mr. Paddock."

"I've made a dozen fools of myself, son," Grandpa returned cheerfully. "It's easy."

"But it never happened with Georgia before, sir. You believe that, don't you?"

Grandpa nodded. "It was due to happen all right."

"Well, it has taught me a lesson. I'll never lose my head again."

"Didn't it teach you anything else, son?"

"Yes, sir, it did. But I guess I have learned my lesson too late."

Grandpa's keen old eyes twinkled. "Oh, I wouldn't be so sure of that, if I were you. There's only one thing harder to figure than a woman, and that's another woman."

Jack smiled ruefully. Then with a grim earnestness he said: "Most of the girls, these days, are all right to play around with but no man with any sense would marry one of them—I mean, no man with my ideas would take such a chance."

Grandpa nodded understandingly. "I suppose the average man wants something of almost any normally attractive woman, son, just because he is a man and she is a woman. But every man wants something of the woman he marries that he doesn't want from any of the others. He wants her to mother his children. I'm talking about decent men, Jack."

The young man bowed his head.

"I guess there's no harm in my asking, Jack—doesn't Georgia come pretty close to filling the specifications for the sort of woman a man with your ideas would want?"

Jack Ellory raised his head and looked straight into the old gentleman's eyes. "She does, Mr. Paddock. I'll admit I have been free with the others—but never with Georgia. Since I can remember, I have always liked her better and would rather be with her than any girl I ever knew, but I wasn't sure I wanted to ask her to marry me. Confound it all! I've always been afraid. You see, sir, all girls are pretty wise these days."

"Do you mean, Jack, that you were afraid to trust Georgia?"

"I was afraid of the whole thing—of her—myself—and everybody. Then came last Sunday, and I found that she was not like the others. And now it's too late—I have lost her."

Grandpa rose and crossed the room to look at a road map that hung on the wall. For some time he [Turn to page 93]



Shining white and very clean!

CLEANING the closet bowl . . . it used to be a disagreeable task . . . scrubbing, scouring and dipping water. But now . . . Sani-Flush! Those stains, marks and unsightly incrustations quickly vanish. The bowl shines!

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GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 92]

stood there, his back toward Jack, as if lost in the contemplation of state highways. "Tain't fair for me to tell nothing out of school, maybe—" he said as he turned at last, "but us young men must stick together, Jack. So I'll just say from what my girl told me about her talk with your girl, you have no reason to worry too much."

Jack Ellory sprang to his feet. "Do you mean, sir—do you think I still have a chance?"

Grandpa Paddock answered earnestly: "I wish you were as sure of heaven as you are of Georgia's love."

At that moment a boy came to say that Mr. Paddock's car was ready.

"What was the trouble?" Jack asked.

The mechanic grinned. "Not a thing."

"Now ain't that just like me?" said Grandpa.

Jack looked at him with an understanding smile. "Yes, I'd say that was just exactly like you. Drop in again when you find anything you think needs attention."

When Grandpa was gone, Jack shut himself up in his private office. "What a wonderful old couple Grandpa and Grandma Paddock are," he thought. "When Georgia and I are grandparents—" He wondered if he dared to call her up.

He was reaching for the telephone when the instrument rang. It was Georgia calling him. She was at the Club. He must come right away—she needed him.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"I'll tell you when you get here," came the answer.

Jack caught up his hat and almost ran out of the building.

The girl was waiting for him, flushed and excited, on the veranda of the club house. How beautiful she was!

"Hello, old timer," she cried as he ran up the steps. "I'll tell the world you didn't lose any time."

He spoke seriously. "What's the trouble, Georgia?"

"No trouble at all." There was defiance in her voice. "I'm throwing a party, that's all. Harry Winton, the Burnes boys, with their sweeties, and all the rest of the regular bunch. I got hold of Davie Bates and he's bringing us the hootch. He will be here any minute now. Nothing like having a groceryman papa with an understanding delivery boy, is there? What's the matter, old top? You look so funny."

"I'm afraid you'll have to count me out."

"Count you out, nothing—where would I be without my little playmate?"

"But I have a meeting of the Organized Charities tonight."

"Aw, what's a charity meeting between friends—they'll get along without you. Don't kid yourself that you're so necessary, old dear—go get yourself a drink and you'll feel different."

"Georgia—I—"

"Yes, sir."

"I must tell you something, Georgia." He led her to a secluded corner. "Have you forgiven me for what happened Sunday, Georgia?"

"Nothing happened, did it?"

"I love you, Georgia."

"Do tell! And you haven't had the first drink yet!"

"Georgia, you must listen to me. I am serious. I love you."

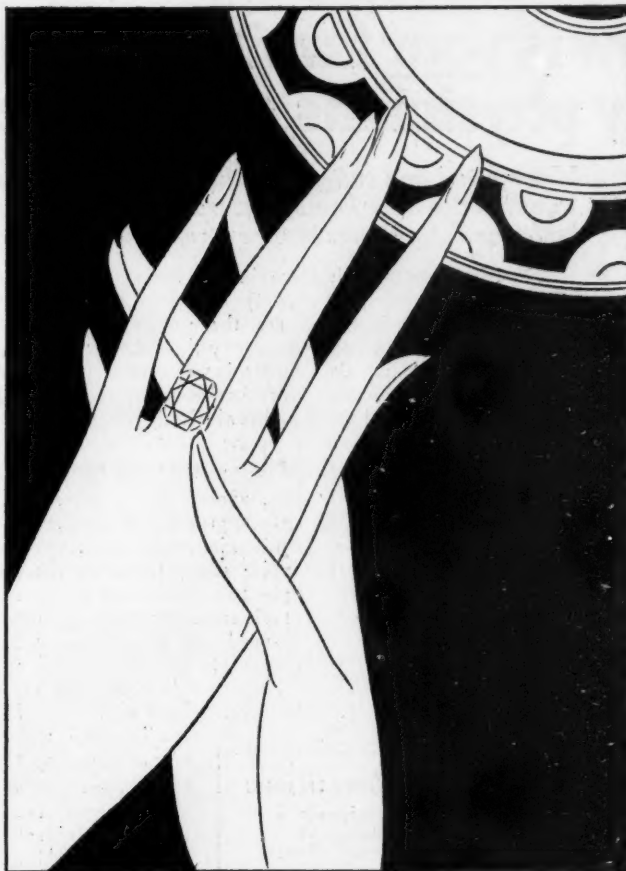
"Of course you do, old dear. And I love you."

"Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife! Just like that! Don't make me laugh, boy. I'll get drunk with you, but I wouldn't marry anything that even looked like a man. Marriage is all out of date, old thing—didn't you know about that? It belonged to my grandmother's day. Marriage! Huh! I'll respect the dead and all that, but I won't stand having a funeral service read over me while I'm living. I'm yours if you want me, Jack dear—and I'm hoping you do, but don't ask me to be old-fashioned. I'm a free woman, I am, and so help me I'm going to stay that way. Now will you go and get us a shot of hootch? There's my sainted dad's delivery boy in his little old flivver with the goods."

THE meetings of the Organized Charities of Westover were held in one of the rooms in the City [Turn to page 94]

Hands don't say "Dishpan" now!



THE injurious alkali in so many soaps—whether flakes, chips or cakes—dries up the delicate oils Nature placed under the outer skin of your hands to protect their smoothness.

Tissue-thin, transparent Lux diamonds contain no harmful alkali. They cannot redden or roughen the skin.

Women, themselves, washing their fine things in Lux, discovered how kind Lux is to hands. Now they use it for washing dishes too, and keep their hands free of that dishpan look.

Save your hands. Keep a package of Lux always on your pantry shelf.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



One teaspoonful
is plenty



How is your family classified by physicians and nurses?

Many proud and enlightened households would be humiliated to know how backward are their ideals of health and cleanliness in the eyes of modern science

WHEN the physician steps through the door, do you realize that your household is, in a sense, immediately placed on trial? When a trained nurse is called, your family standards become an open book. There is nothing hostile . . . simply the natural attitude of the scientific mind. You are judged not by clothes, manners or interior decorations, but by your hygienic standards.

And properly so. Every member of a family, every member of a community, is under a moral obligation to maintain and raise the health standard. So it matters a great deal, just how you rank in the opinion of those who know.

Zonite marks the enlightened home—and protects it

The first step toward a higher sanitary standard is disease-prevention. This calls for an antiseptic or, far better, a genuine germicide. And right here has always arisen the difficulty. All the known germicides were poisons. Carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury—these were a men-

ace in the house, especially if the family contained children. Furthermore, the uses of these preparations were very limited. For the nose and throat, it was necessary to depend on less effective antiseptics—weak mouthwashes, which might retard germ-growth temporarily but could never even pretend to stamp out germs entirely.

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Zonite gives a surgical cleanliness. It is safe in the hands of a child. It is available everywhere. So is Zonite Ointment, invaluable as a deodorant and as an antiseptic vanishing cream.

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Dandruff corrective
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In bottles: 25c, 50c and \$1
Full directions with every package

Zonite

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Use Zonite Ointment for chapped hands, cracked lips, cold sores, and windburn. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.



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GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 93]

Hall. There were, that evening, about thirty people, directors and workers in the organization, present. President Jack Ellory had personally urged each individual to be there. But when they were all assembled and the time set for the meeting had arrived the president was not present.

It was nearly an hour past the time for opening the meeting when the vice-president called the meeting to order.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read, the treasurer made his report, and some unfinished business was disposed of. Then Mr. Wilcox, the professional money raiser from Cleveland, was introduced. But the Charity worker had barely concluded his opening remarks, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a motorcycle policeman.

When the speaker paused and gazed toward the door everyone in the room turned. A hush fell over the company as the man in the uniform stood looking them over, evidently searching for some individual. Then the officer stepped forward and drew banker Winton aside.

Mrs. Winton gasped, and Mrs. Paddock slipped a supporting arm around her.

With breathless interest the company watched while the policeman whispered to Mr. Winton. The banker caught the officer's arm as if to keep himself from falling. Mrs. Winton screamed: "Harry—my boy, Harry!" and rushed to the two men.

Mr. Winton, with an effort, mastered his emotion and supported his wife. The groceryman and his wife hurried to their friends. Others gathered round. The room was filled with whispers.

Quickly, the awful word was passed: "Automobile accident—car went off the bluff curve a mile this side of Sundown Inn—young Winton killed. He was driving—no one else badly hurt—drunk! Speeding—drunk—wild party."

Tenderly they assisted the stricken parents to their automobile. Mrs. Paddock would go with them to their home. Joe would follow in the Paddock car.

And through it all, the groceryman's brain was hammering: "Georgia—Georgia."

When the Wintons' car pulled away, the groceryman drew the officer aside.

"Young Winton was drunk as usual," said the representative of the law. "There was a party—three cars. They had been at Tony's and were on their way to the Inn. Winton's car was last. They were speeding recklessly, and my partner and I were following them when it happened. I didn't get the names of the others in the Winton car. My partner looked after that while I came to tell Mr. Winton."

"My—my—daughter?"
"She was with the party, Mr. Paddock, but not in the Winton car. She was ahead with Jack Ellory in his roadster."

THE hour was late when the groceryman and his wife left the Winton home.

As they drove down the silent street, Mrs. Paddock whispered: "Oh Joe, I'm so frightened—Georgia—"

Joe repeated what the officer had told him—their daughter was not hurt.

"But, Joe—she was in the party—the talk—it is terrible—the whole town will know. Can't you do something to keep Georgia's name out of it—can't it be hushed up? You must do something!"

As they turned into the driveway at their own home they looked for a light in the window of their daughter's room. There was no light.

The groceryman looked at his watch. "It's twenty minutes of two."

"She may be in bed," whispered Mrs. Paddock.

"If she were home she would be waiting for us," returned Joe.

They entered the silent house and Mrs. Paddock went up to the girl's room. She was not at home! The mother returned to her husband in the living room and they looked at each other in frightened silence. The groceryman paced up and down. Mrs. Paddock moved about wringing her hands.

"Can't we do something?" cried the distracted mother. "Call Sundown Inn—they will know her—ask for Jack Ellory."

The groceryman was about to act on her suggestion when they heard the front door open and close. They waited, breathless. Their daughter came and stood before

them. The girl's face was flushed, her eyes were bright and hard, she moved unsteadily, with an air of abandonment. The groceryman moved closer to his wife.

With a mocking grin, and a playfulness which filled their hearts with ghastly fear, the girl said: "Oh you spooners! Caught you in the very act, didn't I? Aren't you 'shamed? At your age—this time of night!"

With exaggerated seriousness the girl continued: "Well, what you got to say for yourselves? What you looking at me like that for—I'm not a ghost. I'm flesh and blood girl, I am. Good flesh and blood too—no spirit about me."

"Georgia—" gasped Mrs. Paddock. "What is the matter—what has happened to you?"

The groceryman, watching his daughter closely, did not speak.

"Matter?" returned Georgia. "Is anything the matter? Everything's lovely, far's I can see. Nothin' matter with me."

The mother uttered a low cry: "Oh Joe, Joe, she's drunk!"

The girl chuckled. "You should worry, Mother dear, you should worry!"

Then Mrs. Paddock arose to the occasion. In righteous indignation she stood over her daughter. "You dreadful girl! Have you no sense of decency—no shame? The idea of you, my daughter, brought up as you have been, in a Christian home, being in this disgusting condition."

The groceryman murmured warningly. "Go slow, Laura."

Georgia threw up her head and her eyes blazed quick defiance. "That'll be about enough from you, Mother dear—I've had all your lectures I'm going to stand for. I'm a free woman, I am. If Daddy has anything to say, that's different. But before you preach to me about Christian homes and all that bunk, you'd better clean your own slate. A swell Christian you are!"

Mrs. Paddock, white with rage, shame and fear, dropped into the nearest chair.

The groceryman spoke: "Georgia—"

"All right, Daddy."

She seemed steadied a little, and he asked: "Have you heard what happened tonight?"

"I know what happened to me when I came home from the farm this afternoon." She faced her mother again.

Mrs. Paddock cried out: "Please, please, Georgia!"

The groceryman looked from his daughter to his wife, and back to his daughter.

"I mean about Harry Winton, Georgia. Do you know about him?"

The girl answered recklessly: "He was good and drunk, if that's what you mean. He and the Burnes boys were certainly lit up when we all left Tony's for Sundown Inn. That's the last I saw of Harry or any of the crowd. You see, Jack and I cut the bunch before we got to the Inn, and beat it into the country."

Mrs. Paddock exclaimed: "You went into the country, alone, with Jack Ellory—at this time of the night—in your condition?"

"Well, what of it?" flamed Georgia. "If you are raising a moral question—well—I wouldn't if I were you. I don't mind telling you, though, that Jack asked me to marry him."

"And you—you accepted him?" gasped the mother.

"Accepted him—me? Well hardly—not in the way you mean," sneered the girl. "Don't make me laugh, Mother dear. I told the dear boy I'd get drunk with him."

Watching the effect of her words with a ghastly smile, the girl continued: "Think I'd marry any man after what I know about the sacred ties of matrimony? Not much! Marriage—love—and all that—seems to have worked all right in Grandma's time. Perhaps it was, like Grandma says, because they had religion to help. Maybe if we had a little religion we could make the grade too. I don't know how anybody would go about getting religion these days though. Marriage for keeps is the bunk—it's—its obsolete. That's good word 'obsolete'! Love 'em hard and leave 'em quick—that's down-to-date idea. We women have won our freedom—just as free as the men—aren't we, Mother dear? Mother and I—we are modern—we know—bet your life we—"

The groceryman [Turn to page 95]

I STOP Foot Pains or you pay nothing



Burning, aching feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains, sagging arches—all can now be quickly ended.

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CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 94]

interrupted her: "Georgia, Harry Winton is dead."

She gazed at her father stupidly. "What's that you say? Harry dead?"

"He was killed in an automobile accident on the road to Sundown Inn."

As the girl grasped the fact, her eyes grew big with horror. "Dead!" she whispered hoarsely. "Jack tried to persuade him he wasn't fit to drive. Always was a reckless fool. Good boy at heart—just couldn't carry his liquor—dead!"

Suddenly she slumped down in her chair, crying, moaning, her body shaken with fear and grief. They half carried the girl upstairs to her room. Under the stress of the moment she was like a child and clung piteously to her father, who tried to soothe her. "Oh Daddy, Daddy—I'm so sorry—poor Harry—there wasn't a mean thing about him."

Mrs. Paddock, kneeling, removed the girl's shoes. Then, motioning Joe to leave them, she said: "Come dear, let Mother help you to undress."

At the head of the stairs the groceryman hesitated. It was no use to go to his own room—he felt he would never sleep again. He wanted to be near his daughter. He felt that she relied on him.

He heard the girl crying. Then his wife's voice: "Come Georgia, let me help you—you must get to bed."

"Oh Mother, I can't believe it! Poor Harry—it isn't true—tell me it isn't true!"

Mrs. Paddock, at her daughter's collapse, seemed to have recovered her usual air of superiority. The groceryman heard her say sternly: "I certainly hope this will be a lesson to you and your crowd of hoodlums, Georgia. You must tell me—I must know. You and Jack Ellory tonight—you say you went into the country with him—where did you go—what—"

At the name of Jack Ellory the girl sprang to her feet and pushed her mother away. In a voice charged with scorn and fury she cried: "It's none of your business where Jack and I went or what happened. Don't you ever dare to mention his name to me again. He's too good—too fine—too big—for you to understand."

The groceryman grasped the stair rail for support. He felt weak and sick.

His wife was pleading: "Please don't, Georgia—I—I—I—am your mother, dear."

"You've said it," retorted the girl, with bitter cruelty. "You are my mother! Next you'll be reminding me that you are Daddy's wife. Why don't you rub it in good while you're at it?"

Mrs. Paddock attempted to carry it off with a show of dignity, but her voice faltered: "I—I—hope you know what you are trying to say—I'm sure I don't."

"Oh, you don't! Well, in plain words then, I saw you in the arms of Edward Astell this afternoon when you and he thought you were alone in the house."

Mrs. Paddock, with frightened words, pleaded for mercy.

But the daughter went on pitilessly while the groceryman heard every word.

"So you do understand what I'm talking about, after all, do you? Everybody in Westover, except poor Daddy, knows how you have been chasing that low-down beast. You've told me many times that you had no desire to be a good sport. Well, I'll say you're not—you're a rotten cheap sport. You couldn't even pick out a regular man. Of course you'd say we must forgive his rottenness because he's such a genius—the intellectual and artistic leader of Westover. And you have the nerve to pretend that you are horrified because I go for a ride with Jack Ellory! Well, you don't need to worry about me! Being only a girl, I haven't the protection that a respectable married woman like you enjoys, I know, but I can take care of myself just the same. You feel terribly sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Winton, don't you? And you'd like to make me feel that I am to blame for Harry's death because it was my party. Well, I am to blame. It was my liquor that made him drunk. But I'll tell you this—if I had actually killed him I wouldn't change places with you. You've killed something in Daddy, and you've killed something in me, that's more than the death that came to Harry Winton!"

[Continued in MAY McCALL'S]



Actresses favor Resinol Soap for daily cleansing

They find that its
Resinol properties tend
to prevent dryness and
roughness of the skin

"It is very easy to understand why Resinol Soap is so popular since it has special properties to keep the skin soft and natural," says Viola Dana, much admired F. B. O. star who is now being featured in "Homestruck."

With every trace of make-up to be removed daily if she is to care for her skin properly, the screen star must decide what will accomplish this cleansing most thoroughly without injury to the skin's delicate texture. Resinol Soap offers a solution of the problem, and women in all fields of activity are adopting its use.

To daily increasing numbers of women the name Resinol means a product with ingredients of particular benefit to the skin. In the abundant, creamy lather of Resinol Soap these properties are carried deep into the pores, and they make possible thorough cleansing without the smarting, dry, red flaky condition of which so many complain.

Get a cake of this soap from your druggist, and note how quickly you can work up a rich fluffy lather on your face with your fingertips. Then see how easily it rinses taking the impurities with it. Now touch your skin—how velvety it is—how smooth—how radiant and clear. You will doubtless agree with one enthusiastic woman who wrote "My skin felt really clean for the first time when I used Resinol Soap."

If you are at present annoyed by some skin irritation—a minor rash, a facial blemish, or one of the more serious forms of skin disorder apply a bit of Resinol Ointment. It relieves burning and itching promptly and rarely fails to clear the trouble away. Prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Discriminating men appreciate the free soothing lather of Resinol Shaving Stick.

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When you first apply Wildroot, the accumulated dandruff loosens up, and is temporarily more apparent, but soon disappears under regular treatment.

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DISCOVERING A LOST CITY

[Continued from page 28]

the heat of the afternoon drained me of strength, and when I reached the top I was nauseated and burning. But my elation was stronger than the fever—particularly when I compared the sculptured figures with those in the photographs and saw that they were identical with the exception of the slight differences I had already noticed.

Then I found other analogous details. Some of the windows of Prah Khan were closed with blocks of stone like those of Wat Phu although not entirely in the same manner. Also there was a strong similarity between the stone fretwork that paneled both buildings, and among a few of the lesser images. Prah Khan was built about 800 A.D. Therefore, the two structures being contemporary, as suggested by the identical workmanship, I realized that Wat Phu was erected some time between the 8th and 10th centuries. The fact that Prah Khan was a more tragic victim of the jungle, could be attributed to its natural surroundings or the possibility that it was abandoned earlier than Wat Phu. As to the time of Wat Phu's surrender to the forest, I had found no means of determining it so far. But Vientiane and Luang-Prabang were ahead, full of the history of Laos and its various conquerors, and surely there I would discover some facts that would at least hint at the time and cause of the ruin of this magnificent temple and its attendant buildings.

That night Pheng, the Laotian from Luang-Prabang, came to report that the information on the tablet would be of no use to me, for, according to the *bonzes*, it concerned secular matters. But I was not discouraged nor even disappointed. It was sufficient to establish at least the century, if not the actual years, during which Wat Phu had been built.

For the two days following that my temperature varied, and then my pulse subsided to the tolling that quinine always celebrates in my ears; and on the third day I returned to Bassac, not on horseback as I had planned, but in a bullock-cart.

A week later on the Mé-Kong, just before reaching Vientiane, I awoke out of restless sleep to find myself shaking with a chill. A tawny shadow had tracked me from Wat Phu . . .

Sun-Weary Town

ON the French maps of Indo-China it is called *Kilomètre Dix-Neuf*. Instantly one pictures an outpost where sun-burnt *legionnaires* impose khaki-clad law on the jungle. In reality, it is a mudbank where a road glides out of the forest to drop into the copper-flushed current of the Mé-Kong. There is not even a native dwelling in sight to make the familiar bas-relief of pile-raised timber and thatched roof upon the monotony of the sky. Only white-hot clouds, trees whose branches seem limp in the heat, and the muddy, shimmering expanse of the stream. *Kilomètre Dix-Neuf* is one of France's little jokes on the jungle. The significance of it is that nineteen kilometers away is Vientiane, the so-called French capital of the Protectorate of Laos.

There the Governor met me in his car (a shining French model, transported seven hundred miles into the jungle!) and raced me through that forest of sweltering green, to the *Résidence au Laos*, a yellowed, sun-weary palace facing the Mé-Kong. The next day I set out to explore Vientiane.

Such a tawny half-caste of a town could not be in British colonial possessions, nor in American. When a traveler ascends the frontier of India he finds isolated outposts with a few white men in charge of hundreds of natives, an atmosphere military and very somber. It is the same in the hill regions of Burma. In the interior of the Philippines, Haiti and the other few island possessions of America there are garrisons. But that feeling of gaunt isolation exists.

And here was Vientiane . . . a little town on the upper reaches of the Mé-Kong, a journey of nearly a thousand miles from the Cochinchina coast, separated from Tonkin by forests and mountains almost impassable, isolated on the

other side by the upper wildernesses of Siam, and very close to the range of mountains that rise into Tibet; yet a town startlingly unlike a jungle outpost.

From Saigon, which is the gateway of Indo-China, it requires at least fourteen days of the swiftest travel possible to reach Vientiane.

In spite of the contention of the French inhabitants that they are in exile, the facts remain that Vientiane has its club and various social strata; its government offices, including those of the telegraph and the telephone; its remarkable clinic and industrial school; its well-planned roads for motor traffic, and its Chinese-owned *épicerie* which produce champagne, wines, cognac caviare, truffles, anchovies and other such requirements of the French digestive organs.

And yet those excellent roads taper off into jungle; not three kilometers from that industrial school natives harvest in the drenched rice-fields as they have done for more than a thousand years; scantily clad women move languidly by the club where French ladies sit in gauzy frocks from the Grand Magasin Charnier in Saigon; the ruins of ancient temples clutter the back yards of the plaster houses of the French; and frequently at night the bugle calls of the *Garde indigène* have a shuddering echo in the tremolo of wild things in the surrounding jungle.

Thus Vientiane lies beleaguered by undulations of forest and mountain, connected with the outside world only by the Mé-Kong and the telegraph lines. In trying to grasp and explain the incongruous facts of its being, the only logical answer I could summon was the peculiar faculty of the French to civilize by themselves accepting some of the barbarity of the natives. For I had learned by then that a Frenchman can live among brown people, even as one of them exteriorly, without deteriorating, whereas the average Englishman or American can not do it without being a superior tyrant or degenerating.

That morning Vientiane lay in a smother of green, its blanching houses meshed in hedges of crimson hibiscus, in Bougainvillea and yellow-flowering teakwood trees, its tiled roofs stamped with the shadows of tall, drooping palms. On the streets listless coolies wandered with rickshaws or carrying pole-swung burdens. Soldiers from the *Caserne du Garde Indigène* moved by with a ghost of military precision. Women sat indolently in the market beside their baskets of vegetables and exotic fruits; and in long rows of white-washed shops Chinese and Annamites stirred languidly among their wares. Near the Rue du Marche I noticed a Laotian theatre; and from there the roads ran straight into a parallel avenue flanking the river where bazaars, pagodas, dwellings and the *Résidence* looked out upon the Mé-Kong.

That afternoon, just before the heart-break of the day, I went to Tat Luong.

A road wanders out of Vientiane toward this ruin, past thatched huts and cultivated soil, into the wild green where it mourns. Water buffaloes lie nostril-deep in the pools along the way; butterflies wheel drunkenly over the piles of dung. If it is late (as it was that afternoon) tawny men will be coming in from the rice fields, their legs and thighs sheathed in mud.

I approached Tat Luong in a whirl of dust that subsided as the motor car slowed up in the midst of palmettoes.

A path emerged from the palmettoes and crawled around a clump of jungle. The great tapering central tower of Tat Luong, surrounded by its smaller but identical towers, pressed into the bluish-white sky ahead.

The courtyard, sunk like a moat, surrounded the pagoda, and its outer edges were defined by low pillars that in the past must have formed the colonnade of the monks' cells. The center of this enclosure seemed inflated as that immense stone mound swelled out of the earth, grooved with terraces and thrusting its obelisk up to a tapering point of gold. That one rich glimmer, set against the sky, was startling on that pallid monkish pile.

From the courtyard (which had been brick-paved but now [Turn to page 99])

Once an Ugly Worn Spot *NOW* it Gleams Anew

IN the whole process of keeping house there is nothing more annoying than those shabby "traffic spots" that appear in doorways and at the foot-of-the-stairs. Here's a quick, easy, *electric* way to get rid of them and to prevent them from returning.

Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor and deposits a protecting waxen film. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floor. Instantly—almost like magic—the surface takes on a beautiful, lustrous, deep-toned polish.

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Floors polished with Johnson's Liquid Wax and Electric Floor Polisher are not slippery. They do not show scratches or heel-prints and they require but little care—dry dusting will keep them immaculate. The original cost of waxed floors is trifling and there is practically no after-expense.

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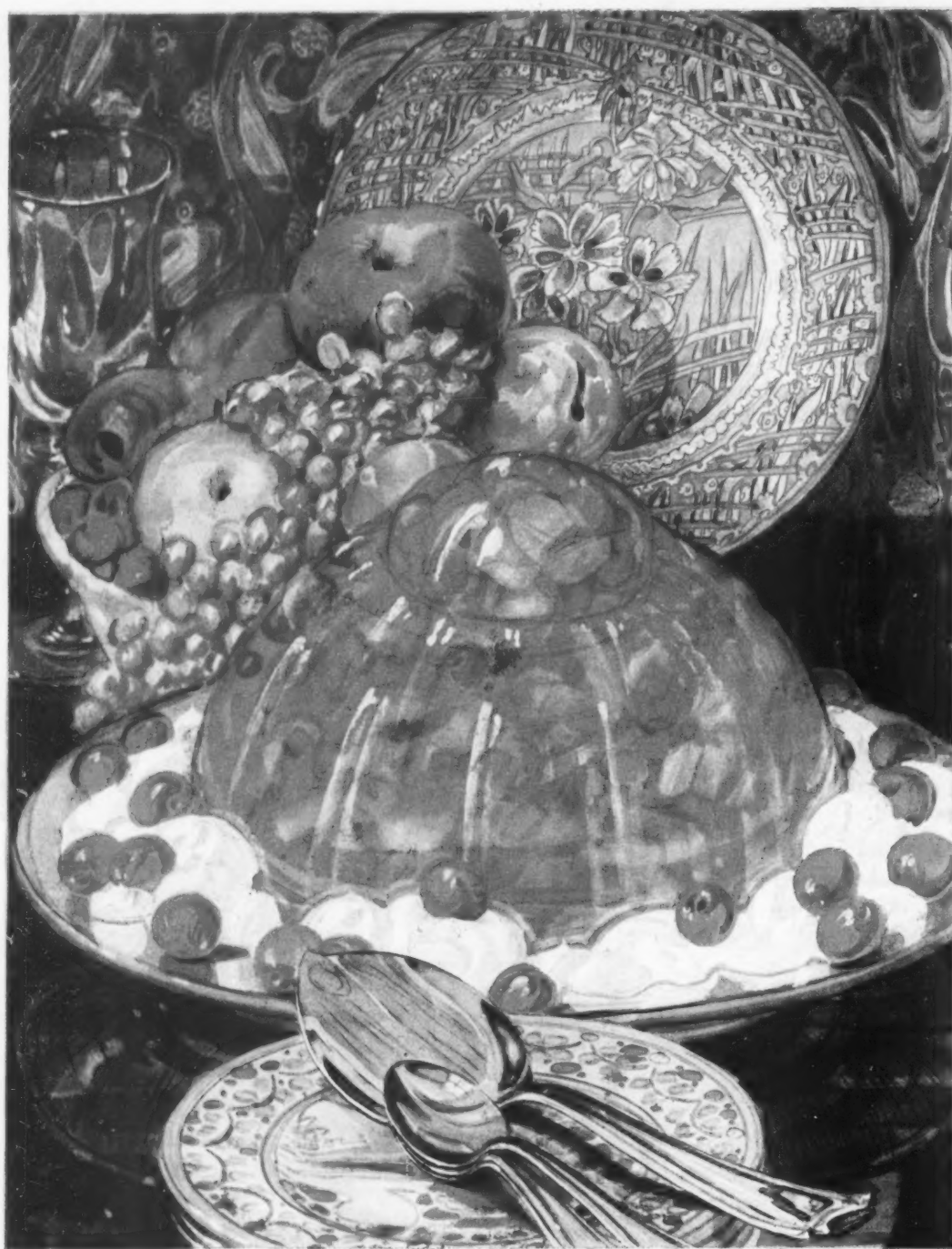
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DISCOVERING A LOST CITY

[Continued from page 96]

was softened with grass) I could see the plan of Tat Luong: four entranceways into the enclosure and four stairways up the terraces to the pinnacled mound, there to become lost in masses of weathered iron-dark stone whitened in places as though scabbled with bleached rust. It was much simpler than the architectural extravaganzas of the Khmers. Nor was the stone covered with carving, like the temples at Angkor and Wat Phu. Chiseled dragons made undulating balustrades, their tongues forking out in a blanching mimicry of flame. Otherwise, there was no attempt at sculptural decoration.

After circling the "tat" I found that I had entered from the rear. The roofless main gateway stood gaunt in the clutch of tall bushes that grew from its sides and locked muscled tenacles about the crumbling brick and mortar. A few yards from it was the front stair of the "tat", mounting to a small building with a series of four roofs graduating inward to a point, shrouding an elaborately carved prachedee of white and gold surrounded by tiny gilded Buddhas.

On another side of the mound, set against the enclosing wall, was an entrance-chamber obviously new. Here again were the graduated roofs, with carved dragons lifting their heads from the projections of the eaves, and the addition of two curved prongs jutting from the top roof.

On the opposite side, built into the crenellated terrace, were stairs ascending to the ruins of a covered portico. This second terrace was coped with stones shaped to represent the petals of lotus flowers, while the inside of the crenellations of the lower wall, that of the first terrace, were inset with little shrines each containing a miniature Buddha. Between these two copings ran a narrow space that continued entirely around the base of the "tat."

I wandered to the rear of the first terrace where a broken stair led to the second. Above this level, where the stone mound rose from its graduated base, was a row of small prachedee-like towers—originally there were nine on each side—crouching beneath the mighty central spire.

Seated between the lotus-like projections of the coping, I gazed over the terraces and courts, and the enclosing wall, into the palm-spurred rollers of verdure that melted into the surrounding green surf. The day was just flushed with the grief of parting, and a sorrowful hush, seeming suffused with the blush of the west, lingered over Tat Luong. For a moment this jungle-ruin ached with a tender mood, then the silent pity of the dusk came down, accompanied by ironic stars.

Ten days later I left Vien-tiane, drifting down the river on a raft. It was built on a long, broad pirogue upon which shafts of bamboo were laid lengthwise, bent and lashed to the shape of bow and stern. In the middle was a house of bamboo, walled with woven rattan. The roof was made of strips of thatch laid on bamboo beams. The doorway at the front opened upon a roofed deck where the coolies stayed, and in the rear another doorway gave access to a small space, also sheltered, which served as a galley. Beyond that was a raised bamboo platform where the steersman crouched with his oar thrust between two wooden pins. On either side ran a narrow platform which made it possible for the coolies to go back and forth without coming inside.

Slightly forward in the side walls of this house were two openings with sliding doors worked on rattan cords; and between these two doors a wide runnel in the floor with a bamboo covering. Underneath, baggage was kept in the belly of the pirogue.

The great room thus created was not more than six feet high at the beam, eight feet broad, and thirty in length. The entire raft measured about fifty feet. No nails were used in the construction.

The crew numbered seven: Leung, my Chinese "boy," Deng, the headman; and five coolies, all blunt Laotians, tattooed from waist to thighs and naked but for the customary *patoi* bound about their

loins.

The runnel between the two doors served as a social dividing line; I lived aft of it, on many rattan mats and in the midst of books, bags and a typewriter; forward, Deng sat or reclined according to his mood, and beyond him, on the fore-deck, the coolies crouched at their oars; primitive oars made of long poles with boards lashed to the ends, and worked in grooves like the neck of a sling. Leung, who did the cooking, was the only one permitted the freedom of my part of the shelter; but most of the time he was in the little space that was the galley. Behind his quarters, the steersman squatted on the raised stern, a solitary brown figure motionless as a piece of sculpture.

It seemed perfectly natural in this setting that I should discard boots and garments that fitted too closely; I wore a sarong, only putting on a coat and a helmet when I went out in the sunlight or at night when it was cool

We drifted away from Vien-tiane in a burn of reflected sunlight that lay sluggishly on the Mé-Kong, like hot oil.

The coolies rowed lazily, now and then breaking into song that seemed to send the silence coiling away viscidly as the scum on a torpid pool parts before a clean stone.

About mid-afternoon we stopped beside a high bank. Leung suggested that we get some chickens, so I gave Deng a *piastre* and told him to buy a couple in the village He returned with four chickens, some eggs and coconuts Toward late afternoon the heat rode off on a faint breeze. The clouds were tumbled hydrangeas that filled the bowl of the east. A drum was beating in a monastery somewhere in the thickets that lined the river, and it made a ghost prance on the silence.

That night the raft was moored beside a low bank where trees tongued the river with gaunt roots. Now and then the leaves shivered heavily as though in sensual ecstasy. The boatman made a fire in a little clearing and crouched over it darkly. The night was restless with the intermittent stirring of drums.

The next morning we were under way with the dawn wind. The day was the usual tawny mood: brown river, brown raft and brown men.

In the afternoon we passed several long pirogues crowded with women. In the bow of each sat a gilded image. Deng gestured toward them and poured forth a volume of Laotian in which I caught the name "Vien-tiane." Finally he made motions with his hands and hummed a Laotian air; and I came to understand that they were dancers going to Vien-tiane. Then for a while he amused me by trying to teach me to count in Laotian. "Nung, song, sam, si, ha, hok, cheh"

Until I became drowsy and went to sleep. The next afternoon we tied up in a little pocket of green off the soiled current of the Mé-Kong. The water was lucent-clear for a few feet away from the shore, then it tapered into cloudy brown coils. It was the custom of the boatman to swim at every stop, and I had fallen into the habit. I was stroking about in gelatinous green when I looked up and saw a white man standing on the bank.

He was a most startling discovery, first because I didn't expect to see a white man anywhere about, and second because of his attire. A plaid sarong was bound about his plump hips, and his great torso filled a stiff white jacket fastened with brass buttons. He was carrying a cane; bare ankles gleamed above dancing-pumps. It was a costume I had seen several Frenchmen affect in the jungle, but it never ceased to surprise me.

"*Pardonnez moi, monsieur,*" he commenced, lifting his helmet politely from a face red and friendly.

He was the *délégué* of Paksane, a little village a few yards up the bank, and his *planton* had reported a raft moored here with a foreigner on it. Naturally, he had come to see.

For a few minutes we talked, he leaning on his cane. Then he asked me if I would dine with him, and I accepted, and retired into the shelter [Turn to page 118]

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Ovens for perfect baking

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*should be hair free—
but soft and smooth*

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TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[Continued from page 27]

not in a thousand years. He might be arrested any day, as he was in Melbourne, and who'd be sorry for the wife of a convicted professional gambler! It would be abysmal folly for a girl to be made love to by such a man—his father a French gentleman, his mother an Indian squaw, and he don't even know his father's real name. You can't do the business of life that way. It would be madness. He's a professional gambler."

The girl bristled up. "He's the most interesting man I've ever met, and all you say deepens the interest. I wish he were coming back here."

"Frankly, I don't think you'll ever see him in Australia again. He's got individuality, and he'd stand any test of fidelity to those he liked. I'd pin my faith on his loyalty, though he's a rogue. But he's not a man for any good woman to marry."

She laughed softly, irritably. "Well, if I did I think I'd do him good." With a sudden burst of enthusiasm, she added: "Oh, I'm glad he wasn't convicted at Melbourne. He didn't deserve it, I'm sure."

"But he'll not always escape. They'll get him some time, and God help any family he may have! That's why he turned his back on you aboard ship, and has avoided you ever since. He's got some chivalry, and he showed it."

"You really think it was that?" she asked, with a new light in her eyes.

"He's told me so."

"It only makes me like him better." She said this with a sigh and her cheek flushed. Then she smiled.

Thinking it better to change the subject, I began to tell her of my own plans, to go on to England very soon. That did not impress her greatly. She was a girl of strong impulses, and as yet no real stability of character. She had charm and sensitiveness, but she might wreck her life by an impulsive act.

I look back on her as a notable personality with a glamor that would never leave her. She might lose looks and figure and form, but her eyes would always be beautiful and her expression good. She had magnetism which was almost genius, but, heaven help her, if she did not have good luck! Sometimes in her eyes was a far-away look, as of one that dreamed, and dreamers have good fortune if they escape catastrophe. She seemed ever fluttering between the real and the unreal, between the practical and the insensible, to be the victim of temperament, but in her there was something else added and something lacking. What was added was a foreign strain—Danish; but lacking was a stern regard for convention which is safety for many in this world.

I saw in her one who might make the world happier, but it would depend on herself being happy. If she were not happy she would be a sad example of life at loose ends. Yet, she had quality and if roused to do good things would do them without fear or favor. Her lips were like ripe fruit, her skin was exquisite, her hair was well-tended, and her eyes were the mirror of a soul that had not yet found its way. They told a story of nothing yet attempted and nothing done, of one that hangs over a mountain-top trying to see the valley below shrouded in mist and storm.

TWO years passed. I was back in London getting my bearings after my long absence, trying to win a place in the writing world, trying to live the old life with better understanding after my long travel. From Australia I had gone to Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, New Caledonia, New Hebrides and elsewhere, seeing little of the Rahlos, for they were on a visit to the United States, but I remembered them and Tarbau and felt sure we should meet again. I had written two successful books and was on the way to bigger things, as I thought.

One day coming down Waterloo Place to Pall Mall, I saw approaching me, Tarbau. He was looking well, was quietly yet fashionably dressed and had an air of evident well-to-do-ness. Suddenly sighting me, he smiled and raised his hat, and was about to pass me, but I stopped him.

"That's no way to treat an old friend, Tarbau," I said with a touch of reproach. "This isn't Australia, [Turn to page 102]

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You apply it; just
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Your skin still fresh as the morning

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Now to prove to you as we have to thousands upon thousands of women that Creme Elcaya offers a new and better way to retain morning freshness all day long, we gladly send you a generous sample tube. We ask you to become acquainted with this new way to all-day charm.

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TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[Continued from page 101]

and I didn't like to seem friends with you here. I've got some sense of things."

"No sense you need have qualms about, Tarbau. Let us walk together. I'd like news about you."

He nodded and smiled, and we crossed Pall Mall, went down the Duke of York's Steps and came into the Mall, where we talked as we went. "How have you been doing, Tarbau?" I asked. I did not need ask what he had been doing.

"Oh, good enough! I've had some luck. I didn't find the swells at cards too much for me, and I've put a little by for a rainy day."

"I can't congratulate you, Tarbau, but I'm glad you've had good luck."

He smiled. "Will you dine with me tonight on the old terms?" he asked with hesitation.

"I can't, I'm sorry to say, and besides, this is my turn and you should dine with me—shall we say tomorrow night?"

"Say, I'm sorry! I wish I could, but I'm off in the morning. Can't get out of it easy. I'm off for a few weeks anyhow."

"Where are you going, Tarbau?"

He laughed satirically. "To Monte Carlo to break the bank there!"

"That's easier said than done. You can't read the cards at *trente et quarante* or the numbers on the roulette table as you do at cards. So it will be sheer honest luck if you win. I hope you'll do it."

"I'll have a try. I've got a system, but I don't pin my faith to it. I've been thinking it out, though, for a long time."

"I saw the Bank broke once there. It was the first time I visited Monte Carlo. I had a friend who had a rich wife, and he was a gay liver. I went into the rooms one night and I saw him looking disconsolately at the number seventeen or where the number was, for it was piled with *louis* to the maximum. 'What's the matter, Ingolde?' I said. He shook his head. 'I've been putting money on seventeen and lost every penny in my pockets!'"

"I haven't got much with me—a thousand francs or so—but you're welcome to it."

"No, I'm off it, and some one else has taken seventeen on, as you can see, and will probably lose all as I did!"

The croupier swung. We watched it all carefully and at last saw the ball drop into seventeen. The winner gathered up his gains. 'Leave it on,' he said curtly and the maximum was again on seventeen. All round the table were on the *qui vive*. The ball dropped into seventeen. Ingolde laughed. 'Well, this is the wildest!' he said, with a chortle. Again the gains were gathered up by the winner and he said: 'Leave it on!' The croupier swung. There was a moment of intense excitement and the ball at length dropped in nine. The croupier drew in the winnings. Calmly the man who had won and lost piled up seventeen again in the maximum, while Ingolde grinned and murmured, 'Idiot!' as though the man was doing a stupid thing. The croupier swung. There was no other money on the table. Every heart beat faster as the ball rolled. At last it stopped—in seventeen! When it came the winner pocketed his gains with a good-natured nod at Ingolde, left the room, went straight to his hotel and put the money in the manager's safe.

"Ingolde linked his arm in mine. 'I don't think this has ever been done here before. Three times on one number, but what a lot of faith he had and what a lot of money to risk. I played on seventeen four times and that was enough for me. But I don't envy him. If he plays long enough the Bank will get it all back. Look at that man over there. That's an English baronet. Havelock is his name. He was rich, played here till they ruined him, but he keeps on coming, though he never plays. If he did, he'd lose the allowance his people give him. But he'll do it again some day and then he'll die and that's the end of him. But isn't it funny? He keeps comin' here where he was ruined—like a ghost of a man that's had his head chopped off coming back to see the guillotine.' There, Tarbau, that's Monte Carlo!"

Tarbau smiled astutely. "I can understand Havelock. It's [Turn to page 105]



Every Girl in the Place

voted our hostess the greatest sandwich maker in captivity. The cream cheese, the pimento, the chopped ham, the tomato and the chopped olive sandwiches each had the delicious flavor of

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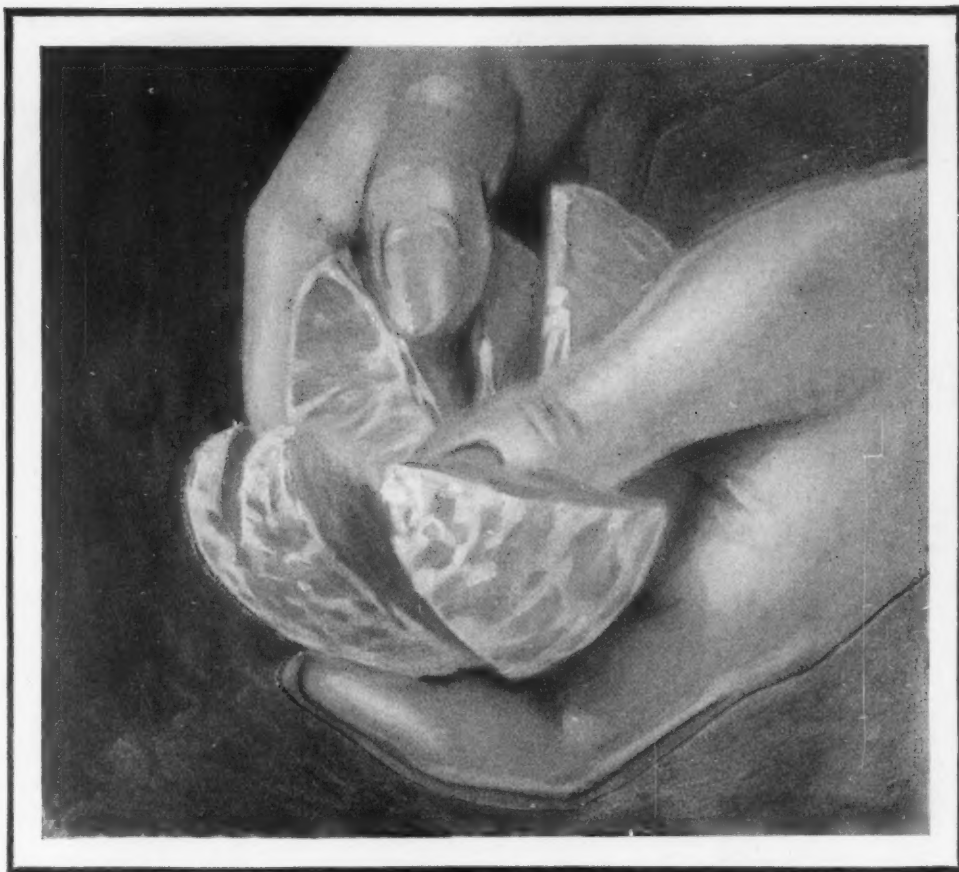
Whether for "unexpected guests" or "just the family," there is always a dessert within easy reach where there are oranges.

MADE with tender, luscious, meaty Sunkist oranges, full of flavor and natural deliciousness, these desserts have a distinctive richness that will delight the most particular of people. No matter how busy you are you can always spare *ten* minutes to prepare them. And all of these that we suggest are as dainty and delicious as if they required hours of your time.

And think of this too when you think of these quick orange salads and desserts. Oranges are an important element in everybody's diet. They supply the vital mineral salts and vitamins which are essential in maintaining health and strength.

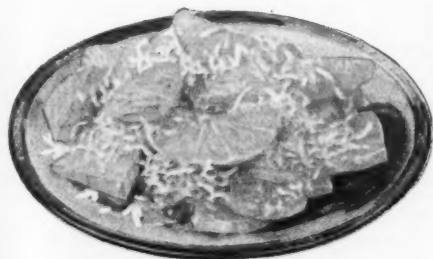
Authorities are constantly sending out the warning—"too much cooked food and too little raw." The use of oranges—the most delicious "raw food" known—supplies necessary fresh organic salts which offset the acidity caused by an excess of such good foods as meat, fish and eggs.

For Oranges, known as an "acid" fruit, have an *alkaline reaction*, and therefore tend to *relieve* the condition known as "*acidosis*." Many people should use more oranges on this account alone.



Orange Gelatine

Two tablespoons granulated gelatine; 1 cup cold water; 2 cups boiling water; 1 Sunkist orange, segmented; 1 cup Sunkist orange juice; 2 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice; 2/3 cup sugar; sprinkling of salt. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, lemon and orange juices and salt. Turn into molds first dipped in cold water and chill. When beginning to set, add orange segments. Time of preparation, ten minutes.



Oranges and Coconut

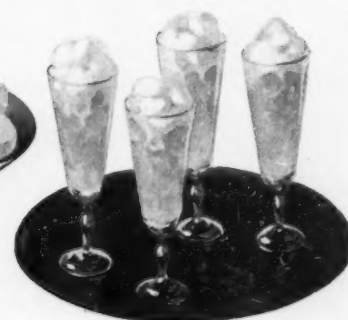


Orange Blanc Manger

Two eggs; 1/3 cup sugar; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 2 cups milk; 1/4 teaspoon vanilla; 1 dozen ladyfingers; diced pulp of two Sunkist oranges. Beat eggs until light, add sugar and salt. Stir in milk. Cook over hot water until thick enough to coat spoon. Cool and add vanilla. Arrange halved ladyfingers in sherbet glasses. Pour in custard and fill center with diced oranges. Time of preparing materials, 10 minutes.



Oranges, Bananas and Marshmallows



Orange Ice

Cook 4 cups of water and 2 cups sugar, five minutes. Add grated rind 2 Sunkist oranges, 2 cups Sunkist orange juice, 1/4 cup Sunkist lemon juice, few grains salt. Cool. Strain into freezer can, place can in tub of freezer, adjust cover and top, surround with three parts finely crushed ice mixed with one part rock salt. Freeze until firm, remove dasher and pack solidly in freezer. Turn off salt water, repack with four parts ice and one part salt and cover with newspaper. Serve in glasses with or without whipped cream.

Try any one of the quick desserts shown on this page today. You will be delighted with the ease of preparation when California Sunkist Oranges are used. They are tender and delicate—ideal for slicing—with no tough inner skin—a great convenience when preparing them.

Ask us to send you, *free*, our handsome new booklet of Sunkist Recipes. It contains many suggestions for serving oranges and lemons in innumerable tempting ways. Just mail a postcard for it.

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California Sunkist Oranges

Uniformly Good



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Sunkist, the better grades of California oranges, are now easily identified by the trademark "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper and on the skin of the fruit. The California climate, soil and fresh snow-water from the mountains combine to make California oranges superior in quality and flavor.

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Send 10c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 75c we will send the set of 24 Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost \$1.25 in retail stores. Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with funds (stamps or money order).

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And . . . "I promise to keep that schoolgirl complexion"

Thousands are doing it through this simple rule
in natural skin care, followed in this way:

WHEN tempted to "try" an unproved soap, remember before Palmolive came, women were told, "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Blended of rare cosmetic oils, and made solely for *one* purpose, to safeguard your complexion, Palmolive has largely changed the beauty methods of the world.

Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.

WOMEN used to lose the priceless charm of youth, then struggle everlastingly to regain it. *Today, by following natural and proved ways in skin care, they keep it.*

Start by avoiding the use of unproved ways on your skin. A good complexion is too priceless for experiment. You can retain natural charm and freshness through the years simply by taking ordinary precautions with your skin.

Foremost skin specialists of the world recommend soap and water cleansing as the first rule in skin care. Leading beauty experts employ it. Results are proved on every side. Try it—it will do much for you.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good

cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

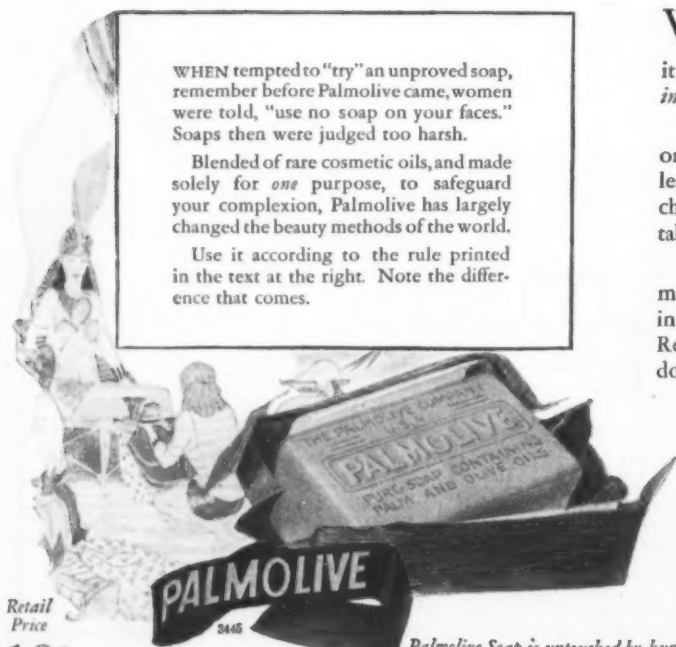
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

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The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



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Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, (DEL. CORP.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[Continued from page 102]

what I'd do, if I ever was broke like that. Somehow the thing gets into the veins and once in, it's like malaria, you never get it out entirely. I know all about the fellow Havelock. He was a chunk of cast-off. But he had a lot of fun before he was cast-off. Oh, it is fun. It never gets out of a man's veins when it's once in full!"

Presently, with a queer look in his eyes, he said: "Did you see Miss Rahlo before you left Australia?"

She was in his veins like gambling in the veins of Havelock, and it would never get out. He was a good fighter, but he gave up the girl for her own sake, and he could give up the cards too, but he did not wish to do so. He must do something, so he stuck to his first love. There never was a greater tragedy. Here was a man capable of great things, now a gambler by lack of moral courage, a menace to society while he could easily have been its benefactor, a criminal now though he might have become a saint.

"The last time I saw her, Tarbau, we talked of you—she likes you and she'll never forget you, but she should do so. You're not fit for her, as you know. With care, she could become a blessing to the world; with carelessness a danger."

"She'd be a danger, if she had much to do with me," said Tarbau. "But of all the women I've ever seen she's the nearest to perfection. Ain't you struck on her yourself? You ought to be."

I laughed. "I don't think she'd ever like me. I'm not her sort. How could she like you and me too—we're not alike."

"It shows you know little about women! Why, a woman can love two men totally different. Alice Rahlo could like you and me too—could if need be love us both, if you were her husband because you're good, and if I were her lover because I'm bad. See?"

Despite inner scepticism I did see. It all showed him capable of thinking with skill—that was his French father, I suppose.

"Tarbau, you've a convincing way of putting things, but I'll not ask Miss Rahlo to be my wife, so we'll put up a tablet to her memory."

"Who'll inscribe the tablet?" Tarbau asked with a laugh.

"Let's both try," I said. "Mine would be 'She would have blessed the world if she had stayed!'" Tarbau laughed. "Mine would be 'She was a flower.'"

"Yours is the better Tarbau! Neither you nor I will ever pick the flower, and I'd like to see her after she's married."

"We both shall," he said with conviction. "That is Destiny. The Mexicans have a saying 'Mio Destino,' and that's how it is with me, I guess."

ANOTHER year passed and then I received the following letter from Virginia.

"I have news to startle you, I've just been married. My husband is a tobacco-planter in Cuba with factories here in the United States and is very rich. He isn't handsome, but he's able in business, and that counts a lot! I ain't faithful to the memory of one who shall be nameless. At last I saw how impossible it was, and I put him out of my life by marrying."

"My mother and I were in Richmond, Virginia, and there we met Simeon Drew. He was mad to marry me—why, I don't know. I was, however, at last sure I cared for him. Money was naught, though I would not have married a poor man, I'm so useless, with no ability to make my way or help my husband—but no, I lie; I would have married a man I loved if he hadn't a penny. I loved Simeon's love for me, and I've been terribly lonely every since Australia!—so lonely that I told my mother I would not go back there. She wished to return to my father and so my marriage to Simeon Drew was a godsend to her."

"I can't tell you how pretty the wedding was and how splendid were Simeon's presents. He gave me a lovely string of pearls, and a cheque for five thousand dollars for pocket-money for our honeymoon, and other things. Well, he is a good husband. He never looks at another woman, and I hope he never will, though it's too soon to expect it anyhow, for

we've only been married four months, and I'm young, and my eyes and figure are good—and I mean to hold him! People say I've made a catch. There are degrees in love, and if I don't love in the highest degree, I do love, and I'd rather have married him than any other man alive. I might have married the man we both know, but it would not have succeeded—I say that now. So things are better as they are."

"My man is about thirty-six with—but, here, I send you his photo, and you can see what sort he is. Isn't it an honest face? Isn't it a good curly brown head? Isn't his smile worth any amount of cash? Ain't he a prize for the man-show? He's dinky, that's what he is, and how safe I feel with him, and how quickly the days pass—and that's a good sign isn't it? Heigho, but I'm lucky, and I know it, and when I see how lovely the world is, I'm glad I'm alive."

"Tell me, when did you see Frank Tarbau last, and what did he look like, and what did he say? Did he say anything at all about me? You see I'm true to old friends and don't like to be forgotten. That's vanity—isn't it? Anyhow it's feminine. We women want too much always. We aren't content unless we're objects of interest. Well, he was—an object of interest. Isn't it true a wrong start can never be put right? It makes me sick to think of it, but I'm sure you agree with me. I suppose it's the pity of the whole thing that makes me think of him, and be sorry for him. My, but he had a way with him, and if he made up his mind to do anything he'd do it. He made up his mind to turn his back on me and he did it—and he didn't want to do so. Even prison walls could not hold him. He was as big as big—and I can't say no fairer than that, as the phrase is among the farmers of the West."

"Well, you've had a long letter from me and I hope you'll answer it—and soon. You've written me two good letters since you left Australia; now write another and congratulate me from the bottom of your heart, if you think I deserve it, for I ain't so bad after all. Your affectionate friend, Alice."

Was there ever a letter which was a greater piece of special pleading, and she was unconscious of it? At first she did not mention Tarbau's name, then at last she did. She was hiding the truth from herself. She had married, but she cared for the other man more. She would rather have married Frank Tarbau, the gambler, the mongrel, the outcast, than the splendid man she had married. If Tarbau and her husband stood side by side before her, and she had to choose, she would choose Tarbau. She thought she would not, but she would. She had not character enough to resist.

What was I to reply? I congratulated her on her marriage and said she had acted wisely and would probably have a long life of happiness with her husband whose face I liked, and who had the advantage of a fortune made honestly by his own hard work. I said that to favor him against Tarbau. I told her Tarbau had said the inscription on her tombstone should be; "She was a flower." I knew that would touch her heart, and I could not help insert it though it was dangerous.

I told her much about myself, and said I hoped to see her in England or France one day—probably it would be Paris—Paradise to most American ladies. I tried to influence her by saying she was fortunate to have such a husband in these degenerate days.

When I had finished the letter I thought things over. She had given her hand to a man of wealth and merit, and I was glad, but I thought of the dreamer's look in her eyes, and I wished her complete freedom from the crooked ties that warp and destroy.

Imagination is a blessing and a curse, and I hoped it would be a blessing in her. She had no personal vanity as to her looks, but her vanity was that of one who wished to stand well in the world, and she had enough pride to make her strong if she gave herself a chance.

[Continued in MAY McCALL'S]



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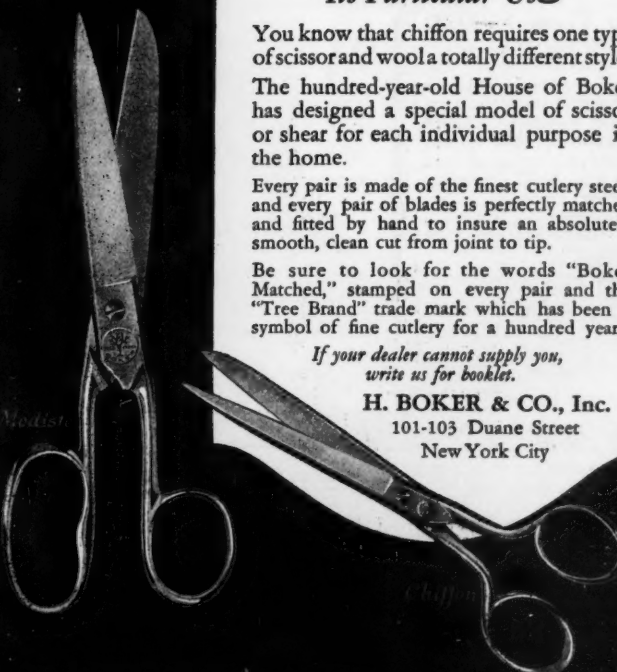
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THE PERSUADER

[Continued from page 24]

"Forgive me," commented Enver, "but your profession is an unusual one for a man of his caste."

The Doctor and Charles laughed.

"Pascha, my family belonged to the old Four hundred. I hold a Harvard degree—hence my *nom de guerre*. There are countless instances of men whose real professions are unsuspected by their friends. As for Dancing Even, he is in Constantinople at the present moment for the purpose of disposing of two million dollars' worth of jewels out of which he double-crossed me in New York."

"Still more surprising," criticized Enver. "May one enquire the details?"

"Why, yes. As you, in your way, have as little respect for the laws of others as I have myself, there's no reason why not. I roped him in at a dance place in New York to partner my daughter in an exhibition dance at the house of a Bolsky who's looted a lot of jewels from Russia. He pretended to be an ordinary dancing guy who was glad to earn a thousand easy dollars with his feet. He lay low until the stuff was safely in my apartment, when he produced a gun and got away with the results of my labor. We have been on his heels ever since."

"Isn't that the girl he kissed that he's dancing with now?" enquired the daughter of the master crook in a low distinct voice. "Stealing jewels appears to be only one of his accomplishments."

Enver Pascha tapped the table with his knuckles, and looked again across the room at the man with the smiling face and black patch. From his pocket the Pascha produced a visiting card, scribbled upon it, and passed it to the Doctor.

"I will expect you at that address at nine o'clock this evening." And with no further remark he left them.

That evening Dancing Even and Vansittart went to the Café of the Four Whispers, in the Street of a Thousand Kisses. "It strikes me," said Vansittart, "that what with one thing or another, we are in for an interesting night. My eye, you did make Enver wild this afternoon, and I am wondering just how he's going to start getting back on you."

Dancing Even flung back from his head the red cowl of his cardinal's costume disclosing his black patch. "Rosie, for a cove who was a chucker, or pitcher in the Harvard ball team an' an air bus conductor in Flanders, you're getting extraordinarily serious-minded."

By the time they had been in the place an hour, there was not a soul in the place unaware of the presence of the man with the black patch and gay smile. He had danced with half the girls, and flirted with the remainder; banged the drum in the band; joined in the Russian Folk dance; and talked Arabic with the principal Whirling Dervish. He had also made a serious amatory conquest of a pretty Anatolian girl.

She was the best dancer in the room, and was sitting at his side drinking wine during a dance interval, when the head waiter presented to Vansittart a letter bearing the Crest and Seal of his Embassy.

"The Chief wants me?" he exclaimed, looking at Dancing Even.

"Seems urgent," commented Dancing Even, "but a trifle unreasonable at this hour."

The little Anatolian girl laid a detaining hand on Dancing Even's arm. "You are not going to leave me, O, One of Laughter."

"Dearest Heart-an' Soul as well—I'm only goin' as far as the vestary to help my friend with his bonnet an' shawl."

"It is good, Beloved of my Heart. We must dance much. Haste thou back."

He was absent about ten minutes, and when he returned the Anatolian girl was alone at the table in the softly shaded shelter of the big screen, dreamily watching the dancers and sipping Turkish coffee.

He danced up to her gaily and sat in the chair which she had drawn within the inner curve of a wonderful white arm.

"Thou hast been long, O my Dancing One, and here is coffee which has been prepared for thee at my behest. Drink and let us again dance. See, the lights grow dim. It is again the dance of thy friends the Dervishes." She took up the brass

filagree cup and held it to his lips. Laughingly he drank, slipped his arm around her neck, and turned to watch the performance.

The Anatolian girl leaned her head against the red cowl at her side. "O, One of the Black Patch, yonder dance has enthralled thee more than the woman at thy side. Am I no longer here?"

"Sorry," he apologized, "but I am most unaccountably—what's come— and he relapsed into a sleepy silence."

She laughed merrily. "Thirsty One, thou hast taken too much wine."

He tried to rise, but lethargy overcame him. The girl laughed again, and began to tap idly on the fretted screen. She then took a cigarette, and struck a match. The cigarette was well alight when two men in dinner jackets came up to the table.

The elder one addressed a rapid remark to the girl, and then bent over and shook the slumberous figure of her companion. "Even, what's wrong with you, you'd better come home."

"Drunk," exclaimed the other loudly. "Get hold of him, Charles, and we'll take him back to his hotel. Mademoiselle, you will perhaps pay the bill with this." He dropped his voice. "The big note is for you. Remember, that m'sieur has taken too much to drink. Which is his cup?"

In helping Dancing Even to his feet, Charles knocked the cup off the table, and crashed the china lining with a heavy foot. Arm in arm, one on each side of him, they guided the stumbling feet of the apparently drunken man out of the room.

From the doorway had stepped to their assistance a white robed Dervish in a saffron turban. Together they urged Dancing Even to the open door of a covered car, and forced him inside.

"The nigger and I can deal with him in here, Charles. Don't waste time, but get right away to the hotel, and rustle the jewels from his baggage as fast as you can. We shall be waiting for you, so hurry."

The Doctor slammed the car door. He lighted a cigar, and regarded the cowed figure of his victim. "Well, Dancing Even," he said aloud, "I guess you've come to the end of your funny repertoire at last. You've a way with the women, but it's tripped you up to a finish." The swaying car leaped down a steep hill of cobbles, and swung into the Rue Galata, crossing the moonlit waters of the Horn by the Galata Bridge, into the balconied, odorous streets of Stamboul. Shortly afterwards it halted in front of a tall wooden house of carved projecting bays, in a deserted street.

Two figures in tarbushes slipped out of a doorway and helped to lift out Dancing Even from the car. He was mentally stupefied, but had as much subconscious command of his legs as a drunken man.

They led him into a small courtyard and closed the door. Carrying a lantern, the party entered another door, and a passage, on the far side of the yard, stumbled down a steep flight of steps, and along a steep decline which ended in a heavy wooden barrier, containing a primitive wicket gate. Kicking this open displayed a series of pillars based in a big sheet of water, and reaching away and up into the unlit darkness beyond the beams of a fairly powerful light which illumined the immediate interior. They found Enver Pascha standing smoking, beneath an acetylene lamp.

Obeying a curt order, the two Turks guided Dancing Even to a long wooden bench that stood against the wall near a pair of oars, and a small litter of ropes. Another curt instruction from the Pascha caused them to hurry rapidly away and disappear through the wicket.

Enver regarded the stupefied man.

"It is advisable, Doctor," said Enver calmly, "to secure his legs before he recovers the use of them. Did you have any difficulty?"

"None. Vansittart swallowed the letter, and Enver swallowed the dope—smart girl that. You've got some pretty adequate service."

"Political life in my country demands unusual resources—and permits no errors. Which is why I am here in the Basilica Cistern at the moment. [Turn to page 107]

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THE PERSUADER

[Continued from page 106]

You wish to await the jewels?"

"It won't take Charles many minutes to get through that. In case they are not there, well, we shall make this guy do a little talking. I've got the dope to brighten him up. In the meantime, your suggestion to hobble him is a good one; these quick drugs don't last long."

The Pascha made no reply, but his eyes gleamed as he watched the binding of the man who had dealt him such a deadly affront that afternoon.

Ten minutes later outer rays of the acetylene lamp gleamed on the white shirt front of the Doctor's Chief of Staff, who had a despatch case in his hand.

"Chief," he announced tersely, with a vindictive stare at the man on the pillar, "he's beat us after all. He's sold the jewels." He took a couple of papers from the despatch case. One of them was a newspaper cutting.

"Listen: this is the New York Herald, dated the sixth of last month: 'The Anti-Socialist Committee of the United States acknowledges with gratitude the receipt of two million dollars, less dancing fee of one thousand dollars, from The Doctor and Staff. All papers please copy.'"

The Doctor stared at Dancing Even's silent figure, and took the news cutting. "Your crook friend," suggested the Pascha with sardonic amusement, "seems to have a sense of humor."

Charles snarled at the Pascha, and passed his chief the second document.

The Doctor unfolded it. "What's this?"

"A British Army Officer's schedule," snapped Charles briefly. "This guy's pulled it on us all round."

The document was headed WAR OFFICE B 298.

"Richard Alastair Hereward Even, Viscount Lochleven," read out the Doctor slowly. "Captain 2nd Battalion Irish Guards." He paused and silently ran his eyes down a lengthy continuous record commencing with names and addresses of parents living, next of kin and schools, to the last entry in details of service, "1919-21 Specially employed abroad under the Directorate of Military Operations and Intelligence. 1921 to date, Seconded to X Branch Foreign Office." He paused again at the entries contained in two columns headed 'Knowledge of Foreign Countries and Languages.' "Is there any lingo and country this guy don't know?" He turned the sheet over. 'Middleweight Boxing Championship Army in India 1913.' 'Honors and Awards: D. S. O. (two bars) M. C. St. Stanislaus of Russia; White Eagle of Serbia; Despatches 5 times; Wounded three times.'

Deliberately the Doctor refolded the paper and handed it back to Charles. "An interesting document," he said to the man on the pillar, whose head was no longer lolling forward, "whether it's yours or not, you'll not need it again."

"It was my impression that you were in error in assuming he was of your profession," observed Enver Pascha, drily.

"Does that make any difference to you?" snapped the Doctor.

"It merely makes it more important that we should finish without trace, what we have begun, and quickly."

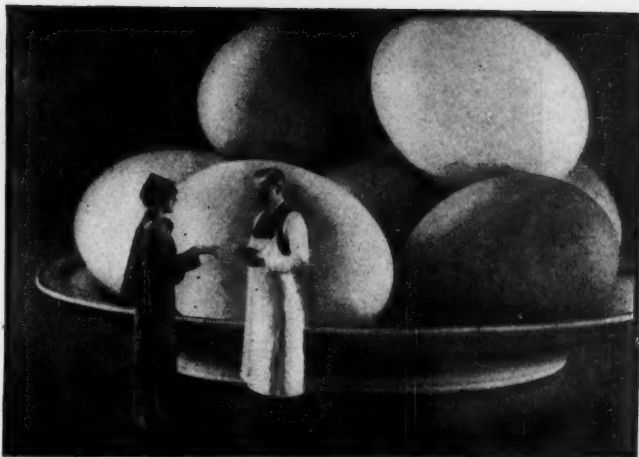
"Let's get a hustle on, Chief," snarled Charles. "I've got no more of a hunch for this underground lake than I have for that blasted guy."

The white haired, shrewd faced Doctor laughed suddenly, and he lighted his cigar again. "An American is supposed to have no sense of humor," he said grimly, "but you guys are indecent. Dancing Even has robbed me of two million live dollars—the only thing that matters—and I'm saying nothing much, now they've gone past reach; but all he's done to you two is to kiss your girls, and you're as poisonous about it as a crate of rattle-snakes."

Enver's body tautened and his teeth gleamed. Charles, pistol in hand, stared at his chief.

"I'm not making a point of it," continued the Doctor, "but it's an old notion of mine that getting your own back is a fool's game unless it involves solid returns. If this guy is ready to give his word that he'll freeze on all that's happened up to date, why—I guess he'll keep it."

It was Enver's [Turn to page 108]



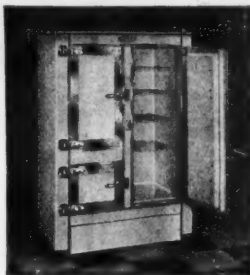
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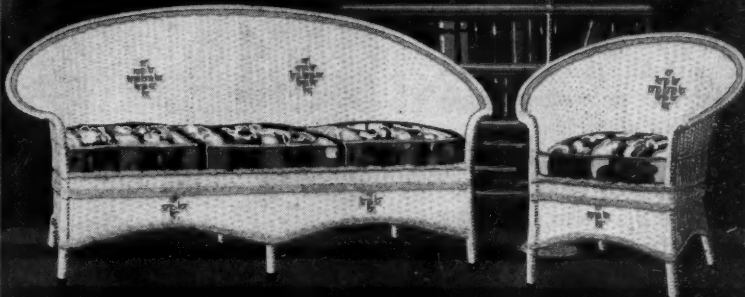
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THE PERSUADER

[Continued from page 107]

turn to laugh, and the sound of it echoed unpleasantly in the vaulted darkness. "Such talk is for women. There is only one way to make a man keep his word—and I am not interested in words."

"Blast him," cursed Charles.

"We are wasting time," observed the Pascha implacably.

"Very well," agreed the Doctor. "We are a combine, and I am not double-crossing. Charles, just knock him on the head to make sure he won't wriggle, and we'll investigate that conduit."

Charles' forward movement was abruptly halted by a surprising interruption—two girls in evening dress and dominoes who flung themselves into the group, and stood breathlessly in front of Dancing Even, facing the three men.

"Patricia!" snarled the Pascha.

"Gladise!" exclaimed the Doctor and Charles simultaneously.

In the slender, capable hand of the Master Crook's daughter shone a small nickelled automatic pistol.

"Father!" she cried—"this has got to stop."

The Doctor strode forward. "Gladise! what's the meaning of this? What are you doing here?"

"It means, Father," she answered coolly. "that I've let up on this. I stop at murder. I warned Captain Even this evening, but he laughed. I got hold of Lady Patricia, put her wise, and we went to the Four Sighs after him. We watched you take him out, and followed you in another car, and we have heard all that's happened." While she was speaking, Lady Patricia turned and put her arms around the neck of the helpless man.

"Dick, are you all right? It's me, Pat." He smiled slightly, and his eye gleamed. Her fingers slid down to the heavy ropes. She swung round on her heels.

"Enver Pascha!" she demanded imperiously. "take these ropes off at once. The world shall know of this tomorrow." Enver Pascha smiled sardonically.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the Doctor, "you've got nerve, you two. Gladise, put that gun down. Charles, get these women out of this, and take them up that alley."

Lady Patricia drew swiftly back close to the man on the pillar. Gladise stared levelly at Charles, her pistol unwavering.

"Father," she said in a small, clear voice, "you know me, and the training you've given me. Unless you shoot me here as I stand, you shall not lay another finger on Captain Even."

"Doctor," snapped the Pascha, "if you will deal with your daughter, I will attend to my fiancée."

Lady Patricia eyed him with scornful fearlessness.

The Doctor held up a placatory hand. "Listen," he ordered calmly. "What's got you, Gladise? This evening, when he was kissing the lady at your side, you were wild. What's come to you? It's our liberty against his life."

A flush stole into her cheeks. "Forget our liberty," she said steadily. "This thing can not go on. It shall not go on."

"What's got you?" persisted the Doctor, edging nearer. "You're not in love with the guy, are you?"

"Yes," she announced calmly, "I am." Lady Patricia gasped as if she had been struck.

Charles spat out a curse, and his face went livid. "Where's that upstage pride? He don't care for either of you."

Lady Patricia turned and began tearing at the ropes. The Doctor leaped suddenly and seized his daughter's wrist, and the pistol fell to the floor. As they struggled with each other to regain it, the Pascha and Charles sprang forward to Lady Patricia. The Pascha seized her by the shoulders. At that instant a second interruption occurred: a figure in white slipped unnoticed from the shadows, spun into the group like the whirling centre of a travelling dust storm, flung the Doctor aside, and collided violently with Charles and the Pascha. The light body of Charles was propelled into space and the Cistern. The Pascha staggered for a moment on the edge, clutched the flowing robes of his assailant, and fell with them into the waters beneath. And the brown, lithe form of a Whirling Dervish, in saffron turban and a blue loin cloth, revolved slowly to a [Turn to page 111]



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~and Spinach is a real
health-help these cold,
blustering days

Dietetic authorities insist on at least one leafy green in the diet. Especially in spring! Often a fare of only heavy foods defeats our very aim—lowers rather than strengthens our natural resistance to exposure.

To balance heavier foods—to build reserve against the elements—to keep health at top form—there's no equal of summer greens. And of all green vegetables, spinach is one of the best—rich in health-sustaining vitamins, iron and other tonic salts.

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in Universities and Technical Schools

say "I use This Baking Powder in my laboratory"

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Lately an impressive group of them expressed their opinions on baking powder. And it is significant that of those who had a definite choice 88% said: "I prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder."

What is more—77 of them specify: "I use Royal Baking Powder in my laboratory."

The high opinion these specialists hold of the quality and purity of this baking powder is echoed and confirmed by the testimony of thousands of other authorities.

Several groups of experts were recently asked what kind of baking powder they consider best and most healthful.

4270 of these experts who replied—Hospital Dietitians, New England Doctors, New York State Doctors, Domestic Science Teachers and Food Specialists from all parts of the country—declared: "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the best and the most healthful."

Royal—the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder—has been the standard for 50 years in homes

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FIG CAKE: Cream 1 1/2 cups sugar and 3/4 cup butter; add 1 cup milk. Sift 3 cups pastry flour, 1/2 tsp. salt and 4 tps. Royal Baking Powder; add 1/2 of the flour then 4 well beaten egg whites, then rest of flour and 1 tsp. lemon extract. Take 2/3 of the mixture and add 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. nutmeg, 1 1/2 cups finely cut and floured figs and 1 tbsp. molasses. Put in a greased and slightly floured round tube pan a spoon of light mixture and then a spoon of dark mixture alternately as for marble cake. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.). Increase heat to 360° F. and last half hour decrease to 350° F. Bake about 55 min. Makes one 8-in. loaf.

MARMALADE BISCUITS: Sift 2 cups flour, 4 tps. Royal Baking Powder and 1/2 tsp. salt together. Mix 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk and 1/2 cup orange marmalade together. Add 2 tps. shortening to flour mixture and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add liquid stirring just enough to mix. Turn out on lightly floured board and roll to 1/2 inch thickness. Cut into small biscuits and bake in hot oven (425° F.) from 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 14 to 16 biscuits.



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MRS. FRANCES W. HOPPER, R. N., in charge of the Josephine Home for anemic and undernourished children, Peekskill, N. Y., says, "Ripe bananas have a place in the regular diet of our children. We know that bananas when thoroughly ripe are easy to digest and are an appreciated and beneficial food."

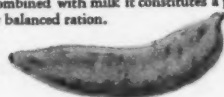


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PARTLY RIPE . . The tips may still be green when, for economy's sake, you buy bananas by the hand. Yet, when cooked, this partially ripe fruit is easy to digest and holds many unsuspected delights.

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FULLY RIPE . . When can young children eat bananas? As soon as nature's golden seal is tinted with darker brown. Then the banana is thoroughly ripe. Children like this all-food fruit. It tastes good, and is good, for combined with milk it constitutes a perfectly balanced ration.



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THE PERSUADER

[Continued from page 108]

standstill.

"It's the man who let us in!" Lady Patricia cried.

The strong mouth of the Doctor sagged like a surprised oaf, his hands drooped slowly, and his head went forward, as the left hand of the Dervish, pushing up the folds of the turban, disclosed to the astounded gaze of the whole party, a black silk patch and a gleaming cobalt eye.

"Holy Snakes!" ejaculated the Doctor—"it's Dancing Even."

"You!" breathed Gladise.

"Dick!" cried Lady Patricia.

"You've been the deuce of a long time jumping in," grumbled the man on the pillar. "I was beginning to lose the point of this joke."

Dancing Even grinned. "Doctor," he drawled conversationally, "I'll be all of a dither till I've got your fowlin' piece. No! put 'em up towards the ceilin'."

The Doctor looked into a blue eye from which the tired lines had faded, and at the steel muzzle level with the buttons of his evening waistcoat, and obeyed.

Dancing Even's left hand came out of the Doctor's pocket, and another pistol flashed in the cold rays of the wall lamp and landed in the cistern.

"Now we'll uncuddle Rosie from his skewer," he said.

From his loin cloth, he withdrew a small Dervish knife, took two paces to his rear, and with a few swift strokes, released the figure from the pillar.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, my distinguished cousin, Rosie Vansittart."

Vansittart tore off his red cardinal's cloak and the black patch from his eye, the two girls standing with gleaming eyes and questioning tongues.

"How are you feelin', Old Sweetheart?" asked Even.

"Not quite so uneasy as I was when I emerged from the dope, but I've got an awful head. Where's that swine, Enver?"

"Havin' a duet in the bath with his divin' partner. Can't you hear 'em?"

Followed by the others, he looked over the edge of the cistern into the muddy

water below. Waist-deep, Charles was standing close to the side, squeezing the water from his hair and face. The Pascha a few yards away, was groping for a foothold. They both looked up, their faces distorted with fury and malevolence.

Dancing Even turned, picked up the red cloak which Vansittart had discarded and drew it on his shoulders. Hooking his arms within those of the two girls, he swung round in the direction of the gate.

Gladise released her arm, and turned to her parent.

"Father," she suggested a little wearily, "hadn't you better help Charles out of the water and come home?"

The Doctor looked at Dancing Even. "As this show seems to have passed into your hands," he said slowly, "what's the next step?"

Dancing Even's eye flickered. "The next step, Doctor, is a one-step. The Four Sighs will be just gettin' interestin'."

The Doctor studied him reflectively. "Well, Lord Lochleven," he said candidly, "I've got to hand it up to you. But there's just one point that's been puzzling me. Why did you take all these chances tonight, when Gladise had put you wise to the scheme?"

They all looked at him except Vansittart, who looked at Lady Patricia.

Dancing Even's eye twinkled. "Well, you know, Doctor, it was all part of a little stunt of mine called Persuadin' Pat."

"I don't quite get the idea," said the Doctor.

"Ask Old Armie, when he's finished his divin' act. Well, so long, Doctor."

Gladise looked from Lady Patricia's glowing face to Dancing Even's gay one. "I get the idea, all right," she said, and drew back as if to stay with her father.

Dancing Even drew in her arm again. "Little Lady," he said gently, "your father doesn't need you as much as we do."

She looked up into his tired cobalt eye, and gradually smiled. "You're a devil," she laughed, "but so am I," and she seized Vansittart by the arm. "Come along—Rosie."

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 31]

adventurous, daring and mystical intensity that enabled his country to give to the world such men of action as Cortez, De Soto, and Balboa, or such dreamers as Cervantes, Saint Theresa, and Saint John of the Cross.

Unamuno believes first of all, and strongly, in man—"the man of flesh and bone." And he also believes that we all, as men, are related somehow to God. But he examines man only, in a sense, to lose him; and God also, under his searching critical gaze, appears for a moment only to disappear the moment after. That is because he sees life as a struggle, a continual conflict. All our life is a tragedy-comedy played out between sleeping and waking, struggling and being forced to abandon the struggle, advancing in faith and being overwhelmed by doubt, being deceived by ourselves as well as by others.

Above all, Unamuno is an apostle of spiritual liberty, and should therefore appeal to all who are equally mistrustful of the narrowness of pure scepticism or

pure certainty. We in this country have material liberty in plenty, and as we go on it increases by leaps and bounds. The world with all its horizons is open to us as it never was to our forefathers. But that does not prevent us from often asking the uneasy question whether all this material liberty can really save us, and whether it were not better to have a higher degree of spiritual liberty? Do we not, far too often, attempt to make our neighbor think as we, without due respect for his feelings and capacities? Viewed from the standpoint of our own vitality and prosperity, Spain seems a poor, shrunken country. But viewed from the standpoint of the degree to which a spiritual force can be radiated out upon the world to make life more intense and full, Spain is rich and we are poor indeed. Others have written well about Spain: the Englishman Havelock Ellis, the American Waldo Frank. But to Miguel de Unamuno has fallen the honor of interpreting the Spanish soul most fully to the rest of the world.

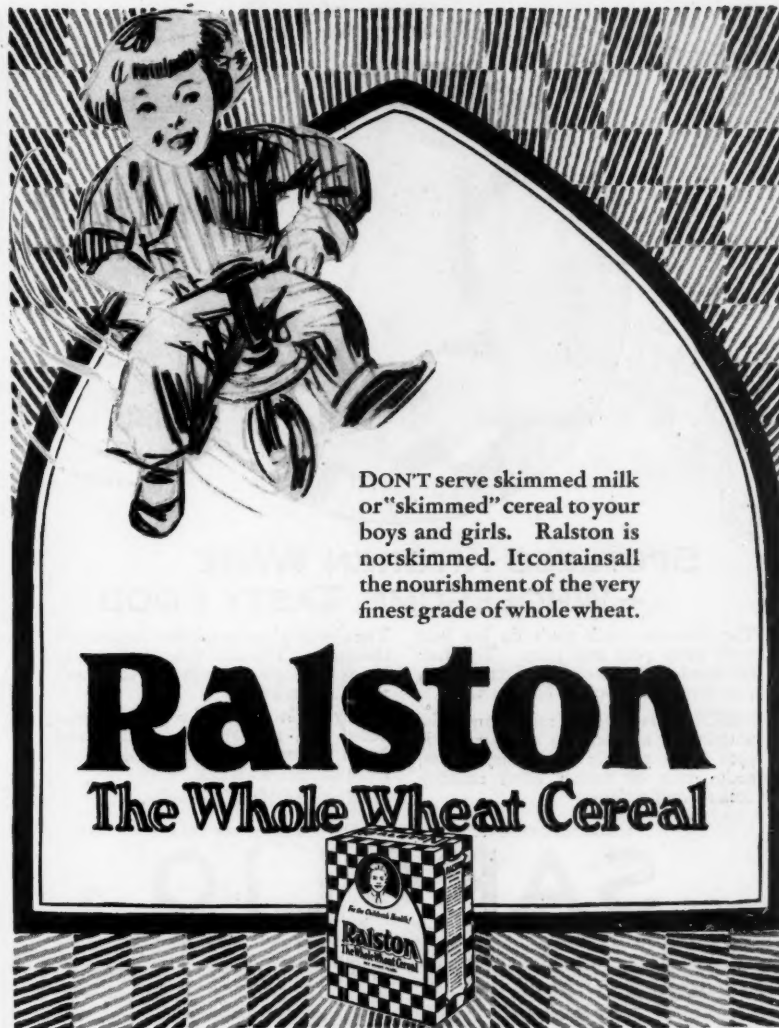
THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 29]

Miss Le Gallienne took the leading part in every play. She was wise to do so, since it was she at the outset who was the drawing-card. Such an arrangement, however, as some of her critics have pointed out, was not in the best spirit of repertory; it smacked too much of mere starrng, and it made the entire enterprise too dependent on the humor, talent and endurance of one single performer. This already is corrected. In *The Inheritors* the leading rôle goes to Miss Josephine Hutchinson.

The playing has been unequal, not better and not worse on the whole than that of the theater in general. Its faults have been those of youth and hardihood, a certain lack of technical control and

steady craft; its virtues have likewise been those of youth, a love of beauty, feeling, purity of aim, the free approach and fresh passion of the young heart and mind. Miss Le Gallienne's own playing has shown a fine central truth. What she needs, and what time ought to give to her, is the further exploration into the meaning of the rôle, all the shading by which its quivering intensity, or its lively response to the world of men around, is revealed. That her public should be a large and growing one is easy to understand. People recognize and value and know how rare in the theater anywhere is this hard work, courage, sincerity and exaltation.



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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[Continued from page 8]

whirling her practically off the bonnet of a taxicab, with arms whose strength was suddenly the strength of steel and whipcord.

Passersby stopped; the taxi driver yelled furiously; the brakes of a private car protested noisily; the traffic policeman stepped from the middle of the street. But Peter was oblivious of everything but the girl in his arms looking up at him out of great green-hazel eyes. Suddenly, starting from his arms, glancing out of the tail of her eye at the approaching policeman, she muttered: "Quick! Let's move along. I don't want questions."

He consented tacitly, and walked on beside her towards the rise that approaches Hyde Park Corner. He had his hand under her elbow. She was gasping and panting a little but trying to hide it as if to avoid attracting attention. Her next words sealed this impression. "Walk on as if it wasn't us. I mean as if it wasn't me nearly under that taxi, and you who dragged me out. Look as if you belonged to me for a few minutes, will you?"

The thrill of the new life caught him fairly. "I'll look like that as long as you wish," he answered. They walked on together. "Have you had dinner?" he asked suddenly.

"No," she replied.
"Then—" he hazarded. She smiled very slightly. "Besides," he said, "you must get in somewhere and sit down. Aren't you hurt?"

She confessed that she must have a bruise or two. He signalled to the taxi rank on the other side of the road, and there they stood waiting for the cab to dodge across. His hand held her elbow in a delicious familiarity, and the carnation scent drifted into the Spring air and became part of all the thrill of life.

"Where shall we go?" asked Peter. She thought for a moment, and chose the Cavour.

When they got to his hotel she was particular about having a table in the farthest corner; and—Peter still innocent of any pursuit—the man in grey also took a table some distance away, but where, if he leaned forward, he could watch them.

Peter ordered champagne and oysters and turtle soup, roast duck, ices, peaches, and when he looked up from the menu he saw the girl laughing at him. "This isn't an alderman's banquet," she said lazily.

He went hot to the roots of his hair. "Don't you like—?" he began.

She laughed again and said, "Oh, I think it's splendid. I shall eat everything. Do you do this kind of thing often?"

"I have never done it before in my life. But you are beautiful," answered Peter promptly, "and I want to give you things. Because I could love you tremendously. Because I am happy."

"Why are you happy?" she asked curiously. "If it is merely this—" she indicated their surroundings, and included herself—"it won't last."

"It will last me out," mused Peter.
"How strange you are," smiled the girl. "What is your name?"

"Peter."
"What do you do?" she persisted idly.
"Nothing," said Peter.

Her cruel green eyes disbelieved him. They searched his inferior blue suit and his cheap tie, and his pale face on which the anxious lines of an impecunious life were still traced.

She spoke: "You look as if you had some secret."

"I am free," smiled Peter.
He saw in her eyes a determined disbelief. "Women don't like to think a man is free," she smiled, seeing these things clearly for the first time. "They always hanker to hitch him up to some post somewhere, don't they?"

A smile of sheer irony kindled her little face. "Nonsense," she retorted. "Who, for instance, would want to hitch you up?"
"Not worth it, you mean?" he probed. She shook her head. "No, you're not worth it, Peter." She laughed. "I'm frank. I say what I mean—when I dare. I'm free too," she went on presently. "I love it. There is nothing in the whole world better than freedom." [Turn to page 113]



So Soft— So White

By Edna Wallace Hopper.

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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[Continued from page 112]

She watched his face, half shutting her eyes. "You don't like that?"

"Not for a girl. A girl ought to want to be taken care of—never had he felt so strong, so gloriously the provident male—she oughtn't to want all this freedom. Besides the time must come when she will belong to some man. What is your name?"

"I would rather not tell you. It will never matter to you. You would never hear it again."

Their waiter came between them, clearing the table and brushing the cloth. Ripe, bloomy fruit was heaped before them.

"Peel me a peach, Peter," said the girl across the table, "peel me those two."

He took the fruit, but for a moment his fingers shook too much to peel it. He looked at her longingly.

"Leave things alone, Peter," she said understandingly.

Peter's dream of a desert island would not have lasted so very long anyway, for the girl was not intrigued by him. She had shown many little signs of impatience during dinner; she had watched the time as though fearing to linger too long.

But none of these signs prepared Peter for the precipitate haste with which she ended his perfect hour, for the man in grey, a little less cautious than before, craned his neck forward to observe them and caught her eye.

"Peter," she said, "I must go. I must. Don't argue with me. Pay the bill."

"A taxi," asked the girl, as soon as they got outside.

"I'm coming with you," he pressed obstinately.

She made no demur, in such haste was she to hide herself in the cab.

"Where?" asked Peter.

After some hesitation, she gave him an address in the Regent's Park direction.

"Listen," said Peter, as they drove up Regent Street, "I won't part from you like this. I must see you again. It wouldn't be fair of you not to let me. Are you listening?"

"No," she answered furiously, "I'm not. I've other things to think about."

"More important than I am?" flashed Peter.

"I certainly think they are," she replied insolently.

"Well," said Peter, "you'll stop thinking about them, whatever they are, and listen to me. You think you can treat me exactly as you like, don't you?"

He felt enraged all over, as he caught her in his arms. He had never fought physically with a woman before, and realized suddenly how frail they were. He seemed unconquerably strong, and for the futile moment, supreme.

The taxi had crossed Oxford Circus and was running towards Queen's Hall and he remembered the comparative darkness ahead.

Peter still had her locked in his arms with his cheek close to hers. "Now tell me your name," he demanded.

She gave it after a silence. "Carey Mills. Much good it will do you to know. You'll never hear it again."

"Won't I?"

"No. Hardly anybody in London knows—and it's no use your coming to the address I've given. Tomorrow I'll be lost."

"Listen to me, Carey darling."

She laughed scornfully. Peter kissed her with the scornful laugh still on her lips.

The taxi slowed up. It was creeping along the dark road, groping for the right house. Peter kissed Carey good-by passionately as the cab stopped.

Looking out, he managed to make out the façade of a block of flats. Carey slid past him, sprang out, and ran into the lighted hall. He followed her swiftly, till her gesture sent him back. He stopped. She might have all sorts of reasons, perfectly good ones—who knew?

Another taxi, creeping past them up the road, turned at an inconspicuous distance and followed.

Peter's head was full of the girl, and his arms felt terribly empty. He sat relaxed, in a blur of thoughts. What an extraordinary thing freedom was.

"Some fellows," he realized, "have it every minute of the [Turn to page 114]



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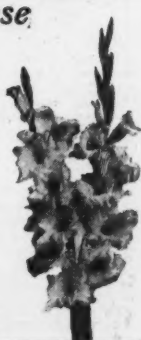
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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[Continued from page 113]

year." Mabel was something that belonged to the dim past. It had been a day of days!

Peter had scarcely closed the bedroom door upon his perturbed and exalted self, when a brisk rap caused him to open it again. He saw, standing just opposite, a man with whom he had come up in the lift a moment ago, and whom he had eyed enviously for the superlative cut of his grey tweeds.

"May I speak to you for a moment?" asked the stranger, in an imperative voice.

Peter let him in without question, because of the voice—and the grey tweeds. For in spite of the new soul he had found, the habit of conciliating the ruling classes was still in him. This was the kind of man who might have entered the Ludgate office, and ordered a mansion or a racing stable to be built, while all the anis watched him enviously.

"May I ask your name?" asked the stranger.

"Peter King."

The stranger looked him over carefully. "Isn't this a little rash of you, Mr. King?"

"What?"

"Letting a perfect stranger come into your rooms like this—"

"Well, if it comes to that, we meet as man to man, don't we?" smiled Peter.

The stranger grinned a little, showing very white teeth in a burnt face, but Peter noticed that his eyes were cold and did not share the amusement. They seemed considering and weighing things all the time. Otherwise he had the look of a man overfed by life, but kept fit by hard sports. Physically he was a fine specimen. He stood looking intently at the slighter, shorter Peter with his pallor and the lines of poverty still on his face. He left Peter's question unanswered save by his smile.

"Sit down and have a cigarette," said Peter, waving towards an armchair, and producing his leatherette case filled with cheap virginians.

"Thanks," said the other gracefully, "but if I may smoke my own—"

So he sat in the armchair and Peter sat on the edge of the bed, while the smoke of the stranger's Turkish cigarette ascended, and Peter sniffed it, thinking, "I'll ask him where he gets 'em and have some myself."

They stared at each other until the stranger broke the silence abruptly, in his clipped, pleasant voice: "Is this the first time you've seen me today?"

Peter mentioned the meeting in the lift. "Yet I have been following you since two o'clock this afternoon. I dined only a few tables away from you in the Cavour."

"I never noticed you," said Peter.

"Too well occupied," smiled the man in grey, but his eyes were narrowly watching Peter. "But I cannot congratulate you on your new acquaintance, Mr. King."

"Why?" said Peter stiffly.

"Oh, that's incidental," Lake waved it aside. "She was a new acquaintance—I saw the Berkeley Street affair—and in all probability you'd never met her again in this world—unless—"

He broke off, eyeing Peter.

"If you know so much, you probably know that I have her address," said the young man, half angry at the other's impertinence.

"That is not her address," Lake replied. "You seem to know a lot about Miss Mills," retorted Peter hotly.

"I know a little," Lake replied. "However, that is incidental, as I said. It's only a marvellously interesting coincidence considering what I have to say to you."

"Well," broke in Peter, "just what is it you have to say?"

"First of all," said Lake, settling himself in the armchair, "I've been watching you pretty closely, Mr. King. When I first saw you in Regent Street, something about you struck me—something which seemed familiar, and then I saw it was a curious resemblance to a friend of mine. So I followed you—"

"Why?"

"Wait a minute—I followed you, and I saw you dawdling about in Trafalgar

Square, just looking at things. You had the look of a man with all day before you to do nothing in. And there is something else about you—you look like a man at complete liberty—I don't know how else to put it. And as if you don't much care what else happens to you—"

"I don't," cried Peter, his eyes shining. Lake stroked and twisted his little moustache. "Well, so much the better. What do you want to do with life?"

"Adventure without end," Peter fairly shouted it. In his voice there was a blazing sincerity that carried conviction. Lake did not question it. He slapped his knee.

"Good! Want money?"

"Got a bit," said Peter, naming the sum.

"Bah!" said Lake slightly.

Peter laughed. "It seems a deuce of a lot to me."

"Extraordinary fellow," said Lake summarizing him. "Would you consider a job?"

"If it's exciting enough," said Peter.

Lake slapped his knee again resoundingly. "Exciting enough. You'll get all the jazz you want, if you—" Lake screwed up his eyes till they were like pin points. "Y'know," he began brusquely. "There's something in you I don't understand, and I must before I trust you far enough for this. Explain yourself."

Peter told him in a quiet voice of his death warrant. Lake sat still. He showed no pity, so absorbed was he in his project, but he said, as if satisfied, "Well, that solves it. You've nothing to lose?"

"Nothing."

"That clears my conscience. Can I trust you absolutely?"

"Yes," said Peter, and held out his hand.

"Even your handshake isn't unlike Heriot's," mused Lake.

"Who's Heriot?"

"I'm coming to him," said Lake.

"Sir Heriot Mayo is a cousin of mine—a chap the public doesn't get to hear about very much, and all the better for that. He's done a good bit of very wonderful work for the Government in many parts of the Empire and outside it. He'll do anything for a bit of sport, and risks are his hobby. At the same time he's a quiet and secret mover. Well, Heriot—Sir Heriot—is just back from three years in Uganda and elsewhere—the elsewhere not being for publication—and they've asked him to undertake a certain job—all I'm going to tell you geographically is that it's in the East—which is a practical impossibility for any man to carry out, unless some really good scheme can be arranged to—ah—help him. Heriot had a scheme which he had trusted me to carry out if it was humanly possible."

"What's the scheme?" asked Peter.

"Briefly it's this," Lake replied very weightily, "if I could find a man like him in appearance—a man who would take all risks and had nothing to lose and liked a good run for a good deal of money—he stopped to regard an enchanted Peter entirely free from avarice—"I would take this man as far into our confidence as I deemed fit, and I'd ask him how he'd like to impersonate Sir Heriot Mayo for six weeks. I'd coach him, tell him how to act, and Heriot's yacht would take him—"

"Yacht?"

"—as owner, as Sir Heriot Mayo, for a cruise right along the Algerian and Moroccan coasts, fetching up in Egypt, at Cairo—"

"Egypt," mused Peter.

"He'd have unlimited money, pleasure, social enjoyments and all the lovely yacht for six weeks. But he'd have to take all risks blind. For we shan't trust him enough to tell him always who are his enemies and who are his friends, even if we know ourselves. Sometimes we don't."

Lake paused as if in thought. "Note, King, I use the word risks—and I mean big risks. For it's not a safe job to provide an alibi for Heriot Mayo in those places just now."

"I'll take all risks," said Peter.

"Thought you would," said Lake calmly. They looked briefly into each other's eyes. "Good night," said Lake, "I'm staying here too. I'll come first thing tomorrow morning, for we [Turn to page 117]

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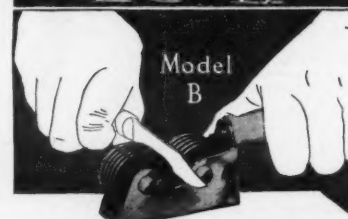
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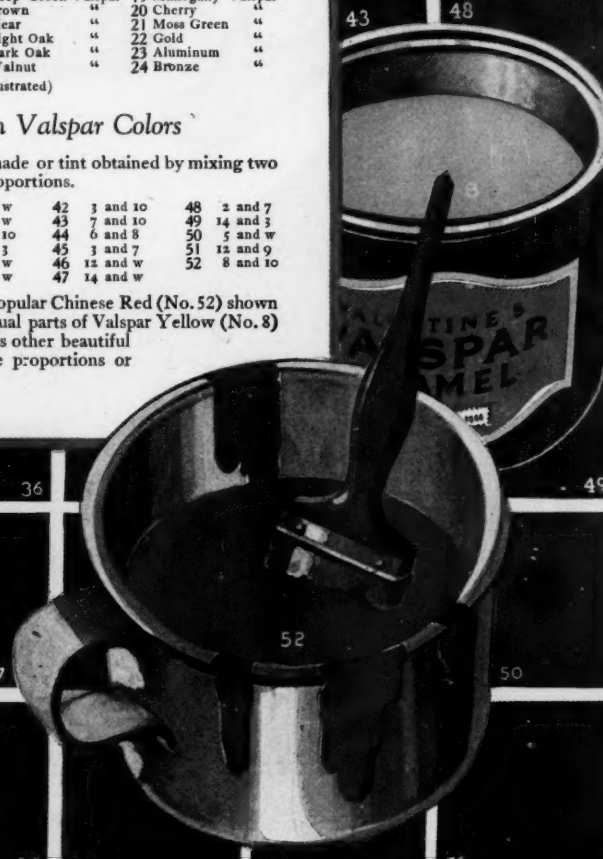
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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[Continued from page 114]

must start in straight away."

Peter nodded, his eyes shining with the light of adventure.

At eight, Lake was tapping pre-emptorily at Peter's door, and, getting no response, he tried it, found it unlocked and walked in quietly. Peter King was sleeping like a child.

Lake stood by the bed looking down at him for a while, before he called him. He studied the thin face, the intelligent mouth, the hair swept back from the forehead. Then he roused the sleeper.

"Hello," said Peter and smiled.

"Morning," said Lake, gazing down at him. "Why wasn't your door locked? Don't you lock your door in hotels? From now on you'll have to lock the door of any room you happen to be sleeping in—for the next six weeks anyway."

"Right O!" Peter acquiesced.

"I'll have breakfast with you up here," said Lake, and he rang the bell. "By the way, you don't breakfast much as a rule. Heriot doesn't. Half a grape-fruit, a roll, and a cup of chocolate."

Lake lighted a cigarette, offering his case to Peter. He was affable, but cautious, even more cautious than he had been the night before. "You haven't altered your mind at all? Or have you?"

"I should say not," Peter smiled decidedly.

"Right. Then we begin at once. I'm going to take you to my hair-dresser and get your hair cut. Heriot is fairly cropped. You've got to have a proper haircut," said Lake. "And a bleach. Heriot is bleached nearly white—well, sort of yellow-white, you know. He was always a fair chap, and the sun in the tropics has done the rest. And you must grow a mustache—a toothbrush, and bleach that. My hair-dresser—he's Heriot's too—will give us the stuff and he'll hold his tongue. You're not going to have new clothes; you're going to wear what Heriot has actually worn. And I'm going to take you up to a little place of mine on the moor for a week where there's no neighbors within twelve miles, and I'm going to grill you brown. We're in for a spell of fine weather and sun I believe. There's a stain you can have too. Heriot's sending some. Do you ride?"

"No," said Peter.

"I'll have you fairly handy in a week. Shoot? Rifle range? Then there's various things you'll have to practice up on. And there's only a week," Peter nodded.

"You can't write letters to anyone," warned Lake. "And you can't—now look here, King, you can't go hunting that girl. You've got to give yourself up fairly. If you want to prove what I said about that not being her address, we'll drive around there and ask for her this morning."

"Oh, if you give me your word—"

"I do," said Lake, "but a fellow isn't going to take that where there's a woman to consider. Still, believe it or not, that girl has disappeared this morning, and covered her tracks—if she left any. Because she spotted me last night at the Cavour. I've watched her before and she knows it."

"Watched her?"

"King, I'm not going to answer questions. You see, it's better and safer as far as we are concerned, that you go into this six weeks' job blind. We don't want you to know what you're doing. It's easier for you so, for anywhere you touch in any society where Heriot is known you'll come up against people who will pump you about your mission—that is to say the mission Heriot is on—and if you don't know, you can't give the thing away—by accident, of course, I mean. You see?"

"Partly," said Peter, burning with curiosity. "When a fellow comes along and tries to pump you about this mission," Lake continued, "and you merely answer by asking his golf handicap—why, he'll take it for cleverness. And it'll help you a mighty lot."

"But this mission," said Peter, "I thought it was a secret one. Is it known, then?"

"Yes," said Lake briefly. "It is known. How, no one can exactly say. It doesn't matter if I mention to you that it is a

mission to Persia. In that country news flies. A spy gets it, I suppose, and it will travel over the country like wildfire by word of mouth. They yodel it over the hills, I think. No one can be sure."

Then breakfast came. As the door closed behind the waiter, Lake said: "You'll probably see that girl again."

"Good Lord, where?"

"I can't say," said Lake. "Wish I could."

"Don't you set your heart on that young baggage, and don't you be soft when you see her again."

Some weeks have so many things crammed into them that they seem like a lifetime; and that was the kind of week that Peter King found himself enjoying. Up on the heathery moors, with a blazing Spring shining down on him; being drilled into little habits and preferences, tramping through the heather potting at rabbits or anything the season permitted; studying Sir Heriot Mayo's public past—with an allusion to his private past thrown in to give the right savor—all this was bliss indeed.

As for the wardrobe—Lake altered him psychologically, as he put it, by "getting him into Heriot's skin right away." Physically, the queerish feelings seldom assailed him, and as for the ominous little lumps on his stomach which had sent him to the specialist, most of the time he forgot them entirely.

In the evenings he sat and practiced a fair copy of Sir Heriot's handwriting, in case of emergencies.

So the seventh day dawned, and the car was ordered for the station at nine o'clock. The new Sir Heriot stood in his room, regarding the set of his brown tweeds.

Lake entered and sat down.

"Good!" he said with a satisfied glint in his eyes. "Now I'll run over the last directions again, King. You get to London about two o'clock. Go to the Carlton Grill, mention your name, and Ventura will give you a table. Make notes or read 'em during lunch—it will prevent people who think they know you—" he laughed—"from coming and bothering you much. You can tell Ventura, who'll be sure to inquire politely about the last three years, any yarn you like about Uganda. I gave you some. Then you arrive in Southampton about six-thirty, your new valet having previously met you at Euston. You'll go straight on board, and remember you don't know any of your new crew except your skipper, who's been with you in all those tight places I told you of. His name's George Fortune. You call him George. And remember he hasn't seen you for at least three years."

"You dine early and turn in early. If George wants to show you over the yacht because she's been redone from top to bottom, don't look her over till tomorrow. Shut yourself in your cabin and camouflage with note books. Get your bearings. He's used to those ways. Some times Heriot scarcely speaks to him for a whole trip if he's on a job. George will savvy. You can be as terse as you like. Only pleasant of course."

The car drew up beneath the windows. They went down, got in.

Journeying to town in a first class smoker, being met at Euston by a servant who seemed to guess his identity as if by magic, driving to the Carlton and having the famous Ventura concoct him a lunch of all Sir Heriot's favorite dishes—all this was gorgeous. Solemn as a schoolboy perpetrating an enormous private joke, he ate hot lobster, lamb cutlets, and young peas. Two or three men turned and nodded to him, and he nodded back, then he camouflaged himself, as Lake advised him, with notebooks over which he poured earnestly. Only one man stopped to say, "See you at the club later?" And he nodded and returned in a preoccupied tone "Try to."

Then he drove to Waterloo, was met there by valet and luggage, and, smoking the only cigar Sir Heriot would smoke, was carried swiftly on towards the big adventure. At Southampton he was met by a trimly uniformed [Turn to page 118]

Fifty years of shutting out the night and letting in the day



An actual photograph of a Hartshorn Roller that has seen a full half-century of service. Note the tack marks showing the number of different shade cloths it has rolled up and down during its long useful life.

UP and down—up and down—all through the day—every day—for fifty long years. Rolling the night down or rolling the day up—keeping the world out or letting the world in—for more than eighteen thousand days!

Such is the record of a famous old Hartshorn Shade Roller on the window of a quiet little home in a quaint old New England town.

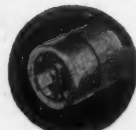
It never ruffled a temper by balking—never sulked at rolling up or down. The tack marks of eight sets of shade cloths appear in its surface. The wood has taken on the golden brown dignity of age. And even today, the same old roller clicks to attention as soon as a hand grasps the shade cord.

Such is the service that Hartshorn has built into shade rollers for more than sixty years. Such is the quality, too, that is offered in Hartshorn Rollers and Shade Cloths today, and at prices that usually are no higher at the start and decidedly lower in the end. Why not allow your dealer to estimate on Hartshorn Shade Cloths on Hartshorn Rollers for YOUR home?

In the variety of colorings offered in Hartshorn Shade Cloths, there is a soft, delicate tint that will strike a harmonious note with the decorative scheme of ANY home.

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A shade is only as good as its roller

Made by the makers of Hartshorn Shade Rollers



So much to do
everyday
everyday!

Why our hurried, nervous lives, our pleasures and our work, induce Auto-Intoxication, the self-poisoning that lowers vitality and keeps us miserable and depressed.

In these quick-step times thousands of American women are on the go from morning until night. Somehow they manage to run a household—to bring up children—to rush to parties and to dinners. They are active in society—they work hard and they play hard.

But under the pressing demands of this twentieth century life—too many of us—men and women alike—neglect to take care of our physical selves. We are irregular in our habits—we exercise only in spurts—most of us eat more than we should.

And so, headaches, indigestion, and that "tired feeling" are common—and all too often the food we eat remains within us for longer than a day, fermenting and setting up a form of self-poisoning popularly called Auto-Intoxication. This self-poisoning is at the root of most of our modern ills.

In keeping clear of Auto-Intoxication and its bad effects, the first step is to correct the stoppage and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. Sal Hepatica, an effervescent saline combination is the approved way to do this quickly, safely and thoroughly. You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or half an hour before any meal.

Send for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication which tells you how to keep physically fit.

For booklet please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. F 47, 71 West St.
N. Y., N. Y.

Sal
Hepatica



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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[Continued from page 117]

and benign person who could be none other than his skipper. Together they went on board the peach of a yacht. She was freshly painted, all dark blue and white, and lay there glittering in the harbor like a jewel.

"Good to see you again, Sir Heriot," he began. "The yacht's looking beautiful, and everything's ready. We get away in half an hour, unless you'd rather wait till tomorrow morning, sir."

"No, George," said the bogus Sir Heriot, "we'll get off. This is more business than pleasure."

Peter, who had the plan of the yacht, carefully furnished by Lake, in his head, went below and found his cabin.

It was a jewel of a cabin. He lay down on the comfortable berth, and waited for the yacht to cast anchor. The valet came in. "Dress, sir?"

"No."

The man, who had had a word or two

with the crew, looked puzzled.

"I'll dine at seven thirty," Peter added.

Peter rose presently, brushed his hair, washed his hands, and looked around him. He left his cabin and went to the dining saloon. The round polished table, the fine linen, the cut glass and old silver, could not but enchant a novice in luxury. The table was set for two.

For a moment Peter paused, eyeing it doubtfully. Did Heriot Mayo dine with his skipper?

Someone stood in the doorway of the saloon a moment or two before she came forward. She was a young girl, with hair of sheer gold, eyes of baby blue, wide now with fright. She wore a little evening frock of coral chiffon. Now he knew the reason for his skipper's look and his valet's smile and his puzzlement because he had not dreamed.

"Heriot," she whispered.

[Continued in MAY McCall's]

DISCOVERING A LOST CITY

[Continued from page 99]

to put on a sarong and a jacket.

A mud path oozed between wet foliage, taking us along the embankment into a village of native huts. We came to the end of our walk at the sala, or local resthouse, a ramshackle hut leaning wearily on poles. A sawn shaven head appeared in the window. At first I thought it belonged to a monk, but when I saw the shirt and sarong that followed, I knew he was either a very sunburned Frenchman or a halfcaste.

"Un American!" shouted the *délégué*.

We went up on the sagging veranda, and in the next five minutes a fantastic group gathered. The fat little Frenchman with his curly black hair and merry eyes; the sawn bald-headed man who was half Siamese and half French; and the two priests from the Mission.

Grenadine and cognac were brought by a servant. The halfcaste produced an accordion; played Laotian music, squatting on his chair and swaying with the tune. Then he called to some little native children in the sala, and while they danced he sang lustily. The *délégué* waved his glass of cognac and thumped the table. It was all very mad and contagious. I found myself beating on the floor with bare heels and humming.

The dusk came down with a heavy, humid quality. The *délégué* suggested that we move to his house and dine. And so we all squashed along the muddy path singing "Madelon" accompanied by the halfcaste who marched ahead.

Dinner, being French, was in many courses and accompanied by *vin rouge* and *vin blanc*. With coffee and cognac, the halfcaste brought forth his accordion and squatted cross-legged on his chair. As he played, the older priest looked more distracted; a mad blue light danced in the eyes of the younger one. The *délégué* gave his idea of how Mistinguette would sing a Laotian air. Then we all yelled the *Marseillaise* until I thought my lungs and ear-drums would burst.

The next night Deng informed me that we should reach Savannakhet in four days. It was an announcement singularly disturbing. I had known it all along, but with his words it seemed to lunge at me in all its significance. It meant the end of the Mé-Kong and the beginning of a journey across the interior that would lead, too soon, to ships going westward.

On the seventh day we stopped at a large Siamese village. Numerous pirogues lay along the bank, and above them just as many houses peered between the drooping palms.

From the path along the embankment a road plunged through the middle of the village between dirty whitewashed shops and gutters where dogs lay sleeping amidst swill and blue mud. This road approached two stone *garudas*, creatures half bird and half man, and then crossed a brick causeway over swampy ground. A little stream

flowed under the further end of the causeway, and built about it were houses tottering on poles. The place ahead evidently was a Wat, or Buddhist enclosure containing temple and monastery.

A very old wall surrounded it, and by the gate were several mutilated statues of Buddha. Inside, a walk led to a little open building where the monks held services. A number of yellow clad *bronzes* lounged about, and one came forward to meet us, holding out his hand to me with a smile.

On the right was the house of the monks, and on the other side a small yellow pavilion with two red and gold thrones under its roof of upturned, horned eaves. The monks gave me tea, and then I returned to the raft, followed by my Siamese guide.

The rest of the afternoon we drifted idly in breathless heat. Daylight was smothered in a fume of rain. After dusk lightning seemed to fray the silken dark and release sounds like the stampede of cattle. Under the bamboo floor the river fussed succulently.

Daylight came with the sight of blue mountains on the Siamese side.

"Savan . . ." said Deng, affectionately abbreviating Savannakhet; and I looked with something like depression at the thatched roofs that were appearing above the Laotian shore.

That afternoon, moored beside a slippery clay bank, I shaved and put on a stiff towel suit. My black tie seemed to shrink about my throat; my shoes pinched; my face burned with a flush half of annoyance and half of heat. From Savannakhet I planned to travel by motor-lorry to Tchepone, then by pirogue for several days to Lao-boo, and from there by road down to the coast. I had letters to the *Commissaire* of Savannakhet requesting him to assist me; for his benefit I was dressing, somewhat resentfully.

Climbing the bank, I set out along a thickly palmed road. Hedges of crimson hibiscus smoldered in the late afternoon. Beyond them were plaster houses where French people lived. I saw signs in French. "Douanes et Régies" . . . The white walls of the barracks of the *Garde Indigène* gleamed through the trees, streaked with green mould.

Suddenly realizing I didn't know exactly where I was going, and noticing a khaki-clad figure standing on the bank, obviously a Frenchman, I halted to address him and find out the way to the *Commissaire's*.

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur," I said, "parlez vous Anglais?"

He turned a brown grin upon me, resting hands on his hips in a carelessly arrogant attitude that was suddenly familiar. "I sure do," he responded with a New England accent.

And then I knew, unmistakably, that I had returned to what we are pleased to call Civilization.

[THE END]

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THE MORNING STAR OF AFRICA

[Continued from page 16]

with Napoleon for the control of Europe and Eastern Asia neared its crisis. With his death began the almost equally titanic struggle for the partition of Africa. It is highly probable that enlightened historians of the future will assign a more beneficial and far reaching influence to David Livingstone than to the Corsican conqueror.

His beautiful mother, combined rare discretion and devoutness of soul with an equal flow of humor and a cheerful disposition. A thrifty housewife, she had to make every nimble British sixpence dance like an American dollar. Fortunately for David—who was one of seven children, five of whom survived infancy and grew up in this quiet godly home—his imagination found ample room for its development in the matchless poetry of the Bible and the vivid dreams of "Pilgrim's Progress." Not so fortunately, his father's assumption that religion and science were mutually antagonistic injured the boy's earlier life, and did not disappear until he entered the broader realm of ideas where he perceived that Revelation and Nature are not irreconcilable. At the age of ten he left the village school for a neighboring cotton mill. From six in the morning till eight at night he was employed there as a "piecer." Many of my readers must have heard how young Livingstone placed his book on the spinning jenny and snatched a precious line or two as he passed and repassed, watching the whirling spindles. Fourteen hours a day six days a week, with a Scotch Sabbath thrown in for good measure on the seventh, made a fairly strenuous program for a youngster of ten. But wavering or weakness was not in him. Far otherwise, he hastened from the factory at night to a school provided by his employers. There he studied for an hour, and then went home to pore over Latin grammar, or geography and history, till his anxious mother put out the candle and drove him to bed. Devout habits were instilled in him at the family altar by the loyalty of the Livingstones to their Church. He came within reach of the university training which he coveted, presenting to young people of succeeding generations a fine example of what can be done by brains rather than bawbees, and by oatmeal porridge backed by Biblical piety instead of luxurious dainties varied by unsafe pleasures.

He obtained his medical degree in the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow University in November 1840. A few days afterwards he bade his parents and kinsfolk good-by, and went back to London to receive his appointment.

The Society determined at the last moment to send him to Africa, whereas, as we have noted, he had keenly anticipated going to China. Though the outcome chilled him, he did not rebel. He reasoned that Christ would be as near to him in one place as another. On November 20th, 1840, he was ordained to the Christian ministry, and on the 8th of December he sailed for Algoa Bay, South Africa.

The next two years he spent in exploring the country, and in searching for a suitable outpost for settlement. He became convinced that the success of a white missionary in his surroundings could not be estimated by the statistics of conversion from heathenism sent home annually for the Society to report. The proper work for him was that of opening up new fields, planting stations in them, manning these with native agents, and then pioneering once more. Since the whole of his subsequent career was mainly a development of this fruitful idea it deserves attention. The valley of Mabotsa, two hundred miles northeast of Kuruman, was his first station. Here he built his first house.

His richest prize came to him when in 1844 he proposed to Dr. Moffat's eldest daughter Mary, beneath the fruit trees at Kuruman. He got the answer he desired and deserved; Mary Moffat took him despite his reputation as an erratic wanderer, and brought the best treasures of love and fellowship into his lonely life.

The three sons and a daughter born to David and Mary Livingstone no sooner began to grow up than they increased their responsibilities. Yet these two saints moved onward into [Turn to page 120]

Be ready as this mother was: "My little boy loved to set papers on fire. One day his clothes caught fire and he was badly burnt. I applied Unguentine. Relief from pain came instantly. The wounds healed very fast and left no scar."



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THE MORNING STAR OF AFRICA

[Continued from page 119]

the thick of the fight against the blackest inhumanities. In 1848 Livingstone built his third house, moving into it from a hut of reeds through which the tropical winds blew the candles into icicles at night, and swarms of flies and bugs entered to torment the inmates by day. After this third house was destroyed by the raiding Boers, Livingstone never built another. In April, 1852, he sent his family back to Britain and became a homeless wanderer, patterned after Him "who had not where to lay His head."

Central Africa had gripped his soul, turning northward again. The start was made on the 11th of November 1853; on the 31st of May 1854 he entered the town of Loanda completely exhausted by semi-starvation, fever and dysentery. By this time the various learned Societies of Europe and the United Kingdom had been made aware of the new star arising over Africa's gloomy horizon. But for his intrepid purposes the route from the West was useless, and he decided to follow the Zambesi to its mouth. By the end of November, 1855, he heard the thunders of a mighty cataract which none but natives eyes had seen. He named this natural wonder Victoria Falls in honor of the Queen of England.

In two years and six months he completed one of the most amazing and useful journeys on record. When he began it the map of Africa from Kuruman to the Zambesi and Timbuktu was virtually a blank. When he finished it, in the words of the British Encyclopaedia, "nothing but envy or ignorance could throw any doubt on the originality of his discoveries."

On December 12th, 1856 Livingstone reached England, sighting the white cliffs of Dover of which Shakespeare sings, after an absence of sixteen years.

His staunch friends welcomed him home as warmly as ever. He needed sympathy, for he had lost his beloved wife and incomparable helpmeet at Shupanga on the 27th of April, 1862.

His sole consolation was his task, despite its increasing terrors. For the third time he returned to it and resumed the fight against slavery which daily grew more desperate. He landed at Zanzibar on the 28th of January, 1866, and started for the interior on the fourth of April. His company consisted of thirteen Sepoys, ten Joanna men and thirteen African boys; besides camels, buffalos, mules and donkeys. His exploration work across much hitherto unknown country was accomplished in three months. My readers should fix their minds on it, for it cost Livingstone his health. Fever ate into his iron frame and left it a ruckle of bones. He lost the goats on which he depended for milk to nourish his emaciated body. His medicine chest was stolen, his company had either deserted him or perished by starvation and the sword. He had the impression that he was in hell. So four hidden years dragged out day by day, their every hour more burdensome, only to find his granite

will more fixed than ever. It was the lowest ebb of his fortunes. Sheeref, the Arab he had trusted, sold all his goods and left him a penniless, famished fever-stricken pauper when he reached Ujiji in October, 1871.

But the day following his arrival Susi, his boy, came running up in great excitement. "Master! an Englishman! I see him!" Livingstone crawled feebly out of his hut to look upon a band of blacks laden with utensils and provisions in abundance. To our lasting honor as a nation, the American flag led the procession. Yet as Henry M. Stanley—for it was he—approached the worn and suffering hero, all he said was, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Then hands clasped, and the Doctor murmured "Yes." Livingstone looked then over sixty years; he was grey-bearded, and wore a ragged pair of grey tweed trousers and a red sleeved vest over his shirt. His clothes, though much frayed were scrupulously clean. He showed how overwrought and wild he was. Stanley had been sent by the proprietor of the New York Herald to find the lost explorer. No nobler deed was ever done by journalism for an individual or for Africa. And both these men, so different yet so alike in some respects, rejoiced that the quest had ended successfully.

But Livingstone had no sooner regained some vigor than he insisted on pushing forward. His diary tells the story of these last days. I confess I always read it with melancholy pride and with emotions too deep for tears. Each day he became more frail and lost more blood. His faithful native boys now carried him in a kitanda, a species of cradle on a pole. But even that method of transit was too much for his exhausted state. On the 29th of April, 1873, the party came to the banks of the Lulimala River, and there, in a hut built for him, this Ambassador of God lay down to rest. Early in the morning, Susi his body servant, looked in to see if all was right. Peering into the darkness scarcely relieved by the stump of a candle, he found his master kneeling by his bedside in the attitude of prayer, his head buried in his hands on the pillow. The spirit of Africa's mediator had passed on to the One Mediator between God and man. No white man was within hundreds of miles, so Jacob Wainwright, one of Livingstone's black boys, read the English burial service. Having prepared his body these African natives with utmost fidelity carried it on their shoulders eight hundred miles to the coast. From there it was conveyed to England, and finally laid in the nave of Westminster Abbey. The eminent men of the Empire and of other lands stood around the grave. Although he did not know it at the time, his dying prayer was answered. He had killed the slave trade in Africa. His reward in Heaven was dimly echoed by the unanimous "well-done" of earth. His name is inscribed high on the golden roll of God's saints as the Morning Star of Africa.

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4794..50	4812..50	4837..45	4848..35	4863..30	4872..35	4881..45	4890..30
4796..35	4822..45	4838..50	4849..35	4864..50	4873..50	4882..40	4891..35
4797..45	4826..45	4839..45	4850..35	4865..45	4874..30	4883..35	4892..35
4798..45	4830..45	4840..45	4851..35	4866..45	4875..35	4884..45	4893..35
4799..35	4831..45	4842..35	4852..50	4867..45	4876..50	4885..45	4894..30
4800..35	4832..30	4843..45	4853..50	4868..50	4877..45	4886..35	4895..30
4802..45	4833..45	4844..45	4854..45	4869..45	4878..45	4887..35	4896..30
4805..35	4834..45	4845..45	4855..45				

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1267..30	1529..40	1534..40	1557..40	1565..40	1569..45	1573..30	1577..40
1377..30	1530..30	1535..50	1561..45	1566..75	1570..30	1574..30	1578..40
1526..40	1531..30	1536..40	1562..40	1567..30	1571..40	1575..40	1579..40
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SPORTS CLOTHES WITH CHIC

No. 4884. Original Model by Chantal. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; with front godets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1¾ yards of 40-inch material; skirt, collar and cuffs, 1¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

CHANTAL and Jane Regny are new influences in Paris designing. They dress all women so they look young. The frocks shown on this page, specially selected for those who want to be well dressed, are the last word in smart clothes. Chantal's frock is in two pieces, of heavy crepe, the jumper short and belted, the skirt pleated at front. Regny's frock in gray and green is in two pieces with a highly diverting jumper. Both of these frocks illustrate the popular fashion for bows.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4864. Original Model by Regny. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; with applied bands. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1¾ yards of 40-inch; skirt and bands, 2½ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.



Doucet

4879

Leboudier

4862

Jenny

4873

Lelong

4867

No. 4879. Original Model by Doucet. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; gathered front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4862. Original Model by Leboudier. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; slip, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch (crosswise). Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

FABRIC MOVEMENT FOR GRACE

ALL these four designers whose gowns are shown on this page, develop the loose, detached pieces on the foundation of the frock, which gives so much grace when a woman walks. Also they blouse the material over the low waistline. This is the earliest movement towards grace that Greece produced. No two methods are alike. The square neck is shown, a fashion that strengthens. One gown illustrated here shows Jenny's deep cape in pale rose, which is the daytime substitute of her pale rose evening yoke.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4873. Original Model by Jenny. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; wrap-around skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4867. Original Model by Lelong. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with jabot and circular flounces. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



Lanvin

4870
Emb. No. 927

No. 4870. Original Model by Lanvin. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; sleeves, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 927 in darning-stitch may be used.

No. 4881. Original Model by Agnès. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with pleated front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, waist, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Agnès Lelong Lina Mouton

4881

4877

4885
Emb. No. 1557

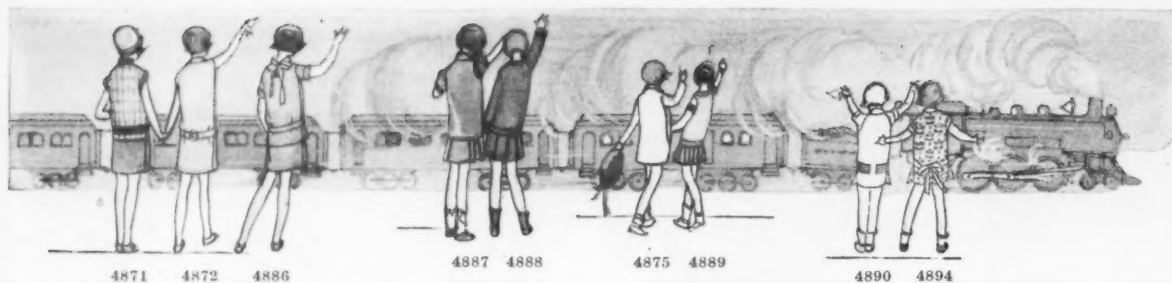
FOUR SMART FRENCH FROCKS

HERE are pictured notable costumes from France just when the hum of the sewing machine is heard over the land. They are satin crepe, beloved by the French designers this season, of flowered silk in small formal patterning which Paris finds preferable to fantastic figurations, and of flat crepe which stands the test of time. Ornamental sleeves are emphasized, and the diagonal waistline which Paris sponsors, as it does all diagonals this season. Pleats or gathers in groups, give movement in skirts.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4877. Original Model by Lelong. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with bloused back. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch figured; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch plain material. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 4885. Original Model by Lina Mouton. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Straight-stitch Embroidery No. 1557 may be used.



No. 4890. Original Model by Suzanne Dubin. Child's Slip-On Dress; with raglan sleeves. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4894. Original Model by Collin. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 6, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4872. Original Model by Lina Mouton. Girl's Slip-On Dress; drop shoulder. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material.

No. 4871. Original Model by Decré Soeurs. Girl's Dress; with kimono sleeves; inverted pleat at each side front. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch checked material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch plain.

No. 4875. Original Model by Mignapouf. Girl's Coat. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch.

When
Juveniles Go
Vacationing
Frocks
are
Gay



Suzanne
Dubin
4890

Collin
4894



Decré Soeurs
4888

Coblentz
4889

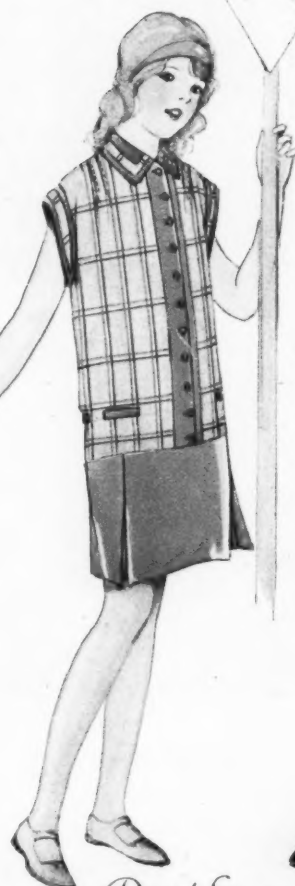


Collin
4887



Suzanne Dubin
4886

Lina Mouton
4872



Decré Soeurs
4871



Mignapouf
4875

No. 4888. Original Model by Decré Soeurs. Girl's Dress with guimpe. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires, dress, 2 yards of 40-inch material; guimpe, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4889. Original Model by Coblentz. Girl's Slip-On Dress; straight pleated skirt. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard of 32-inch material; skirt and bands, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch.

No. 4887. Original Model by Collin. Girl's Slip-On Dress; sleeveless jacket. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, dress, 2 yards of 40-inch material; jacket, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4886. Original Model by Suzanne Dubin. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; two-piece skirt attached to underwaist. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch.

L'Echo de Paris



No. 4865. Original Model by Lelong. Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; bands, 1 yard of 40-inch; lining, 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4882. Original Model by Jenny. Ladies' and Misses' Coat No. 4882. Sports Blouse No. 4883. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Skirt No. 4896. Sizes 30 to 42 waist. Size 36 coat, and 34 skirt, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch; size 36 blouse, 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 32-inch. Width of skirt, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4880. Original Model by Agnes. Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch; facings, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch; lining, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

Lelong

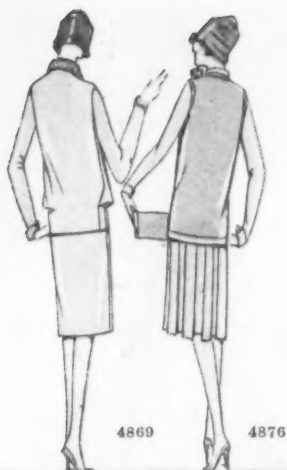
Jenny

Agnes

SPRING WRAPS FROM PARIS

HERE are two coats and a tailored suit that bear important Paris labels and will determine the trend of fashion over here. Lelong's fanciful coat of blue silk with deep velvet borders has the extended front opening. The exaggerated raglan sleeves are a leading fashion. Jenny's tailored suit of gray homespun has extreme novelty worn with a striped golf shirt cut in one with the trousers. Agnes' black silk rep coat accentuates the low hipline.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



No. 4869. Original Model by Le-bouvier. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch; collar and cuffs, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Darning-stitch trimming may be made with Embroidery No. 927.



Lebouvier

4869
Emb. No. 927



Premet

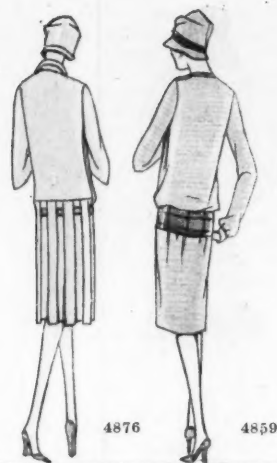
4876
Emb. No. 1267

PARIS FAVORS PLEATS

PARIS pleats with enthusiasm this spring. These new French sports frocks show pleats at front, sides, or all around; in groups, and in varying widths. Another fashion of importance is the sleeveless jacket shown by Premet at the center of the page. Often it differs from its pleated skirt in color or fabric. In such informal frocks the V-shaped neck is used instead of the square. Any style of collar serves to outline it. A woman's neck length determines that.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4876. Original Model by Premet. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; with sleeveless jacket. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress and bands, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; jacket, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Motif in satin- or outline-stitch may be made with Embroidery No. 1267



No. 4859. Original Model by Drecoll. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; girdle, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 12-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Drecoll

4859



No. 4866. Original Model by Anna. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with guimpe. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch; guimpe, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Motif No. 1377 may be worked in satin-stitch.



No. 4881. Original Model by Agnes. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; skirt with front pleats. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, waist, 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch; contrasting, 1 3/8 yards of 32-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/4 yards.



Anna
4866
Emb. No. 1377

Martial et Armand
4868

DESIGNS FROM PARIS

MARTIAL ET ARMAND has designed a double service gown for day or evening that shows how strong an influence is the economy idea in dress. It is lace trimmed of any fine fabric that serves for formal wear. Agnes makes a slip-on dress which gives the effect of being in two pieces, with the upper section made of printed crepe such as all the smart folk at Cannes and Nice are wearing. Anna designs a popular sports frock with a tailored guimpe.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4868. Original Model by Martial et Armand. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; with sleeveless dress and separate jacket blouse; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, sleeveless dress, 3 yards of 40-inch material jacket, 2 3/8 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 3/4 yards.



Agnes
4881



4860

Goupy
4860

No. 4860. Original Model by Goupy. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 3/4 yards 40-inch. Width, about 2 3/4 yards.

No. 4870. Original Model by Lanvin. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; straight skirt with shirings at front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1 3/4 yards.

Lanvin
4870

Jane Regny
4864

SKIRTS ARE FULL

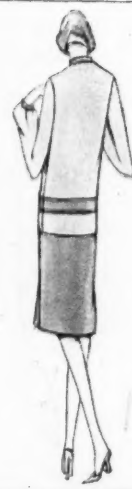
THESE four gowns show what is right and proper for spring sunshine. The simplicity of the blouse is offset in each case by the frivolity of the skirt. The outline is standardized, but the important features to be considered are Jane Regny's crossed cravat; Lanvin's shirring at the front of the skirt; Lebouvier's cravat tied at the shoulder; and Goupy's broad, shaped girdle of quilted silk. Sleeves, gay at wrists, may be gathered or close fitting.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

Lebouvier
4862

No. 4864. Original Model by Regny. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; with pleated front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards.

No. 4862. Original Model by Lebouvier. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with slip; skirt with front yoke. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, dress, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch; slip, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.



4864



4858

Drecol
4858

No. 4858. Original Model by Drecol. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with slip. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch; slip, 1½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4873. Original Model by Jenny. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; wrap-around skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, blouse, 2¾ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

Jenny
4873

Berthe
4857

SMART NECKLINES

PARIS realizes the fact that women want something new in necklines. We rebel against uniformity so they are creating variety. Four treatments in necklines are here given. Partiality is for the long V-shaped opening which runs to the girdle and exposes a vest of fine lingerie. The surplice, with its severe cross-over neckline, as Jenny sponsors it, is brightened by a flower. Berthe likes ribbon bandings and bows. Lelong gives preference to the high decolletage with the shirred shoulders.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

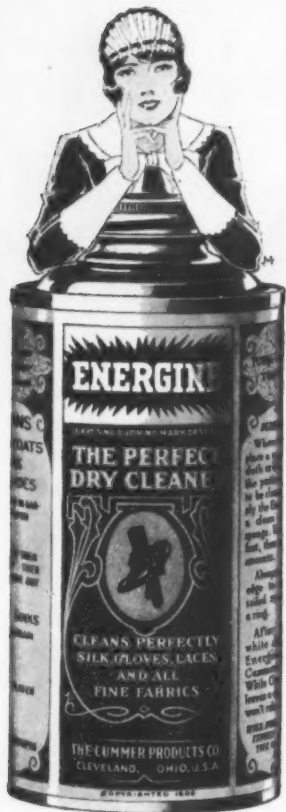
Lelong
4867

No. 4857. Original Model by Berthe. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; pleated tunic. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch; bands, 5¼ yards of 1½-inch ribbon. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4867. Original Model by Lelong. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular flounces. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4¾ yards of 40-inch; belt and sleeve bands, 3½ yards of 2-inch ribbon. Width, about 1¼ yards.



4867



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4877
Emb. No. 1563

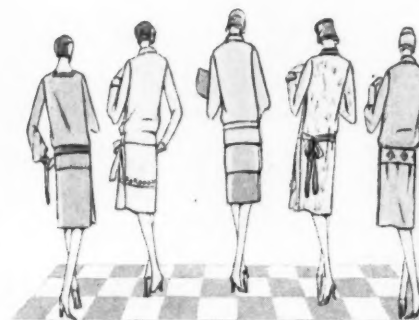
4822

4879

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



4881



4881 4877 4822 4879 4812

No. 4877. Original Model by Lelong. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1563 may be used.

No. 4822. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; blouse attached to camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material; lower flounce, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4881. Original Model by Agnes. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with front pleats. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 4¼ yards of 2-inch ribbon. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4879. Original Model by Doucet. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with vest. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

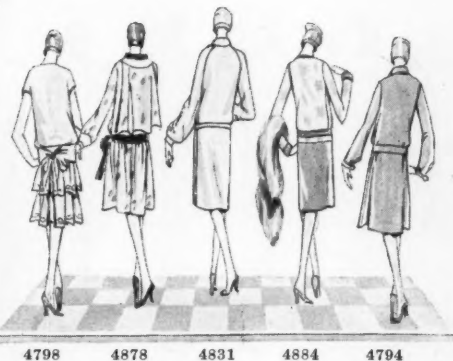
No. 4812. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4¼ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1575 may be worked in running- and cross-stitch.

4812
Emb. No. 1575

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 120.



L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 4878. Original Model by Redfern. Misses' and Juniors' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch; ribbon, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4831. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Size 36, blouse, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 4798. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1579 may be developed in chain-stitch and beads.

No. 4794. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch; slip and facings, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, dress, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards, slip, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



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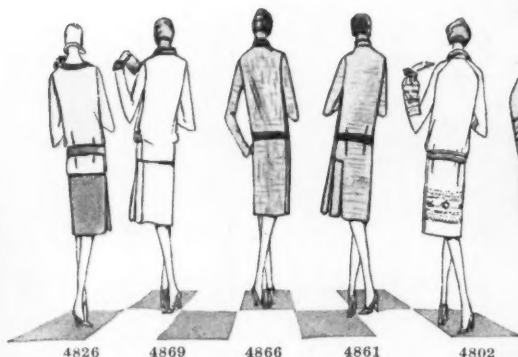
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L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 4866. Original Model by Anna. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with straight skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4869. Original Model by Lehouvier. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch; ribbon bands, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4826. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with peplum. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist and peplum, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 4861. Original Model by Miler Soeurs. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch; belt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 1-inch ribbon. Width, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4802. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1546 may be developed in a variety of stitches.

4802
Emb. No. 1546

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LECHO DE PARIS



No. 4885. Original Model by Lina Mouton. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; bloused back; raglan sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4782. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; with jacket and four-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; bands, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4797. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; oamiso le skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, blouse, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4830. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular flounces. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; lower flounce, belt and tie collar, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4878. Original Model by Redfern. Misses' and Juniors' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; yoke, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch; belt and ties, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.



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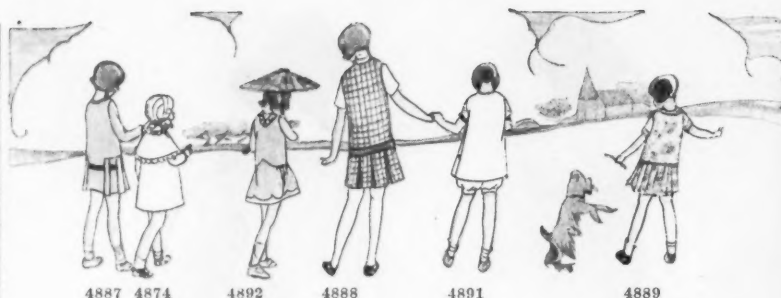
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4887 4874

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4887

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4888

4874

No. 4887. Original Model by Collin. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with pleat insets at sides; long gathered sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch or 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4889. Original Model by Coblenz. Girl's Slip-On Dress; straight pleated skirt. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; collar and sleeve bands, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4891. Original Model by Pilet. Child's Dress with bloomers. Design for embroidery in French knots included. Sizes 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 4892. Original Model by Brisac. Child's Slip-On Dress with two-piece skirt. Embroidery design in satin-stitch included. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 8, 1 1/4 yards 36-inch; yoke, skirt band, 5/8 yard 40-inch.

No. 4888. Original Model by Decré Soeurs. Girl's Dress with guimpe; box-pleated skirt. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, dress, 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch material; bands, 5/8 yard of 36-inch; guimpe, 1 1/4 yards 36-inch.

No. 4874. Original Model by Decré Soeurs. Child's Coat and Hat; with cape. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch or 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch.

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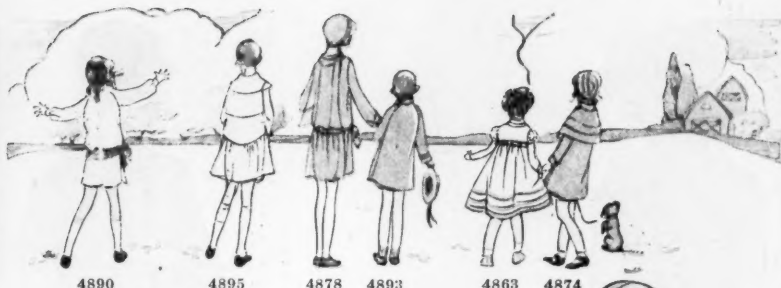
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4863

4890
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4874



4878



4893

No. 4863. Original Model by Mignapouf. Child's Slip-On Dress; puff sleeves; gathered skirt. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8, 2½ yards of 36-inch material; ribbon trimming, 9½ yards of each color.

No. 4874. Original Model by Decré Soeurs. Child's Coat and Hat; with three circular capes. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4890. Original Model by Suzanne Dubin. Child's Slip-On Dress; with long raglan sleeves. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8, 1½ yards of 40-inch; sash 2½ yards of 3-inch ribbon. Embroidery No. 1565 suggested.

No. 4895. Original Model by Brisac. Girl's Sleeveless Dress. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires, overdress, 1½ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material; underdress, 1¼ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4878. Original Model by Redfern. Misses' and Juniors' Slip-On Dress; with cape and blouse back; long gathered sleeve with circular cuff. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 3 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4893. Original Model by Suzanne Dubin. Girl's Coat; with raglan sleeves; convertible collar. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1¼ yards of 40-inch.

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No. 4811. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with pleated front. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¼ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4810. Girl's Slip-On Dress; inverted pleat at each side front; turnover collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4894. Original Model by Collin. Girl's Slip-On Dress; short kimono sleeves; pleated front. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4805. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves lengthened. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting collar and tie, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4887. Original Model by Collin. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with sleeveless jacket. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12, dress, 2¾ yards of 40-inch; jacket and binding, 1¼ yards of 40-inch.

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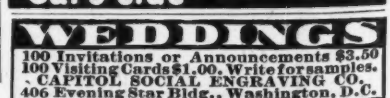


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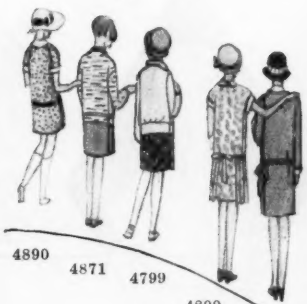
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No. 4871. Original Model
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Dress; kimono sleeves
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yard of 54-inch; contrasting,
3/4 yard of 54-inch.

No. 4752. Misses' and
Juniors' Slip-On Dress;
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years. Size 12, 3 yards of 36-
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No. 4800. Girl's Slip-On
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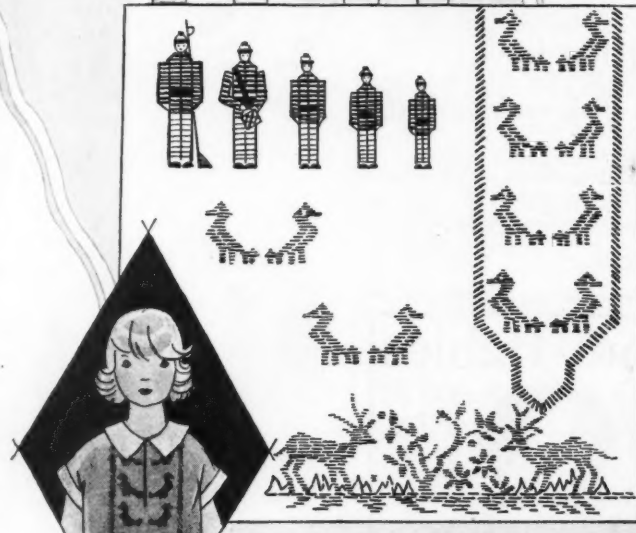


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4891 with Emb.
Design

Party Dress
4892 with Emb.
Design

No. 4891. A sturdy little frock with bloomers (adapted to sizes 3 to 8 years) has its piping in the same color as the French knot motifs.

No. 4892. The latest party frock is of soft taffeta worked with chenille or silk floss in four shades. For girls from 4 to 10 years.



Emb. No. 1573

Emb. No. 1573

No. 1573. Little girls prefer novelty in trimmings — quaint twin ducks for the blouse front, or lively deer, or a row of soldiers worked in scarlet, gold and blue. Simple darning-stitch does it.

No. 4872. The belt line of the junior frock (4 to 14 years) is smartly accented by a colorful floral design worked in lazy-daisy, French knots and outline. Other adaptations of Emb. No. 1576 illustrated and a useful border.



Emb. No. 1576

Dress 4872
Emb. No. 1576

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 120.

Embroidery Essential To A Smart Ensemble

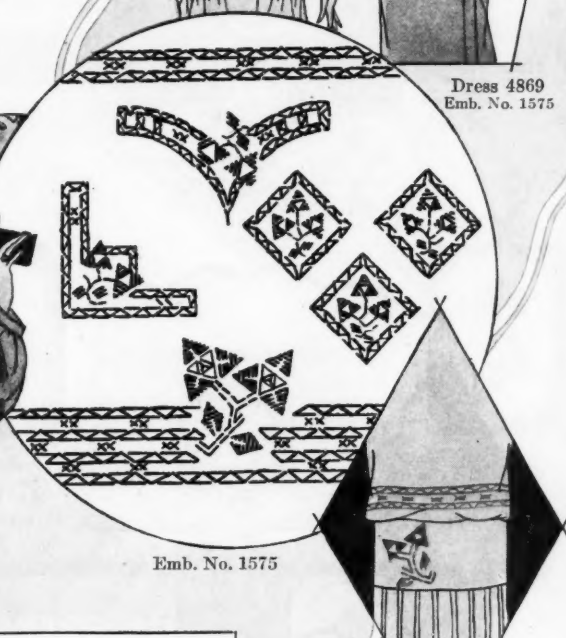
by Elisabeth May Blondel

Dress 4870
Emb. No. 1575

No. 1575. Conventional motifs lend a smart touch to the spring frock especially when worked in bright wools. Four attractive ways of using them are shown. Dresses No. 4870 (sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust), and No. 4869 (sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust). The stitching goes easily, in running-, satin- and cross-stitch.



Dress 4869
Emb. No. 1575



Emb. No. 1575



1575. Running- and cross-stitch work the border, and satin-stitch the spray below. Described above.

No. 1574. A small floral motif is often all that is required for the finish of a trim model such as this (No. 4869, sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust). Fine embroidery wools in the new shades of blue, green, cerise and yellow, interpret the chain-stitch flowers with French knot centers, the lazy-daisy leaves and the outlined stems.

Dress 4869
Emb. No. 1574

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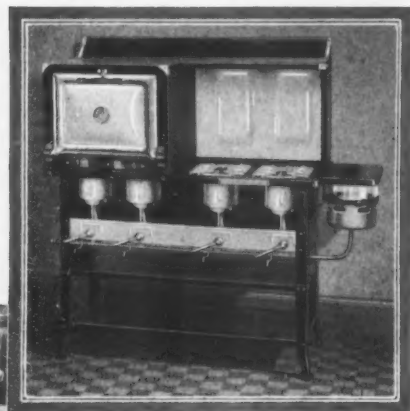
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Mary Cassatt, Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

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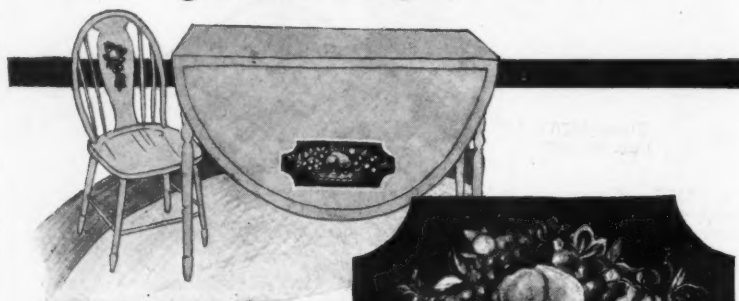
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MAIL OFFER—If not easily obtained you may send One Dollar (includes postage and packing) for 5 cans, sufficient for 4 to 5 rooms, or for both **ABSORENE** and **HRH** Paint Cleaner, assorted. A sample package of either will be mailed for 10 cents in coin or stamps.

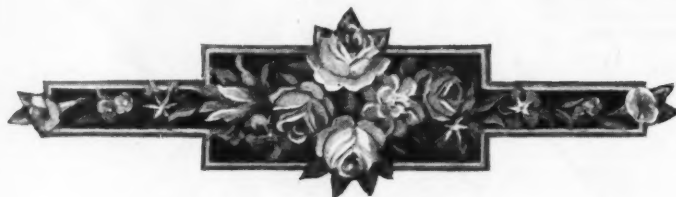
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Brilliant Medallions for Decoration by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1561. Fruit in actual colors, the new decoration for breakfast-room furniture.



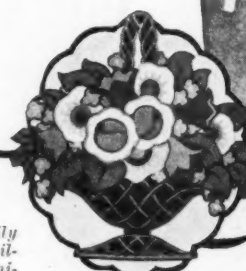
No. 1568. Boudoir furniture gains in charm from these colorful strip decorations.



No. 1562. Framed silhouettes popular for lampshades.



No. 1562. The companion head is used opposite.



No. 1537. Fragile flowers against black soften the light.

No. 1566. Gaily colored, for oil-cloth and furniture.

No. 1564. Red sails, delightful for lampshades.

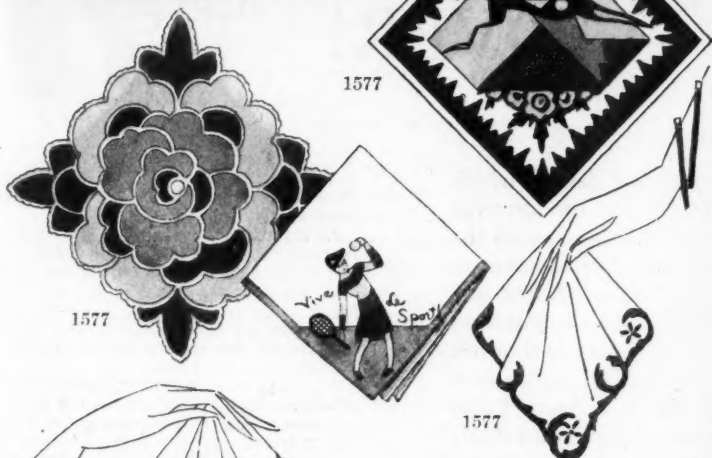


BECAUSE of the colorful trend in home decoration and the many modern facilities at her disposal, every woman today is tempted to become her own interior decorator. And why not? It seems a natural and at the same time a delightful thing to do, what with the gaily colored fabrics now on the market for interior draperies; the dependable paints that can transform old furniture into new; the popular Art Color Medallions that look like hand paintings, all ready to paste on furniture, tin, parchment, etc. Above are illustrated some of these remarkable Art Color Medallions that are all the vogue—for furniture and accessories of living room, boudoir, nursery, even kitchen! The process of applying them is extremely simple—the decoration is pasted in place, then a coat of varnish given. Fruit Medallions No. 1561, in natural colors, adapted to three shapes with duplicates—for table, chairs and buffet. The strip medallion No. 1568 is 8 inches long—4 styles. Silhouettes No. 1562 strike a pleasing note wherever placed—as companion hanging pictures (large pair, 3½ x 5 inches), or pasted on lampshade, with a small pair on candle shields. Popular, too, are the circular medallions No. 1537 (adapted to 6-inch pairs with four small duplicates), and the colorful ship No. 1564 (two sizes, 6 and 3½ inches high). Gayest of all are baskets No. 1566, 26 assorted motifs.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 120.

Fashionable Accessories You Can Paint

by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1577. Painted handkerchiefs that complete the costume, are the decree of fashion. Design No. 1577 has motifs adapted to squares, corners and borders, and the coloring with paints is very attractively done, some vivid, some dainty. Below is a description of how to paint on silk fabrics.



FABRIC painting has won a place among the home arts. Many do not realize how simple the preparations for the work are—a board, blotting paper, and some thumb tacks for fastening the silk (stretched smoothly over the blotting paper). Then comes the artistic part of it, and the pleasure and fun as well—selecting the silk, the design, the paints, and setting to work. For the fashionable scarf, designs No. 1526 and 1527 are of the smartest. Carefully following the outlines first, allowing them to dry, the solid portions are filled in next with the colors chosen. The long rose motif is charming painted in pastel tones of lavender, peach and green on cream georgette. For the more sporty shoulder scarf, a square of radium silk and a border design (No. 1527) in bright blue, green and black or any other desired colors, make a happy combination. Small squares and a deep matching border vividly decorate the short scarf.

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WINONA WILCOX



LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

✻ WINONA WILCOX ✻

THE Victorian girl wasn't altogether stupid. At least, she knew when she was insulted. And she wasn't entirely devoid of the "pep" coveted by the girl of today. If a swain suggested that a nice girl "stoop to folly," she forgot to be a lady. She slapped the "young sprig"; and not in coquetry. And next day her brother horse-whipped the scamp.

If she "pulled the supreme sacrifice stuff," gave all for love, and "found too late that men betray," she paid, without exciting over much sympathy. Everybody called her weak, for it was a period in which a girl was expected to control her impulses. And people didn't blame her parents. They averred, with naive simplicity, that she knew better, and deserved what she got.

And if a braggart sneered at some wife's rectitude, he was liable to be called out in a duel and killed. We get this from history as well as from the poetry and drama of the past.

To take any phase of sex so seriously as they did in days of yore seems absurd to a generation that has solved and settled all the riddles of sex quite to its taste on a basis of naturalism.

The old system, however, had its advantages. A Victorian maid actually could tell when she was insulted. She could distinguish between a gentleman and a cad. She had something to go by when a man raved about love. A "declaration" insured the honesty of a man's intentions. An engagement was not a temporary affair entered upon for its petting opportunities. If a man demanded all, in the name of his devotion, she wasn't flattered. She didn't wonder whether or not he loved her. She knew he did not, just as she knew whether or not she was engaged. Certainly a soothing surety. One not possible to those modern girls who regard the word "insult" as obsolete.

But the self-labelled, tolerant girl who thinks of an old-fashioned insult merely as a natural phenomenon does not in consequence save herself from distressing emotional predicaments. She knows she can't help being charming; she imagines man can't resist her allure. It's all uncontrollable instinct, she is pleased to think; nevertheless these instincts, if indulged, do not display any new and fortunate reactions, but continue to produce a harvest of doubts and fears and miseries of antiquated pattern.

Dear Winona Wilcox: At first he held my hand, all chivalry. Next night his arm stole 'round me. When we met again, he kissed me and told me that he loved me. Another step—and then another. All natural enough. I didn't blame him.

We are college pals, thoroughly modern in our ideas, and we have our ideals. Mine is a nice home and sweet babies. But in spite of all that has happened to keep us together, I do not wear his fraternity pin nor have I a ring. He never refers to marriage.

Now, I am a fairly intelligent girl but I have fallen into a trap. We get our degrees in June. Then he goes east and I go west. I am too proud to bring up the subject of a wedding day. After what has occurred, I have a right to assume that we are engaged. But—are we? Uncertainty is ruining my senior college year which should be one of happiness. What's to be done?—Molly.

Evidently the new morality, put to experiment, reveals its limitations. Maybe Victorian morality was artificial in spots and rather hard on instinct but it was easy to understand. Maybe it had layers of hypocrisy, but was it worse than some of our present shams? For instance the sham

It is not curiosity about other people's doings which keeps this page alive. Rather it is a decent human urge to get at the truth about our common worries and the best ways of meeting and surviving them. To master even our ordinary tribulations takes intelligence, fearlessness and persistence. Ultimate triumph and contentment await most of us who make the best of things as they are no matter how depressing they may be. No disillusionment need destroy us unless we permit it to do so. To go to pieces over our troubles, to let them cripple and waste us, is that not life's supreme tragedy? When we brood over our trials, we add mistake to mistake. Perhaps we wouldn't if we had a quiet word from some one who has experienced a similar confusion. On this page the women who want to know may get in touch with the women who have found out. "Let's Talk It Over"—all sides of it.

✻ If an immediate personal discussion by mail is preferred, send stamped addressed envelope to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



sophistication of flappers? The sham philosophy of sheiks? The sham patience of parents? The sham justification of folly by certain judges and professors?

At least our traditional code enlightened a girl as to where she stood in the estimation of a man in the circumstances of the above letter. It's probable that the man in the case clings to the old-style habit of getting rid of a girl who is too easily won. As yet there hasn't been much change in human reactions to the satisfaction of erotic emotion.

In spite of her assertion that she is up-to-date, the girl retains one hampering old-fashioned delusion—she is "too proud" to ask whether she is engaged or not. But how, otherwise, can she find out?

When a moral system wobbles, the ideas of those who are ruled by their heads survive the ideas of those who are ruled by their bodies. The first group preserves the best of the old cultures, adds the best of the new, and hands civilization on to the torch bearers of the future. So many persons are doing this very thing today that, fortunately, virtue in the old-fashioned sense of taste, discrimination, selection, exclusiveness and restraint is much more common among us than the literature, theater, movies, music and art of the time would indicate.

To this class belong our clear-eyed, clear-brained, personally fastidious young women. They respect their family name as well as themselves; they have faith in the goodness of men, they are acquainted with men who have high ideals of women; and they can identify an insult even when it is disguised as love. Writes such a one:

Dear Winona Wilcox: A brilliant, fascinating but spoiled young man who says he adores me, told me that I was silly when he tried me out and found me adamant.

He said I was selfish and narrow minded. His feelings were

wounded. Evidently a girl is ill-mannered if she refuses to make a fool of herself because some man desires it!

He argued that if you think a thing is right or wrong as far as you are concerned, it is just that. And you will or will not be punished for it as the case may be! His idea of life is to do as he pleases. It's really funny, the arguments the fellows at this "U" put up. I don't believe they believe in them, it's just the same old game.

My sister, a trained nurse, works with some of the finest, straightest girls in our town. She says that no matter how nice a girl may be, nor how sane the man may appear, he never fails to try her out. Why? Can't a man reason that he loses the respect the girl originally had for him? Even if the girl is obdurate and later marries the man, she never fully trusts him. He has somehow failed her in the one great thing—Ann-Marie.

A nice point in the last line. Not too subtle for the comprehension of any girl who dreams of love. Emerson (only chronologically is he an all-Victorian) makes a distinction which no modern can beat for directness. He says that there is a vast difference between "the man who wants Mary because he loves caresses, and the man who wants caresses because he loves Mary."

Once in the long ago, a man who asked a girl for money "insulted" her. There could be no more serious breach of good form. Follows a curious and to some persons a shocking story of a nice girl's perplexity concerning the limit of her responsibility as a pal and buddy.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am engaged to be married and I love my fiancé deeply. There is another young man for whom I have a peculiar attraction. He and I do a great deal of exhibition dancing. My fiancé approves, he trusts me absolutely as I trust him.

Now my dancing partner is positively a good-for-nothing. He loaf all day, all dressed up. I often see him and we go to a show together. My fiancé does not disapprove.

But he does not know that each time I meet this young man, he asks me for money, money, money! That's all I hear.

I work and earn a good salary, am saving for my wedding, haven't a cent to throw away, but often I've given my dancing partner my last dime.

In the marrying way, I do not like him at all. To give up my fiancé for him is unthinkable. I have given up our dancing several times but go back because he is a genius and dancing is part of my life. He is a good pal and buddy but I never could love him, still I am unable to refuse his requests for money. What ails me?—Bride-to-Be.

Somebody will whisper, "hypnotized!" Another will say that the girl is actuated by one of those natural impulses which at last are being recognized as good and right, that hers is only the commendable desire of one human being to help another without regard to the sex of either. Still, obviously it is a short sighted effort because it promotes the man's shiftlessness.

No matter how we interpret the girl's behavior, it is safe to say that she'd better practice refusing the importunities. Else what is she going to do after her wedding? Hand over the money her husband earns?

Even the most elastic, ultra-modern morality hardly will stretch like that!

And once upon a time, if a married man made love to a girl, he insulted her. She did not flatter herself that the conquest of a married man was proof of her popularity.

"For three years I dragged along —half sick"

"DAILY HEADACHES—tiredness that I could not seem to throw off. Then a breaking out all over my body. I dragged along—with cathartics—until I was many pounds underweight.

"I had read often of the wonderful results others had obtained with Fleischmann's Yeast but for a long time I did not think of Yeast in connection with myself.

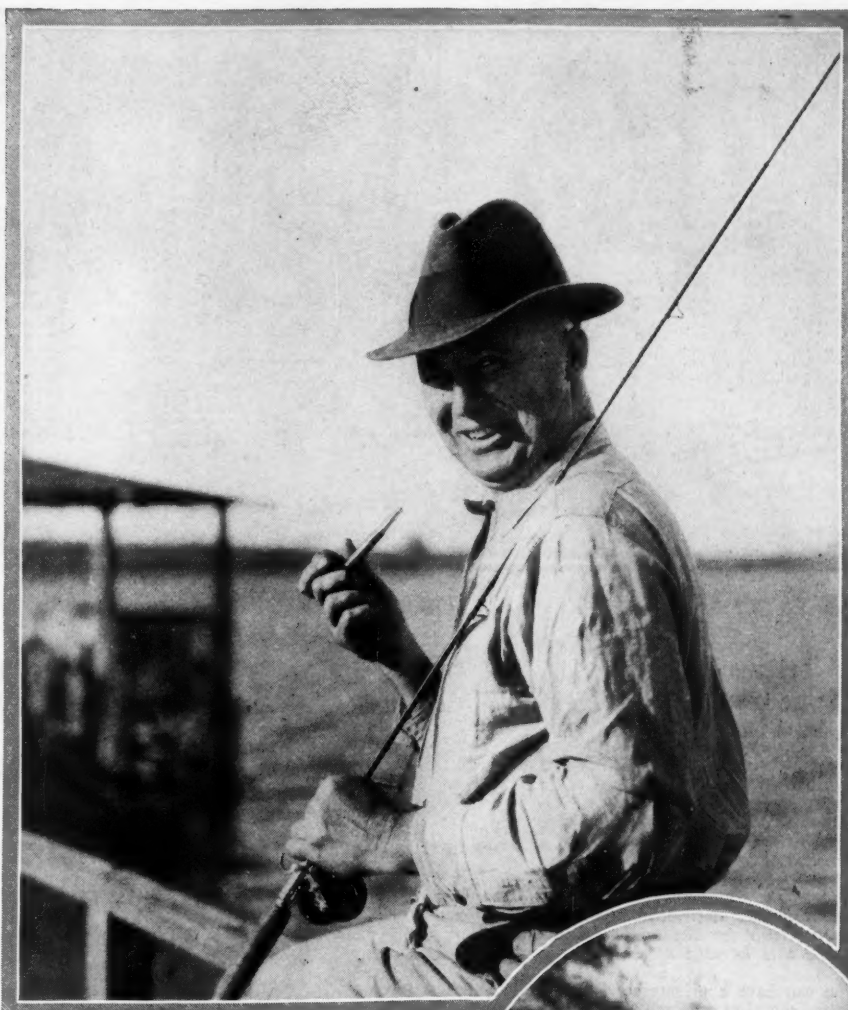
"Finally I decided to make the trial. It turned out to be very easy and simple. Today I am a strong robust man. My ailments have disappeared. I weigh 186 pounds of pure bone and muscle and feel a picture of health and happiness."

A. L. DIXON, Dallas, Texas

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—a food, not a medicine—keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake remove the poisons of chronic constipation, and restore the muscles of elimination to their normal strength. Your skin clears, your digestion becomes normal, your old listlessness vanishes. Alertness returns. You are really well again.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the simple, natural way to counteract intestinal poisoning. Eat it regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-39, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



MR. A. L. DIXON taking "time off" near Dallas, Texas. Once he was not able to enjoy life like this. He tells above how easily and naturally he got rid of his ills.



SARAH FIELD SPLINT, Editor, Dept. of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine; President, Sarah Field Splint, Inc., Food Consultants.

"MY BUSINESS sometimes obliges me to undergo periods of intensive work without a proper amount of rest, exercise and fresh air. . . . From my study of food chemistry I had, of course, become familiar with the fact that fresh Yeast has nutritive and therapeutic properties. But, curiously enough, it had never occurred to me to eat it myself until a physician suggested it at a time when I was much run down, and looking even more wretched than I felt. It proved so efficacious in correcting the extreme fatigue and nervousness brought on by loss of appetite that I have ever since taken it regularly when work began to make especially heavy draughts on my vitality. Through aiding the processes of digestion Yeast creates a healthy desire for food."

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, New York City



"GIRLS AVOIDED ME because of the unsightly pimples on my face and I was subjected to many embarrassing remarks. It was with great difficulty that I could shave. All this unpleasantness contributed to making me feel very grouchy and unhappy. In good faith I tried many suggested remedies but with no results. I was urged finally to try Fleischmann's Yeast by an old friend who had used it long before it became a national remedy. Accordingly, I purchased a cake the following day. The next day I bought two cakes. After three months I was entirely free of skin trouble just by eating two cakes of Yeast each day. Now my face is no longer disagreeably oily. My skin is clear and smooth and easy to shave. And I have a much better disposition."

WESLEY J. PIERCE, Richmond, Va.

This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk, or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.





APRIL, the Easter month of weddings, is heralded by an avalanche of letters concerning bridal affairs. The first letter is from the daughter of a mayor.

Dear Mrs. Post: Due to my father's position my list of guests must include many people who are complete strangers to my fiancé and to me. But as it is after all OUR wedding, couldn't we be married quietly with only those we personally care for at the ceremony, and then have some sort of a general entertainment to which the entire list of my father's friends and their families might be invited? Also should my father's title be used in the invitations?

Certainly! you can have a private service either in your own home or in the chapel of a church to which only special friends are invited. The "special" invitations to the ceremony could be either notes written by hand, or merely cards reading "ceremony at half after three o'clock" enclosed in the envelopes of a certain few of the general invitations. These could be sent out either by "Mr. and Mrs.," or "The Mayor and Mrs.," I personally prefer:

The Mayor and Mrs. Blank
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception of their daughter
Mildred Mary
and
Mr. Ellery Johnson
on Saturday the third of April
at four o'clock
at 5 Lakeside Road

If the ceremony takes place promptly at half after three, you will have plenty of time to receive the congratulations of your intimate friends before those invited to the general reception begin to arrive.

THERE are more than fifty letters asking about wedding receptions. One of them adds:

Please tell me how to receive? Who stands where? What shall we do? What do we say?

First of all, you arrange a background of flowers against the opposite wall from the door of entrance in the largest room of the house. Immediately following the ceremony (whether in church or the house) you and the bridegroom stand in front of this background, you on his right and your bridesmaids on your right. Your mother and father stand just inside the door of entrance. The bridegroom's parents between them and you. The guests upon entering shake hands with your parents, and then forming in line pass in front of you. As intimate friends of his approach he introduces them to you. You do the same; just as they are passing from him to you, you detain them a moment.

SEVERAL brides also ask these questions:

In displaying the wedding presents, is it correct to leave the donor's cards attached?

Would it be criticized if I displayed my linen chest opened, with linens prettily arranged?

Should the presents be displayed at the wedding or before?

The over-critical think it bad taste to leave cards attached, but it is more often done than not, and by Royalties as well as the smartest people. I certainly find no possible objection to the convenience of the engraved name in place of the bride's explanation: "Uncle Fred gave me these," "Mrs. Gilding sent me that," etc.

To display table and household linen is entirely proper.

THE POST BOX

✂ BY EMILY POST ✂

Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATION BY MARGUERITE DE ANGELI



Linen is, in fact, the crowning item of a bride's equipment. It would not be correct, of course, to display your personal underclothes unless alone to your really intimate friends.

The time for displaying the presents depends somewhat upon circumstances. When the guests are coming from a distance (such as by special train) the gifts are displayed during the reception. But when the guests live in the neighborhood, they are usually shown in advance, and in that case only to intimate friends to whom the bride writes at the end of her note of thanks, "Will you come in on Friday afternoon and see our presents?" Or if the bride prefers, she need not display them at all.

AND here, for a surprise, comes a letter from the bridegroom!

Dear Mrs. Post: I'm wondering whether the Post Box can concern itself with the clothes of the bridegroom? Lately I have been promoted to an important position in my company and immediately after our marriage we are in consequence to live in New York. I can afford to get a suitable outfit but I can't afford to buy a second one if I find that the first is all wrong! Knowing you to be an unquestionable authority in all matters of good taste, I'll be eternally grateful if you will inform me.

Concerning the full-dress suit: Is the "correct material" black broadcloth? Must the white shirt be of silk? Are the gloves of white silk, or of pearl grey kid? Are the shoes, shirt, gloves, socks and muffler the same for full-dress as for Tuxedo? Are the waistcoat and tie of grey silk with a Tuxedo the "smartest" thing? Is the cutaway worn both in the morning and in the afternoon? Are spats worn with the cutaway? And white piping with vest? What sort of a hat? When a flower is worn in the button-hole, is the handkerchief also worn?

Excepting for a waiter, the dress-suit must not be of broadcloth. A gentleman's evening clothes are made of a dull finish worsted. And the shirt must on NO account be of silk. A stiff bosomed shirt of plain linen or piqué, with a stand-up collar of white linen. A white lawn tie and a white piqué or madras waistcoat. White kid gloves. (White silk or cotton again belong to a waiter, or a footman.) Patent leather low shoes or pumps, black silk socks for dress suit and Tuxedo. Yes, muffler the same. High hat necessary with tail coat. Usual also but not necessary with cutaway and Tuxedo. Grey waistcoat and tie, worst possible form. White piping above waistcoat is popular with the medical profession, but otherwise it is not very good form. Flower and handkerchief, all right.

Cutaway worn by young men to church on Sundays and to morning weddings, otherwise only in afternoons. High hats with cutaways, white shirt and stand-up wing collar. Flower and handkerchief all right. Spats not worn much

in our country except with cutaway, and a stick. White kid gloves are worn with full-dress, at the opera and at balls, and at evening weddings.

A gentleman often wears a ring on his little finger—a seal ring usually, but he sometimes wears an inconspicuous precious stone set in a gipsy hoop—never a solitaire diamond! In the daytime, gold or platinum cuff-links, watch with inconspicuously thin chain. (Formal dinners are those to which invitations are worded in the third person.)

THE next letter also concerns man's attire but the questions are as usual asked by the bride.

Could the groom or his best man wear anything but cutaway coats? It would be a great expense for them to have to buy them. The wedding is to be at four o'clock and there are to be at most about fifty guests. Could they, perhaps, wear Tuxedos?

Tuxedos before six o'clock, never! But the men of the bridal party could perfectly well wear dark blue sack suits, white shirts (starched) and collars, grey or dark blue and white ties, and white flowers in button-holes. The important requirement is that they shall be alike!

THE last letter asks two questions of more than usual interest:

My fiancé's people are from Canada. Our home is in Springville. But my fiancé is working in New York and we are going to be married there. Now the question is, does my family entertain him, or does his entertain mine, or does neither pay any attention to the other? If they were coming to Springville, we would of course invite them to our home. But as we are strangers in New York (and they are, too) what do we do? We will only be in New York twenty-four hours before the wedding and we are having a breakfast (where we will, of course, meet) in a private room in the X. hotel. With about twenty people in the church all told, I don't see how I can be dressed in white going down the aisle past a double row of empty pews. And yet, I can't bear to forego being a "bride," unless you tell me I will look deservingly "pathetic."

As you say, if your fiancé's people were going to Springville, it would be the duty of your family to show them some hospitality. Under the circumstances it is not obligatory for the families to meet until at the wedding breakfast, but it would be courteous for them, or for you, to invite the others to take a meal, or perhaps tea, at their or your hotel. I mean that a friendly gesture should be made—not one necessarily that involves either formality or expenditure. They should of course invite you, or go to see you, as soon as you are both arrived in New York.

You can overcome the effect of empty pews by entering from the vestry instead of going down the aisle. In this way the chancel and altar can be brilliantly lighted and the body of the church unlighted and thus left in shadow, which does away with the effect of a long deserted aisle. In fact, if there are choir stalls they can be used as pews and the church made to include only the chancel.

I should certainly wear white. Your dress can be as simple as you like, either with a train barely sweeping the floor, or short as an everyday frock with a veil just softening the edge of the hem.

As a matter of fact, nothing can be in better taste than the traditional white dress and veil, which is symbolic of the bride's purity. Two friends in ordinary every-day clothes suggest nothing but two of the guests who just happened in. Without a bride there just isn't any picture.

Hot Biscuits *in less time*



**An Astonishing
BLINDFOLD TEST**

See if this doesn't give you the greatest surprise of your whole cooking experience!

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you, and give you first one, then the other to taste.

Now did you ever imagine there could be such a striking difference in the taste of cooking fats? Think what an improvement Crisco's own sweetness and freshness will make in your own cakes, pies, biscuits, and fried foods.

STANDARD RECIPE for both "Drop" and "Rolled" Biscuits

2 cups bread flour
5 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons Crisco

3/4 cup milk or water (for "drop" biscuits) or
2/3 cup milk or water (for "rolled" biscuits)

Sift dry ingredients together 3 times. Work Crisco in with fork. Add liquid gradually.

For "DROP" (EMERGENCY) BISCUITS: Drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed baking pan. Brush top of biscuits with melted Crisco or milk. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

For "ROLLED" BISCUITS: Form dough into shape, roll 1/2 inch thick, cut. For scone-shaped biscuits, cut squares, then diagonally in half. Brush top of biscuits with melted Crisco or milk. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Makes about 12 biscuits.

To use buttermilk or sour milk, beat in 1/4 teaspoon soda for each cup of milk. (If milk is very thick, use a little more milk.) Use same amount of baking powder and follow method for either "drop" or "rolled" biscuits.

Variations

Lemon or Orange Tea Biscuits

Dropped or Rolled: Stir in 1 teaspoon grated rind before adding milk.



Delicious Raisin Biscuits

Rolled: Sift 1/2 cup sugar with dry ingredients. Beat one egg, add enough more milk to make 2/3 cup. Stir in 1 cup raisins before adding milk.



Shortcake Biscuits

Dropped or Rolled: Add 2 more tablespoons Crisco and one well-beaten egg mixed with milk. Drop for individual shortcakes or spread on layer-cake pan for large shortcake. Or roll and cut.



Peanut Biscuits

Rolled: Sift 1 tablespoon sugar with dry ingredients. Beat two eggs, add enough milk to make 2/3 cup. Stir in 1/2 cup chopped peanuts before adding milk.

Date Biscuits

Rolled: Follow recipe for Peanut Biscuits, omitting nuts. Roll thin, cut in rounds, put stoned date in center, wet edges, fold over, press together.



Whole Wheat Biscuits

Rolled, with or without raisins: Use one cup whole wheat flour in place of 1 cup bread flour. Add 1/4 cup Sultana raisins before adding milk.

Maple Nut Biscuits

Rolled: Roll dough 1/4 inch thick, spread with 1/2 cup shaved maple sugar mixed with 3 tablespoons Crisco. Roll and cut as for cheese biscuits. Lay in pan, sprinkle maple sugar over each and bake with 1/2 walnut in center.

Delicious Raspberry Buns

Rolled: Follow recipe for raisin biscuits, omitting raisins. Cut in rounds, put teaspoon jam in center, wet edges, cover with another round, press together.

Cheese Rolls

Rolled: Delicious with soups and salads. Roll dough 1/4 inch thick. Sprinkle with about 1/2 cup grated cheese. Roll as you would jelly roll. Cut slices 1/4 inch thick, lay in Criscoed pan, cut side down.

Cheese Biscuits

Dropped or Rolled: Stir in 1/2 cup grated cheese before adding milk.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL.—All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

2 new time-saving suggestions



WHENEVER I want to serve hot biscuits and haven't the time to roll and cut them, I make drop biscuits.

I use my master biscuit recipe—simply making the batter a little softer by adding extra milk and dropping this batter on baking pans with a spoon. No need to touch the dough with my hands—no table, rolling-pin or sticky hands to wash afterwards! A real saving of time and trouble!

On this page I am giving recipes for both rolled and drop biscuits—also for some fancy biscuits, all variations of the master recipe. I make all these biscuits with Crisco—for Crisco gives me the lightest, flakiest biscuits I have ever had and in the years I have been cooking I have tried almost everything.

Another time-saving hint

You can mix all the ingredients in the recipe except the milk, keep this mixture in the ice-box and have fresh hot biscuits without taking time to mix them just at meal time. As Crisco itself stays sweet and fresh so long, the mixture will keep a week or longer.

Really I do not know how I could keep house without all the good things to eat that Crisco gives me: Cakes that you cannot tell from butter cakes; tender, flaky pie crusts; light, feathery muffins; and all kinds of wonderful fried foods, without smoke, unpleasant odor or waste.

Winifred S. Foster

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